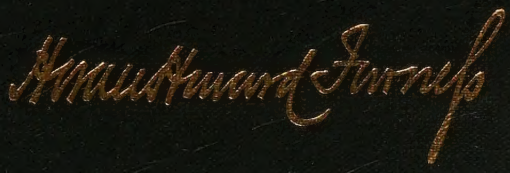

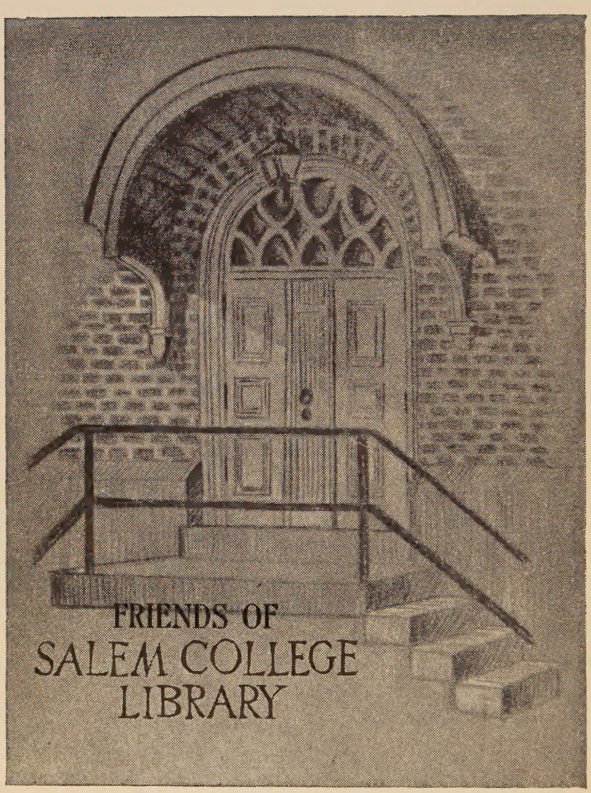

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WITHDRAWN

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

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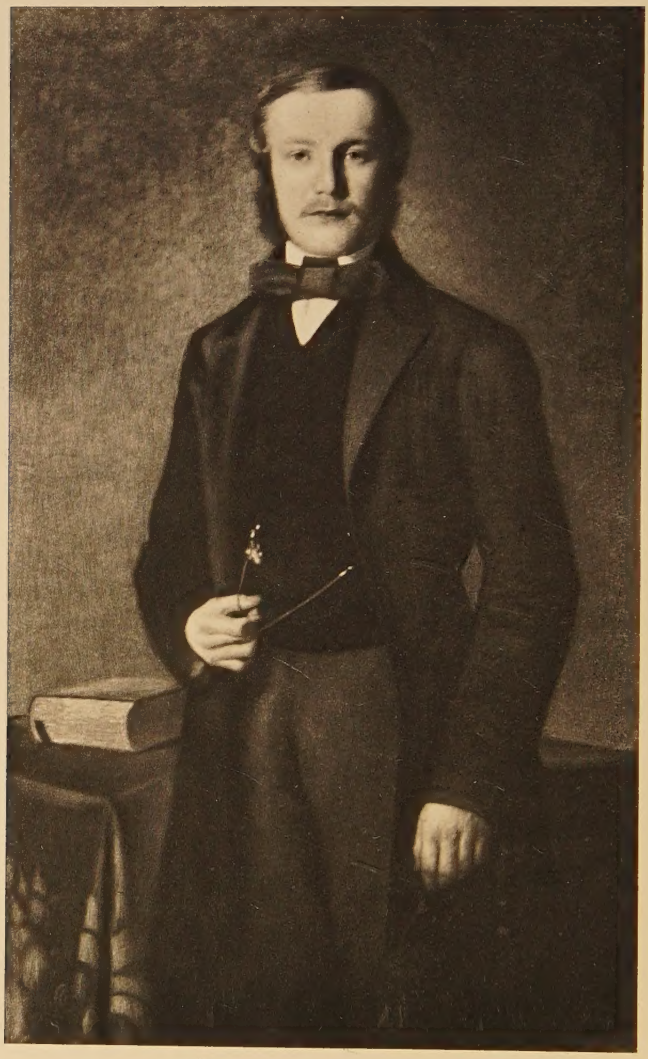

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

EDITED BY
H. H. F. J.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1922

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PREFACE

The work of editing these volumes was left unfinished by Horace Howard Furness's youngest son. Late in 1913 William Henry Furness, 3rd, had begun to collect his father's letters, and, when the war prevented further progress, he had already selected many desirable for publication. But from 1916 forward he gave unsparingly his time and skill and energy to the cause in the justness of which he had such unwavering faith. At first, volunteering his services to the French War Relief of Philadelphia, he went to France as special agent to facilitate the distribution of supplies to the less accessible military hospitals; later, when this country entered the war, he received a commission as captain in the Medical Corps, and for two years he served in a manner truly worthy of his father and his forebears. Though peace brought with it leisure, his strength, of which he had been too lavish since the summer in France, was no longer equal to the task, and illness came and forbade the completion of this work. Despite a brave resistance through many months of suffering, on August 11, 1920, he died. And so it came about that the privilege of editing the letters of Horace Howard Furness descended, in an unhappy and untimely way, from a son to a grandson. The younger hands

are far less worthy of the task than those which started it.

Certain views on editing collections of letters which Dr. Furness expressed have determined the manner in which his correspondence is here arranged and presented. He was impatient of the officiousness of editors who interrupted the course of the letters with critical comment, and he said that "reticence and persistent retreat into the background is the perfection of editorial duty." Hence explanatory paragraphs will be found only in the earlier chapters where it was necessary to bridge the gaps in the letters. Elsewhere editorial information is compressed to the smallest measure, or completely omitted in the belief that any reader, if he cares to trouble himself, can reach an explanation as lucid and as satisfactory as any a meagre footnote could supply.

Again, in the Introduction to "Records of a Lifelong Friendship" he said: "Lack of punctuation or of question marks, abbreviations or even mis-spellings, it is, I think, no part of an editor to correct. They are evidences of haste or of character, or of familiarity, and, as such, should be preserved." This opinion has been followed as closely as possible in these volumes.

I would that my uncle were here to thank for himself all those who aided him in this work. Above all he would have wished to express his gratitude

to Mrs. Morris Jastrow and Mr. Owen Wister for their assistance and advice in selecting from the great number of letters originally gathered. My poor thanks, inadequate for my own debts to them, must, most unfortunately, suffice, as well as my sincere acknowledgments to each and every one who sent the letters written by my grandfather. Almost every page bears witness to the extent to which the contents of this work depended on their kindly interest.

I wish to thank also the J. B. Lippincott Company for permission to include the extracts from the "Preliminary Report of the Seybert Commission."

Finally, I cannot close without saying how very much I owe to Horace Howard Furness, Jr., under whose hand the *Variorum* continues to advance so excellently, adding to the dignity of the name he bears. His constant counsel, wisdom, and kindness have been inestimable aids to one who will be ever proud to call him uncle.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS JAYNE

"LINDENSHADE"
March, 1922

CONTENTS

Introduction		xiii
I.	Years at Harvard: 1851–1854	1
II.	Years of Travel: 1854–1856	36
III.	The Sanitary Commission: 1856–1866	102
IV.	1867–1885	159
V.	The Seybert Commission: 1883–1887	198
VI.	1884–1892	222
VII.	1893–1898	281

ILLUSTRATIONS

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS IN 1855
Photogravure Frontispiece
From a portrait painted in Munich by his brother, William Henry Furness, Jr.

HELEN KATE FURNESS 196
Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

LINDENSHADE 224
Photograph by J. E. Green, Chester, Pa.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF H. H. FURNESS TO W. ALDIS WRIGHT 288

INTRODUCTION

Horace Howard Furness lived almost fourscore years, yet might he well have exclaimed, as did Charles Lamb, "Deduct out of them the hours I have lived to other people and not to myself and you will find me still a young fellow." For he devoted a vast part of his life to Shakespeare and the rest to his fellows and to his friends, so till the very end he preserved an imperishable spirit of youthfulness which added to his scholarship and fulfilled his exquisite personality. Gentle, tolerant, charitable, his fifty years spent upon the Variorum Edition will long stand as the highest attainment in American letters; no taint of any literary quarrel sullies the grandeur of his labour, no ostentatious vanity detracts from its dignity. He belonged to an age that is vanished — "an age more favourable to vigour of intellect than the present in which a dread of being thought pedantic dispirits and flattens the energies of original minds." In the midst of the world-wide lament that followed his death in 1912, there was heard the deep undertone of sorrow for the loss of that breed of scholars of which he was the last, the perfect type; scholars who were unafraid to spend a lifetime in unremitting labour upon a single inexhaustible subject, who were willing to forego personal gain in the greater cause of litera-

ture, and lastly, scholars who venerated their work as the artists of old venerated the Muses.

The fountain-head of Horace Howard Furness's genius was a true and perfect sympathy with the hearts of all mankind. Picture him upon an evening when he read "Antony and Cleopatra" to a gathering of friends in Cambridge — a deaf old man, beautiful of countenance, immaculate in trim, old-fashioned clothes, with snow-white hair and a wondrous silvery voice — and then read these words in which he spoke of the evening: "What a tribute to the power of the imagination under the hand of Shakespeare that the fascinating Egyptian Queen should be presented not only by a white-haired man, but a man more than ordinarily dull and plain of feature, and that when he applies to his shirt-front an imaginary asp and says, 'Dost thou not see my baby at my breast that sucks the nurse asleep?' the hearers' eyes should fill with emotion. . . . Charles Norton said, 'My dear Furness, you make us cry.'" These, his own unaffected words, unconsciously sound the keynote of his character. Yes, he could bring tears to the eyes or laughter to the lips, and such power is given only to those who possess an all-encircling sympathy. When he read Shakespeare — when the myriad tones of his voice made Rosalind or Beatrice live again and love, made Autolycus sing with heart-easing Elizabethan charm, or made Macbeth shudder before the ghost of Banquo — then perhaps was this sympathy most evident.

Yet it lay behind his every action, behind his spoken and his written words; it found expression in his love of flowers and trees and birds and animals, in his countless kindnesses to people of every sort and every station, in his full and ready understanding of the host of Shakespearean commentators of every age and every nationality; and finally it endowed him with that rare insight into the meaning of Shakespeare's words which often made it seem as if his nature was in tune with Shakespeare's very heart. Truly, even as this sympathy was the essence of his personality, it was also the mark of his genius. And none who knew him, none who have looked into the Variorum, can doubt that he had genius, not of the spectacular sort which lights the heavens with a single flare, consumes itself, and dies, but such that simmers gently and quietly through a long, long life, ever consuming dross, ever maintaining a constant flow of pure and refined metal.

The span of his life was indeed great; measured not so much by the number of his years as rather by the events with which these years were crowded — by the wide panorama which his eyes had looked upon. And in its length the gods were not always kind. Locked in his heart for thirty years was sorrow, deep and abiding sorrow, cloaked from his nearest and his dearest friends by his indomitable optimism; and towards his gentle end (too peaceful it was to call it by the harsh name of Death) even deeper shadows came, and Grief, the

sombre heritage of age, stood every hour by his side; yet still he turned to the world that same gallant front which dignified his entire life. To us of a later generation his early years seem rooted in history; he was born while Andrew Jackson was President and before Victoria had come to the English throne. He saw the troops march off for the war with Mexico; he saw the first sparks of the Rebellion kindled, strove with his brothers through its bitter years, and lived on for half a century and saw even the ashes of its prejudices scattered, forgotten. He began his work upon the Variorum when such critics as Dyce and Harness, Knight and Collier, Halliwell and Staunton, were alive and eager in their study of the plays; he lived to see them drop off one by one, to find himself at length the sole survivor of the great Shakespearean scholars of the past.

In 1825, eight years before Horace was born, his father, William Henry Furness, had come to Philadelphia from Boston to assume the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. The Furness family were of good New England stock; William Henry had been born and bred in Boston, graduated from Harvard College and the Divinity School, and married, in the same year in which he came to Philadelphia, to Miss Annis Pulling Jenks, of Salem. The young couple found instant and cordial welcome in the city of their adoption; they brought with them all that was best of Puritan respect for truth and for right without its austerity,

all that was most admirable of staunch New England love of learning and refinement. William Henry Furness was a preacher of exceeding promise which every year eloquently fulfilled. A truthful exposition of Christianity was his undeviating purpose during his pastorate of fifty years; he kept aloof from all petty and unfortunate doctrinal discussions which involved many of the Unitarians of his early days. This rare conception of a minister's duty combined with his personal charm — in the words of Emerson he had "a face like a benediction, and a speech like a benefaction" — led his small congregation upon a prosperous course. He was also a writer of talent with a finished, lucid style; his hymns and his studies of the life of Jesus are still well known. His wife proved no less popular in Philadelphia: beautiful, reserved, cultured, with a pleasant sense of humour, she quickly won a wide circle of friends. Their house became a gathering-place for the learned and the witty; men and women in public life visited them, strangers from other cities and foreign countries were brought to meet them. Though never affluent, their circumstances were comfortable, and they knew how to enjoy their modest means to the fullest measure. In their four children they were greatly blest; both parents lived "to set their rest in their kind nursery" — lived to see all four children loved, honoured, and admired.

Horace Howard Furness was born November 2, 1833. He had an elder brother and an elder

sister. William Henry Furness, Jr., was six years his senior; an artist of great talent, whose death in 1867 was tragically untimely, but before he died he had already an established reputation as one of the most skilful, one of the most finished portrait-painters of his day. Horace's only sister, Annis Lee Furness, was born in 1830. With only a scant difference in their ages, these two preserved the closest bonds of affection from their earliest days; their predilections were ever similar, their natures were cast in the same admirable mold. Annis Lee Wister — in 1854 she married Dr. Caspar Wister, of Philadelphia — was not only widely known for her many English adaptations of German novels, but was famous everywhere for her appreciation of all the arts, for her gift of language, for her magically beautiful voice, for her own distinctive charm. It was peculiarly fitting that Horace Howard Furness should have had such a lovely lady for his sister. Frank Furness, the youngest child, was born in 1837. During the Civil War he served gallantly as a captain of cavalry; upon him was bestowed that signal distinction, the Congressional Medal of Honour, for "Conspicuous bravery under Fire." He later became one of Philadelphia's most distinguished architects.

These were the characters that peopled Horace Howard Furness's early stage. About his youth there was nothing strongly distinctive, no trait to which we can point and say "there was the starting-point of all his future fame." As a boy he had red

hair and a vivid imagination. In later years he told how once, when he was very young and still at a Dame's school, he astonished his fellow students by telling them that in the garret of his father's house he had a remarkable blue dog, an intensely blue dog. With no thought of guile (he was convinced himself of the animal's mundane existence) he whetted their appetites with daily accounts of the dog's health and activities, till the edge of youthful curiosity could bear the strain no longer, and an exhibition of the dog was insisted upon. After school he led them home with him and left the expectant group at the foot of the stairs while he ascended to discover if the dog were amenable to a visit. Ah, the indescribable, sudden, sickening realization that there was no remarkable blue dog, that it had never been anything but a phantom of his brain! The words with which he related his feelings of the moment were inimitable. In the full tide of his horror and chagrin at being self-deceived, he gave a few feeble imitative yelps and returned to his companions with the disheartening news that the animal was far too vicious to receive guests. The group filed slowly down the staircase, followed by the chastened Horace who planned an early but painless demise for his mythical blue pet. Those who are pleased to see prophetic glints in details of the past would delight in a little newspaper issued during 1846 which bore the imprint "H. H. Furness, Editor, Proprietor, Printer, Publisher, and Carrier." This was un-

doubtedly Horace Howard Furness's first step on the editorial path — a minute, four-page weekly, entitled the "Tom-Tit" — and the work of typesetting and printing as well as editing was entirely his own. "We mean to dedicate it to *fun*, to which no one can object," so runs the first editorial. "We mean to hurrah for Clay, and shout for Polk; to denounce the War, and stick up for the volunteers. We think, we know the present age is greatly in need of Fun, that best of all sciences." Thus we may think of his boyhood, dedicated to fun, as every boy's should be, studying at home and at school, filled with all the pleasant, absorbing trivialities of youth. He must have heard much interesting talk at his parents' house, much that moulded his early opinions and laid the foundations for his far-reaching knowledge. Here Emerson was a frequent visitor, with his enlightening conversation on every topic; thither came Channing and William Lloyd Garrison filled with Abolition talk.

And there was Fanny Kemble. She who mothered Horace Howard Furness's love of Shakespeare, who first threw wide for him the magic casement on the fairyland of the plays. It would be hard, it would be well-nigh impossible to magnify the harvest which he reaped from listening to her Shakespearean readings. Even as Mrs. Kemble herself loved the elder Furness (she was his parishioner for many years, and was wont to call him "her dear and venerated spiritual pastor and

master"), so did his son love and venerate her. When Horace Furness was but fifteen, she began her public readings. This was in 1849. In later years he was proud to say that he believed he had not missed a single one. Combined with a rich and wonderful voice, wherein she had all the depths and tones so essential to render Shakespeare's meaning to the full, were all the dramatic instincts of a great actress, all the best traditions of the English stage. She read, moreover, with an extensive knowledge of the meaning of the text, an important attribute which gave her readings great literary and æsthetic value. In the happy combination of these charms lay the secret of her fame and popularity as a Shakespearean reader and of her inspiring sway over young Furness. Yet in him she had plastic clay to mould: if he responded to her inspiration, it was because his nature was more than ordinarily sympathetic to the appeal of the poet and dramatist; if he, too, in later years followed in her footsteps and read Shakespeare in public with an equal art, with an almost surpassing grace, it was because he inherited the rich and mellow voice that was his father's and because he had been bred in a kindly atmosphere of refinement. The effect of her readings upon him was to awaken and, when awakened, to intensify his appreciation and love for Shakespeare. It was not until fifteen years later that he started his first work upon the New Variorum under the auspices and with the encouragement of the "Shakspere

Society of Philadelphia," whereof he was the youngest member. Then it was Mrs. Kemble's turn to admire the breadth and depth of knowledge, the meticulous labour, and the high standard of scholarship which the first volume, "Romeo and Juliet," revealed. And she paid her tribute in the fullest possible measure. In her "Further Records" she says: "I was so much pleased with the enthusiastic devotion to his laborious task of his Variorum Shakespeare that I gave him the pair of Shakespeare's gloves Cecilia Combe left me in her will, and which had come to her mother, Mrs. Siddons, from Mrs. Garrick." The gift of these priceless, priceless treasures was the earliest, as it was the greatest, personal tribute to the work of Horace Howard Furness; and how wondrously well he proved himself worthy of the possession!

Even while young Furness was busy with his fonts of type and editing the "Tom-Tit," while he was going to Fanny Kemble's readings, while he was preparing himself to enter Harvard, there was one subject ever present in his mind, one word which was ever ringing in his ears — Abolition. Were we to omit this solemn cloud from any picture of his youth, the picture were but half-painted; it darkened the best years of his father's life, it dulled the brightness of his own boyhood. He could scarcely remember the days when it was not the chief topic in his parents' house. As early as 1836 the elder Furness preached his first Abolition

sermon, and it was but a few years later that he became identified, heart and soul, with the Abolitionists. It was small wonder that Horace Furness assimilated to the full the spirit of the times, this dynamic movement that shook the Nation to the foundations and culminated in the Civil War. As a boy his daily life was shot with incidents that revealed the most shocking aspects of slavery and unpleasant events that tested the courage of the Abolitionists to the utmost. For his father did not confine himself to preaching vigorous sermons for the cause he so passionately espoused: his house on Pine Street was a haven for fugitive slaves. Here Horace witnessed the opening of boxes containing unfortunate negroes who had been shipped from the South on their way to freedom. Walking upon the streets of Philadelphia with his father, he would watch former friends pass with angry looks or averted gaze, hear threats thrown after them, threats of persecution and even death, from former parishioners or wrathful slave-owners. In those early days only a courageous man dared tread the path of the Abolitionists, but William Henry Furness did not lack the necessary courage by a jot; all his eloquence, all his time, all his sympathy were given unreservedly for the cause, even though he suffered mental anguish as he saw the trouble and the pain his course of action brought upon his family. There can be no doubt that these years, lived in the gathering shadow, left their stamp upon Horace Howard Furness's

later life, and in a measure his close view of the national trouble, his youthful association with men and women who were filled with a great desire, brought him to maturity earlier than if he had passed his boyhood amid only tranquil scenes. When he entered Harvard in 1850, his outlook upon life was riper than that of a boy of sixteen. Not only did he go to Cambridge self-prepared in all subjects save mathematics, but also (further proof of his self-reliance, as well as his industry) while at Harvard he employed many of his spare hours tutoring less proficient students, and by this means relieved his father of a great part of the financial burden of his college course. To this end, also, he taught school in New York during the last term of his Freshman year, a privilege accorded to meritorious students who sought to support themselves at the University.

In 1860 he married Helen Kate Rogers. Happiness, such as graced the marriage of these two, is vouchsafed to few on earth; companions were they in every deed of every day. To Literature she contributed "The Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems," to his work unending advice and encouragement. And when, after but twenty-three years of married life, Death stepped between them, her presence like a benediction was beside him and, though imperishable grief was ever present, yet the memories of the past enabled him to face with courage a life of loneliness for twenty-nine years. They had four children: Walter Rogers Furness,

born in 1861, later an architect; Horace Howard Furness, Jr., born in 1865, who chose to follow in his father's footsteps as an editor of the Variorum and of whose work the elder editor has said, "Surely, the instances are not many where a literary task begun by a father is taken up and carried forward by a son; still fewer are they where the father can retire within the shadow with such conviction as is now mine, that the younger hands are the better hands." The youngest son, William Henry Furness, 3rd, was born in 1866, explorer and ethnologist, author of two books, "The Home Life of the Borneo Headhunters" and "The Island of Stone Money"; and an only daughter, born in 1873, Caroline Augusta Furness, who married Dr. Horace Jayne, and in whom the father saw each year expand all the charm and talent, all the beauty and grace of her mother, till he was for a second time struck to the heart by her early death in 1909.

The letters that follow, beginning as they do with Furness's years at Harvard, preserve sufficient continuity to mark the events of his crowded life. But they are far more than mere milestones along the road; they reveal the expansion of his mind, the subtleties of his nature, the ineffable comeliness of his scholarly life, his rare good-humour, and his kindly sympathy. He devoted much time to his correspondence, especially in his later years, and he always looked upon letter-writing as an art. He infused the merest note of acknowledgment

with a twinkle of wit or a beguiling touch of his personality. His longer letters, written in his flawless, charming English and in his smooth, distinguished hand, are veritable mines for sparkling gems of observation and reflection; and they chronicle a vast array of deeds which made his life so full, so admirable. He was fond of saying, "one touch of Shakespeare makes the whole world kin," and if ever any one bore out the spirit of this phrase, it was he. There are a legion of men and women, who never reckoned with his scholarship, who, perhaps, never knew his name, but whose lives have been made the happier by his broad-hearted smile as they passed his vigourous, old-fashioned figure on the streets. His very presence seemed to breath an air of friendliness. Never did he allow his deafness — that sorry affliction which kept him from active service in the army during the Civil War, which smothered his desires to practice law, which deprived him of the sound of music and the keen pleasures of the theatre — never did he permit it or his long hours spent collating dusty texts to cut him off from his fellows. The services he gave so freely, the hours he spent so zealously working on the committees of libraries and hospitals and upon the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, were of inestimable benefit to his city. His association with gentle and learned men in such clubs as the "Triplets," the "Franklin Inn," and the "Shakspere Society" endeared him, the gentlest and most

learned, to every member who came in touch with him. Never were his ears deaf to the appeals of charity; hundreds of times he read Shakespeare in public, delighting in the knowledge that all who came so eagerly to hear him read were, through him, bestowing their money on some worthy cause. "I do not think I am vainglorious when I say that I fervently thank heaven that it lies in my power to do this much for charity." In addition to the sixteen stout volumes of the Variorum, he produced a store of other works, widely diverse in subject, but bearing, none the less, the marks of his particular skill — the polished translation of the Psalms in the Polychrome Bible, an authoritative article on homœopathy in the American edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, a volume containing the lifelong correspondence between his father and Emerson, and a score of iridescent speeches and addresses. To have crowded all these activities into a single lifetime, albeit long, seems to us of a less potent age almost miraculous. His capacity for work was, however, prodigious: every hour of his long day (he seldom went to bed before two o'clock, often it was three or four when he turned down the lights) was completely filled, yet he was never hurried. He found ample time to devote to his beloved garden, to the homely and engrossing affairs of his farm at Wallingford, to his countless friends the world over, and, above all, to his family — children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren — whose daily interests he abun-

dantly shared in, whose lives he watched grow and flourish with such a glad heart.

All these facets of his nature Horace Howard Furness revealed in his letters. And yet, for all their fulness, for all their brilliance, they cannot give the perfect picture of his life. For he was the most modest of great men. Not only was there scant room in his make-up where self-appreciation might be lodged, but that same feeling which made him "dismiss with frigid tranquillity" each volume of the Variorum as it fell from the press, made any mention of his achievements repellent to him. For his family, for his friends, for his city and its institutions, his pride was illimitable, but for himself it did not exist. He loathed notoriety. He never even sought Fame; when she came to him from every part of this country, from England and from Germany, bearing splendid recognition of his scholarship, he met her in his kindly fashion, received her gifts with a full heart, but reverently laid the wreaths aside. Although the spirit of this modesty pervades his letters, veiling to a large degree his attainments, it is materialized in his work upon the Variorum. Search as you may for Horace Howard Furness amid the plethora of notes, you must not hope to see his character completely limned; here or there you may catch a gleam of his sprightly humour peering from some long review of dry commentary, or a satisfying touch of his sagacity rounding off a procession of critical paragraphs. But only so much will you

see; for that was his style, that was his character. For instance, after all the commentators had shed ink and blood to no purpose in discussing the proper metrical division of the opening lines of the second scene of "Twelfth Night," and after the editor had shown that every suggested emendation was honeycombed with flaws, he closes with, "Thus encircled by a lurid horizon, with no chance of escape, our only course is to imitate the scorpion, retire to the centre and die. The truth is, I think, that in a dialogue, where fragments of lines are in themselves metrical, it is folly to cut them up into orthodox pentameters which can never be appreciated on the stage." His volumes, from their nature, show plainly (and often pitifully) enough how all the commentators since the dawn of Shakespearean criticism have been only too ready to voice their own prejudices and opinions noisily. Nowhere, however, does Furness join this rather too-mortal chorus. Throughout each play he seems to sit above the court of criticism, hearing alike the learned and the foolish tell their tale, then with a deft turn or shrewd remark he gives life to the inert mass of evidence and lays the whole case clearly before the reader. And although regretting that he should have hidden the light of his own opinions beneath so many dusty bushels, yet the reader of the Variorum and the student of Shakespeare is forced unconsciously into a position of admiration — admiration that, as he laboured in garnering and threshing the mountainous crop of

Shakespeareana from all the English, all the foreign fields, in picking the sound kernels from the mass of chaff, he was able to keep his own conceptions or misgivings from intruding, and, mayhap, bruising by editorial partiality the fruits of his labour. This position he could maintain because he *loved* Shakespeare. Though he listened patiently to every syllable every critic uttered, Shakespeare's own music was ringing through his brain all the while. He believed implicitly in the divine right of Shakespeare; he delighted in that sonorous title for the poet, "Emperor, by the Grace of God, of all literature." He once said, "It is a fatal mistake, I think, which many critics (and especially the Germans) make, that they measure Shakespeare by themselves, instead of remembering that he is a law unto himself." When a passage was obscure, he was content to leave it so, and to observe that "a little obscurity is now and then nourishing"; when critics had discussed endlessly the questionable use of a certain word, he rejected the whole cabal and preferred to "admit that after Shakespeare had used a word twice in an intelligible though illogical meaning, the word might as well be adopted into the language. . . . It would have a paternity which many a perfectly legitimate word might be content to own." And finally he could never enjoy the zeal and the curiosity of those who tried to unearth from stray allusions or from the order in which the plays were composed facts about the life of Shakespeare —

"What mortal life, filled as all our lives are, with low-thoughted care, can ever come up to our picture of the myriad-minded creator of these plays! He speaks to us from a higher world, and far, far better is it to leave him there, a bright and aerial spirit, living ensphered in regions mild of calm and serene air. . . . Can we not fervently reëcho: 'Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear, To touch the dust enclosed here'!" Yet it must not be thought that he considered Shakespeare faultless; rather could he, in the vastness of his devotion, forgive the faults and love the more. So deep-seated, indeed, was this love that as he worked on each successive play he lived with the characters in it; he selected "Romeo and Juliet" for the first play to edit merely because he was enamoured with its beauty; he almost vowed, when he had completed "Othello," that he would never touch another tragedy, since living for two years in the dark and unrelieved tragic atmosphere was scarcely to be borne; and at the close of "Antony and Cleopatra" he confessed to a hopeless love for "the fascinating Egyptian Queen." It is pleasant to think of him in his hours of work living with these children of the master's brain. And, ah, what phantoms, real and fantastical, peopled that book-walled library, that workshop of a scholar at "Lindenshade." Here were enshrined the memories of great actors and actresses, of Garrick, Kean, Macready, Forrest, and the Kembles, of Mrs. Siddons, Lady Martin, Ellen Terry, and a

host of others whom Furness had known or whose memory he cherished because they had brought further honour to the name of Shakespeare. Here were the ghosts of all Shakespearean critics whose fine old volumes were gathered on the commodious shelves. Here were the spirits of all Shakespeare-lovers the world over, humble and mighty alike, and with all these, swelling the number to a legion, were all the characters from all the plays — "ancient Greeks and ancient Romans and ancient Britons, kings and dukes and lords of France, and kings and dukes and lords of England; soldiers, sailors, doctors, and lawyers, sages of profound wisdom and clowns of profound stupidity, venerable priests and horrid cut-throats; hoary age and prattling infancy; learned magicians and drunken tinkers; women of every rank and every station — women who make the world the fairer for their ideal lives, and women who should be palled in the dunnest smoke of hell"; and in the midst of all this ghostly throng sat the deaf, white-haired, kindly editor after all the house was hushed, save for the jarring of the clock, bending over his page, turning now and again to consult some volume at his side, but always working, working on silently into the night with that full-sensed enjoyment of his task that only the devoted labourer can know. Let this be the portrait of him at his midnight work, surrounded by his truest friends.

Yet to those who knew the hospitable path to "Lindenshade" there will remain other well-

remembered pictures of Horace Howard Furness. Pictures of his sparkling dinners, those miraculous symposia of wit and wisdom, at which the spotless linen and bright silver plates, the old-fashioned dishes and smooth wines were rivalled in their charm only by the talk; at which dulness found no place and to be ill at ease was quite unknown; dinners of linked sweetness long drawn out, over which the master of the house presided with such bountiful, courteous grace, smiling expectantly with hand upon his silver ear-trumpet as some joke started the laughter of his guests, or telling some droll tale himself with his own inimitable humour which left the listeners weak from laughing, or taking from his memory some anecdote of days long dead — how Lincoln wrinkled up his nose when he laughed, how Walt Whitman argued with Emerson or how "Fidelio" was sung in Munich fifty years syne. Truly the mind as well as the body dined well at those buxom feasts. Then there would be the glimpse of him in his greenhouse amid aromatic odours, repotting with tender care some prized tropical plant, while all about him pots loaded the benches with their greenery and crowded on the sills against the sweated glass; or of his sturdy figure walking in the garden, preceded perhaps by a scholarly cat, bending here to examine some exotic blossom or there to tend some humbler flower of the field. And there would linger, too, the memory of the last picture of him, in the calm hour before he ascended to his midnight work,

seated upon the box-edged terrace in front of the kindly old house, after dinner on a warm summer evening, with the gleam of his cigar lighting and dwindling in the darkness, while the breeze stirred in the outstretched branches of the century lindens and the sound of his silver voice wove an exquisite charm.

But these, alas, are only fragile memories, for he is gone, and we shall not look upon his like again!

THE LETTERS OF
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

CHAPTER I

YEARS AT HARVARD

1851–1854

Two delightful addresses[1] which Horace Howard Furness made to the Philadelphia Harvard Club, in which he described the appearances and customs of the University as he knew it in the early fifties, enable us to visualize a background for the letters he wrote to his family during his college course. The roots of his life struck so deeply into Cambridge soil that even during half a century his affection for Harvard never wavered, his admiration for Dr. James Walker, the President of Harvard in his day, never waned, and the friendships there established never died. He said:

"When I entered College in 1850, the grounds presented an appearance very, very different from what they are at present: there was a clump of fine large trees, just about, I should think, where Robinson Hall now stands, and among the trees a little pool of surface water stood, possibly eight or

[1] Addresses of the President of the Philadelphia Harvard Club, 1905 and 1906.

ten feet in diameter, in which the Reverend William Ware, who entered College in 1812, told me that he and his classmates were wont to go in bathing. Where Memorial Hall now stands was the Delta where, after supper, football was always played in autumn twilights.

"The 'Officers of Instruction and Government,' including of course the Faculties of the Law, Medical, Scientific, and Divinity Schools, numbered all told forty-two; of these five were Tutors, and two were Instructors, one in German and the other in French, and three were Proctors. . . . In 1850 the total number of sucklings at the fair founts of our Alma Mater was six hundred and four. . . .

"When I entered, our class numbered sixty-five, but when we graduated, owing to additions from a South Carolina College, which broke up, the number was ninety-one — the largest class that had ever been graduated. . . .

"In my Freshman and Sophomore years there were three recitations a day, one in the morning, from seven to eight in the summer term, and eight to nine in the winter, one at noon, and one before supper, from five to six. In the Junior and Senior years there were four or five courses that were obligatory, and then there were courses in Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Spanish, German, Italian, and Hebrew, from which each student could select *one* which he must retain throughout the year. . . .

"Attendance at Prayers was obligatory, and they were held, in the morning, at six in summer

and at seven in winter, and in the evening at six; attendance on Saturday afternoon prayers might be omitted, but he who omitted the ceremony must, before nine o'clock in the evening, show himself and give his name to a tutor in some stated room. . . .

"The number of Societies was not many. The first to come in the Sophomore year was 'The Institute of 1770.' Inasmuch as this had a good library, it was thought rather illiberal not to take into its membership as many as possible — about half the class, therefore, belonged to it. There was no initiation, merely the notification of election stamped, with a beautiful large agate seal, in red wax. I was the Secretary, and the care of this seal fell to me, and I remember how zealously I emulated the busy little bee when how neat he spreads his wax. . . .

"Then there was 'The Hasty Pudding Club,' in whose records I had the infinite pleasure of reading some of the minutes of meetings written in my father's boyish hand. . . . The initiation was certainly admirable fooling. One great feature was the tossing in a blanket in the College yard, of course at night. This truly delightful function began two classes before me at the initiation of a dear good fellow, named Waring, from Brooklyn, New York. He was tossed, sorrowful man, in a blanket from his own bed, and since he was unusually stout, the blanket gave way and Waring went through the rent. Thereupon it was decided to have a blanket

made in the most substantial manner, and this took shape in a piece of very stout canvas about ten feet square, with continuous rope handles all about its four sides. Oh, the ecstasy of it all! when the blanket was spread on the ground and on it was gently laid the neophyte, all unconscious of what was in store for him, until after two soothing, gentle heavings came the cry, 'Now, fellows, pull taut!' and up the victim soared, in full evening dress and with a tall silk hat on, and such antics and sprawlings, and gyrations aloft! I shall never forget Phillips Brooks, he was so very big and rose so very high, with arms and legs wide spread — I remember we tossed him until for laughing we could not lift the blanket. Twenty-five years later, he and I happened to meet in Cambridge and he spoke with enthusiasm of old days and with what delight he would return to them. 'What!' I said, 'and be tossed in a blanket?' 'Yes, indeed,' he instantly replied with sparkling eyes, 'in a minute!' 'Ah, dear Brooks,' I rejoined, 'you soared above our heads then, as you have done ever since.' . . .

"I wish I could paint for you our great Harvard President[1] as his figure rises before me through the vista of fifty-six years: tall, active, slim, alert, with dark waving hair, no spectacles, with a smile that has never yet lost its charm, and already giving promise of that granitic firmness on the side of truth and honour and high morality which has characterized his manhood and his age. Who can

[1] Charles W. Eliot; he was one class ahead of H. H. F.

measure the ever-widening circles of honour and of earnestness, enlarging as they roll, until they touch the confines of this continent, which took their first impulse from this honourable, earnest, manly life? . . .

"I will give you two or three verses, all I can remember, which were irreverently made on Longfellow, premising merely that the Professor, as he was then, was extremely neat, and precise and fashionable in his attire, and wont to wear English low splatterdashes, or gaiters, as we called them, and a gay necktie. And I would not be thus irreverent to his memory, were it not that it was well understood at the time that the poet had heard the verses and had a hearty laugh over them.

Just twig the Professor, dressed out in his best,
Yellow kids and buff gaiters, green breeches, blue vest.

Chorus: Longfellow, Longfellow, Longfellow, fellow, fellow,
The man who wrote Evangeline, his name is Longfellow.

With his hat on one whisker, with an air that says 'go it!'
Here, boys, is your great North American Poet.

Evangeline's his best; 'tis a tale of Acady,
'Tis the sorrowful tale of a love-sick young lady.

Longfellow, Longfellow, Longfellow, fellow, fellow, etc."

These pleasant scraps of recollection, then, must suffice as an introduction to the letters that follow, and, indeed, they are more sufficient than any

words we might write. If the reader cannot in some small measure feel the Harvard atmosphere that Furness knew in the fifties, then no facts, dates, or anecdotes gathered and sifted by younger hands can make it apparent; to add more were to step intrusively into an age whereof we are no part.

To his Father

Cambridge, June 5th, 1852

If perchance, my dear Father, you should ever in future miss my letter on Tuesday or even Wednesday, set it down either to the failure of the mail or to some accident of putting it into the mail, but be assured that I shall never forget or neglect to write as usual upon Sunday. . . .

You accuse me of not telling you about the Abolition fuss here in Cambridge. I should have been very happy to have done so had I known anything about it myself, & until you mentioned it in your letter I didn't know that a "fuss" had occurred. I remember some one's telling me that a Southern Law student had threatened to challenge a New Yorker because of certain remarks on Slavery, but that the quarrel had there ceased. . . . The true state of the case, however, I believe to be this: there has been a debate on Slavery in the Law School Debating Society, in the course of which a New Yorker made use of some strong expressions about the South, when a Southern rowdie said he'd take up the cause of the South & challenge the Northerner, whereat the Northerner (when it

was reported to him) coolly remarked that the only notice he should take of the challenge was to hand the sender of it over to the constable, it being not only against the laws, but against his principles to fight a duel. This coming to the Southerner's ears he wisely neglected to perform his threat, and so the matter ended. The New York Herald, however, got hold of it and blazoned it in exaggerated terms far and wide. . . .

I, insignificant I, was never so homesick before, as now. What to do with the rest of the term I don't know. There has been quite a panic in the high scholars in our class in consequence of Dr. Walker's saying five Fresh-Juniors were going to come into the first eight & one of them was going to stand ahead of Lowell.[1] It is the greatest outrage I ever heard of. I am sure if such is the case, if Lowell doesn't have the Valedictory at Commencement, there will be little short of rebel-

[1] Charles Russell Lowell, 1835–1864, Captain Sixth U.S. Cavalry, Colonel Second Massachusetts Cavalry, Brigadier-General U.S. Volunteers. This brilliant classmate of H. H. F.'s served gallantly from the very beginning of the War of the Rebellion until he fell, mortally wounded, at Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, while leading his brigade in a charge upon the enemy's position, October 19, 1864. H. H. F. in a letter to Edward Emerson wrote of his recollections of Lowell at Harvard: "Charlie Lowell was the youngest member of our Class, I think, and during the First Term, Freshman, wore a roundabout jacket. . . . Of all the rest of us he won his way into my good graces by his vivacity, his thoroughly boyish open-heartedness, his eagerness for fun and frolic, and his indifference to the high rank to which he at once attained by easy strides and maintained. . . . I doubt that any scholar ever held that position with more unwavering acquiescence on the part of his classmates in his right to it than Lowell."

lion. I for one won't speak on that day & I doubt whether another single fellow of the first thirty-five would, in fact I know they wouldn't. . . .

My love to all as loves me, & believe me

Yours

HORACE

To his Father

Cambridge, October 31, 1852

I KEPT on the even tenor of my way from the time you left till last Thursday, when it was announced that we should have no recitations the next day, the day of Mr. [Daniel] Webster's Funeral. I had previously determined to go to Marshfield at all hazards, & from that moment Fortune seemed to smile on my endeavors.

The nearest route to Marshfield is to take the cars to Kingston, about thirty-three miles, & then take a carriage, & ride seven miles to Mr. W.'s farm. A classmate residing in Kingston, yclept Holmes (a nevy of Dr. Holmes), invited me to come to his house & he w'ld then take me over to Marshfield in his own carriage. In order to go in the early train, a quarter before eight, I went to Boston & spent the night. In this early train there were eight cars averaging sixty persons in a car; notwithstanding I was lucky enough to get a good seat near the window & hugely enjoyed the splendid autumn day and foliage. At Kingston I found my classmate waiting for me, & was by him put into a carriage, & was soon on the way to Marshfield

over a road wonderfully like those at Cape May, yellow sand a foot deep, & low stunted pine trees on both sides of the way. And, Lord bless me! what numbers of carriages! Their name was legion, that is, about two thousand, as near as I can guess. . . . Each little road, from some neighboring village or town, mustered its crowd as we pass, & even at the distance of three or four miles the scene partook of solemnity. There was no gayety or unseemly mirth. Every one was silent and seemed in earnest.

When I reached Marshfield, I found Mr. Webster's body was laid out under a tree, & that a queue of considerable length had formed; the men walked two by two up to the coffin, then separated, one on each side of it, after passing it again joined & then marched through his house. When I got there, as I said, the queue was quite long, & as waiting was not very consonant with my mood, I coolly went and stood alongside one of the men a few feet from the coffin; the man could not say a word, for I interfered with no one. Whether Mr. Webster looked natural or not I cannot say, never having seen him when alive, but he certainly looked very haggard, careworn, & black. He was dressed, I believe, in his usual style, for the whole lid of the coffin being off, the entire man could be seen. There were flowers in profusion in his coffin, & I stooped over and plucked an ivy leaf from a wreath of the same placed near his head. . . . Instead of joining my companion & going through

the house, I simply stepped aside & took my station near one of the undertakers, from whence I could look to my heart's content & endeavored to impress Mr. Webster's features on my mind.

After standing there about half an hour I went through his house & over his grounds. The latter are splendid. Everything is on the grandest scale. It is a farm of eighteen hundred acres. The number of people at his funeral was immense. The various estimates are from seven thousand to twenty thousand, of which the former appears nearer the truth.

It was really a very impressive scene. The coffin was under a tree, whose leaves appeared to have been spared by the autumn, & the sun (for it was a most heavenly day) shimmered down through them, right upon his very face. Every one was silent or else spoke in whispers. But not always — one man (a brute) came up eating an apple, & just before he came to the coffin took an extra-ordinarily large bite, so that his eating might not be interrupted.

I returned with Holmes & partook of a grand country dinner at his house & returned in the afternoon train, & reached Cambridge at six o'clock, having passed an eventful day. I have nothing else to tell; the above has been *the* thing of the week, & there is nothing new — xcept that William [1] is not going to start till Friday.

Love to all. Yours

HORACE

[1] H. H. F.'s elder brother, William Henry Furness, Jr.

To his Family

Cambridge, January 9, 1853

WILL is with you again, my dear kiths and kins, and has undoubtedly told you all about me that was tellable, and there is little left for me. How soon we shall see each other! — one week from next Wednesday is "the last of examinations, I am content." Hurree! I spose very few letters more will be written on either side.

This week has been a comparatively easy one — no Theme nor Forensic. And I have consequently enjoyed a splendid "otium" "cum" delightfullest "dignitate." Last Thursday, Twelfth Night, I was invited to a jollification in Putnam's room, to meet some half a dozen fellows, all Alpha Delta Phi-men, and that one title implies everything that's fine. We had a royal time. Steaming hot punch circulated freely, though not in my veins. I carried my baccy-box & smoked and sang for the benefit of the rest. About eleven o'clock there was an alarm of fire: the omnibus stable at the 'Port. An omnibus came up to spread the alarm. Instantly greatcoats and india-rubbers were flung on, & we sallied forth. You know I have a penchant for improving my lungs — there was a good deal of noise. I caught the omnibus just as it was returning, jumped on, several followed my example, & we rode every step of the way to the fire in great style. When there I excited great wrath from the firemen by repeating in a stentorian voice any orders which I might perchance hear,

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such as "Play on, No. 3!" "Stop playing, No. 6!" & the like. To a disinterested spectator I was the "factotum" of the fire. Especially since as soon as I left the place it broke out with redoubled fury. I returned to the room after half an hour's pleasing excitement. This I believe is the only incident of the week.

On Friday even'g, I was elected Vice President of the Natural History Society, an office in which there is little or nothing to be done as long as the President does his duty, else I would not have accepted it. The Prex is always a Senior. It is a fine society & never more flourishing than at present; the other day the Curators of the different departments in it (myself among the rest, Curator of Entomology) collected together and made up a very neat document, setting forth the great value of the society & requesting aid of the Corporation of the College for the furtherance of its interests, fitting up the room and the like. The result was a cool hundred dollars, and fuel and oil whenever we wanted it. Wasn't it munificent? . . . .

To his Family

Cambridge, May Day, 1853

Dear Father, Mother, and Annis ("lastum sed non leastum," as Binney used to say), the four letters that I have this week received have been sweeter to me than the happy ending of a tale — even Villette. I hardly expect greater pleasure when I go to Paradise all popilated with houris

and ballet dancers. I always read letters from home with that keen relish and intense interest, which is so distressing to a disinterested spectator to observe without being able to share in it. As the event of this week has been the receipt of these letters, I feel very much inclined to write about them — perhaps give extracts from them, only I am afraid that to you it would be rather stale. Did I say *the* event? how could I forget, even for an instant, my election into that renowned society, the Phi Beta Kappa? a society which keeps so constantly in view the improvement of its members, meeting as it does once a year, & offering the splendid advantage of a Library of twenty or thirty volumes. Had it not been for that opportune fifteen dollars, I should have been compelled to refuse joining, for the initiation fee is (*horribile dictu!*) seven dollars. I am uncertain whether I did right to join as it is, but then I reflected that it is the highest literary society in the United States & that it is a good deal of an honor to belong to it, so I consented. The fact that Father had belonged to it made it in my eyes more of an honor than anything else; besides, the seven dollars (in which a medal is included) is the only money I shall ever have to pay. We are to have a grand supper next Thursday eve'g at Porter's, but whether I go or not is uncertain. Much against my will I was made Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the dinner on the Thursday after Commencement, but whether I go to that also or not is uncertain.

For besides having to stay away from home one day longer (which is the greatest objection) my duties would be somewhat onerous; I should have to take care of Mr. R. C. Winthrop, the pres't of ye society, & the Orator & the Poet, & come all manner of dodges. . . .

My lessons go on so so. I am beginning to feel somewhat dismal about my rank, but of that more hereafter; I miss the encouragement of Tutor Chase. The other day a funny incident occurred in ye Latin Recitation. You must know, of course, my reputation of being an incorrigible "dig." Well, I was scanning some Iambic Trimeters in Professor Lane's room the other afternoon; the words were — *tu dignu's qui sies* (Plautinian Latin). I accordingly commenced "tu dig — Iamb" (I am) and there was a general symptom of concealed laughter. I luckily kept my countenance and on . . .

It is growing late and I must bid you all Goodnight.

Yours

HORACE

To his Family

Cambridge, May 15, 1853

. . . I AM very glad that you are all pleased with what you call my "clustering *honors*." But I am afraid you attach too much importance to them. To get into the Phi Beta is a natural consequence of high rank (for the choice generally falls upon the

first eight or nine) unless you are especially disliked or unpopular, which was unfortunately the case with two of our high scholars, so that there were but seven elected from our class. We were all of us quite vexed that it should be so. It was giving needless pain. For it was not so much the honor of getting in, as it is the dishonor of being left out. . . . As you say I have gotten to the end of clubs, there are no more left, and it is perhaps on some accounts a little of a satisfaction that I have always been among the first elected into each. You ask me to talk to you just as though I were talking to myself. I am not what would be called a "popular fellow." And I have no ambition to be such. The popularity that I possess is the kind I do care for.

To a large number of every class the epithet of "dig" is a reproach, & I deservedly have that title, but I have been so consistent throughout in "digging," that my classmates cannot but feel a respect for me & think that I deserve every inch of the rank that I have acquired, & would feel quite sorry to see me seriously lose it; that I have lost some of it there is no doubt; I believe I am now the fourth. There is another thing that I might have done in order to gain so-called "popularity," that is, visiting & associating more generally with my class. This I have never done, for I always have considered it & always shall look upon it as a great waste of valuable time; if any desire my company they must seek it, and I assure you I

have enough seekers, almost too many, for I am sometimes obliged to act quite rudely, such as keeping on studying with almost the same attention after the entrance of company as before. This, however, I do only to my most intimate friends, & they always understand it. So much for the present about myself. . . .

Forgive this plaguey nonsense in this silly letter and believe me

Yours

HORACE

To his Sister

Cambridge, May 29, 1853

THIS week has passed most delightfully. I felt perfectly free, & mingled study & recreation in the most delicious confusion. As time by no means hung heavy on my hands I was under no sort of obligations to teach the orphan girl to read or the orphan boy to sew. I read, wrote, slept, and smoked to my heart's content. Yesterday afternoon I read a "History of the Inquisition" & gradually dreamed off & awoke maintaining that some one or other, I couldn't remember the name, would make a most capital General Inquisitor. The event of the week, however, was the Inauguration of Pres't Walker. There was none of the pomp and magnificence of preceding years, yet it was still quite imposing. The first ceremony was the planting of a young tree, which ever after bears Dr. Walker's name. This is a time-honored custom

and is performed as follows. In the morning about ten o'clock the Senior class marched in a body to Pres't Sparks' [1] & presented a handsome bouquet to Lady S.; thence to Dr. Walker's & gave a similar bouquet to Lady W. Retiring from Dr. Walker's, the President-elect accompanied them and was escorted into the College yard to where a hole had been dug, into which was placed a fine young pine tree; the Chief Marshal then steps forward and addresses a flowery, spooney speech to Dr. Walker, who replies somewhat similarly, about children's children (i.e., grandchildren) sitting under the shade of it & reflecting with pleasure upon its planting. (Now if there are the same laws in force then, as now, they will be very quickly dispersed as a "parietal group." Dr. Walker then advances & throws in the first shovelful of earth, & is followed by each member of the class, doing the same in turn; "and now," said the Doctor as he threw down the shovel, "where are your 'digs'?" What hand-clapping and what laughter! (But between you and me, I think it was a joke that he heard among the bystanders at President Sparks' or Everett's Inauguration.) The worthy Doctor was then accompanied home and the crowd dispersed to celebrate the day in uproarious carousals. And upon my word, I never saw such almost universal, what shall I call it — intoxication is too gross a term to apply to such good fellows & yet it was

[1] Jared Sparks, LL.D., President of Harvard from 1849 until 1853 when he resigned on account of ill health.

nothing more nor less. One of my classmates was not far from the truth, when he said that "there were not more than fifteen fellows out of our class, who were not 'tight' that day"; and what was true of our class was true of the other three also. You know my penchant for such scenes, & I assure you that that day I saw some rich ones. I hate to have any one get "tight," but if he must & will do so, why, pray let me see him, & when he is getting over it I will administer soda water & good advice to his heart's content. On the day in question, at about eleven o'clock I was lying reading on my sofa, now and then interrupted by bursts of merriment, when a real good friend of mine, who is, however rather fond of getting elevated semioccasionally & then comes & confesses to me, so to speak, rushed into my room, bawling out: "Furness, you old fool you! get up! come round to D.'s; you must come; all the fellows are round there & we're having a glorious time!" This speech was interspersed with adjectives "immentionable to ears perlite." I complied, & truly it was the most ludicrous sight I ever witnessed. There were about fifteen or twenty fellows scarcely conscious of what they were about, & in shaking hands with them I was obliged to dodge the wine & punch which they would otherwise have spilt over me. I could fill sheets with description of the ridiculous scenes; one, however, will suffice. One of the company happening to find himself in front of a looking-glass inquired "who was that spooney fellow look-

ing at him"; receiving no reply he aimed a blow & shivered the glass to atoms, & turning around with a satisfied look said, he "thought *that* rather knocked him!"

So much for the forenoon; in the afternoon we were marshalled class by class & joined in the grand procession which escorted Dr. Walker to the church. Here the Governor (Clifford) made a very neat speech & delivered to Dr. W. the old Charter & the seal & large silver keys of the College. Dr. W. replied, & there was an oration in Latin by Carroll, the first scholar of the Senior class. After that followed Dr. Walker's address, & a splendid one it was; it answered all the charges which of late have been brought against colleges. Its length was its only fault; it will be printed & will I think make quite a sensation. After the address followed the Doxology. And you'd better believe I put in vigorously. Every one joined & it did sound grandly. After that we again marched round Cambridge & finally dispersed, & night & carousals began to thicken. In the eve'g W. & myself went up to the H. P. C. room and he read the last number of "Bleak House" to me, & we came to the conclusion that it was a fine one — *splenndid.* . . .

My desire to see you all is inexpressible. . . . Oceans of love to Father & Mother, & continents for yourself, & believe me, darling sister,

Yours

HORACE

To his Family

Cambridge, October 2, 1853

My dear Relatives, considerably dearer than the light that visits these sad eyes, I have had a jolly week, & hoping that you have had the same, I will proceed to unfold to you some of the causes of this pleasure. In the first place, I have been terribly busy, a thing I always enjoy. I had to hand in a Forensic on Thursday in which the question whether it was just that a person should be taxed by law for the support of religious forms & ordinances, was to be forever settled. Wednesday afternoon not a word of it had been written, partly through lack of time, but mostly because I couldn't arrive at any decision about it. Finally I decided in the affirmative & wrote it Wednesday eve'g. The second cause of my pleasure (but I forgot to mention that Thursday, after I was through with that Forensic, Christian's joys after he was released from his uncomfortable burden wasn't a circumstance to mine) was the meeting of the Natural History Society. I had invited Professor Agassiz with hardly a hope that he would come, but to my great delight he made his appearance at the beginning of the meeting, accompanied by his son [1] who is a member of the society. I did the honors of the occasion & conducted him to a seat. The order of performance in that society is that members read papers on various subjects supplied to them by the President, and it very often happens

[1] Alexander Agassiz, of the Class of 1855.

that members neglect this duty, so that sometimes, when there ought to be four papers every meeting, there are only three, two, & sometimes only one. This was unfortunately the case that even'g. There was only one paper, but that was luckily on Geology, on the "Mauvaises Terres"; & after it was concluded I expressed my regret at there being so few performances, but said that the society would feel highly honored if Professor Agassiz would favor it with any remarks on any subject that he might feel inclined. So taking up the subject of "Mauvaises Terres" he told us all about them, drew diagrams on the blackboard & spoke about twenty minutes in the most interesting style. After the meeting was over I showed him our collection, & he expressed himself greatly pleased & said he should certainly come again & bring with him Dr. Leidy's report on these "Bad Lands." Not only was it exceedingly pleasant to have him there, but it will prove the greatest benefit to the society. All the members who were present were perfectly delighted with the meeting & were terribly chagrined that there were no more papers, so that we could not make a better show before the distinguished guest, a feeling which the Professor's presence only could have caused; all the members who were absent were disappointed at not being present & I've no doubt, secretly vowed never to miss another meeting. So you see it has given the society a grand start at the very beginning of the term.

The third & best reason why I have passed a pleasant week was yesterday. It was a splendid day, and at ten o'clock we started with Professor Agassiz to walk over to Roxbury to make geological examinations of the Pudding Stone there. There were about forty of us, mostly scientific students, however, yet that was another cause of pleasure. For these scientifics are a most stupid set & there has been a great complaint, on former occasions, that these sumphs have monopolised the Professor, asking him the most stupid questions; for instance, one of them yesterday asked him the difference between a boulder and a pudding stone. I was accordingly determined that when I went, it should not be so. So, soon after we started I ousted one of his scientific bodyguard & kept my position by his side during the rest of the walk & it was a walk of six miles. We reached Roxbury at about twelve o'clock, & examined the Pudding Stone to our satisfaction; while there one of the scientifics capped the climax of stupidity by bringing Professor Agassiz a piece of an old clinker & wanted to know what singular mineral it was. When told that it was a piece of old coal he dropped it as though it had been a live one. We rode into Boston in the omnibus, went to Parker's, that is four of us, & had a capital dinner, to which Blight [1] treated. We reached Cambridge at about

[1] Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia, with whom H. H. F. roomed during his last three years at Harvard. Always a dear and devoted friend for whom H. H. F. had a deep affection, and owing to whose generosity he was able to make the extended European trip in 1854–1856.

four, &, for my part, having passed the pleasantest day this term. . . .

So adoo.

Yrs. H.

To his Family

Cambridge, October 16, 1853

And so, my dear Father, Nan's *désolée*, is she, because she hasn't written to me? Well, I should think she would be, decidedly, if not more so. Oh, the bage creature & bragian serpiant! To think of the sweet, tender affection, with which I penned that last epistle & then in return for it she tells me she is some French thing or other, I don't know what. . . . If Brothers are to be treated thus at the very outset, what will become of them in the course of a year? I might as well at once make myself a demd moist uncomfortable body. . . .

I went into Boston yesterday afternoon and returned to Cambridge too late for tea, so I contented myself with munching some crackers, building a fire, & smoking a pipe. At half-past nine o'clock, a classmate, yhight Wyeth, came in. It was such a glorious night that he had invited me to ride on horseback with him. So off we started, he on a bay horse & I on a white. What a glorious night it was! The moon was full & shone as bright as day, not a cloud was to be seen. We dashed up to Waltham at full speed, & scoured the country roundabout on a gallop. I never in all my life enjoyed any ride so much as this. The

moonlight was so clear that the different colors of the autumn foliage could be distinguished. When we reached the top of Wellington Hill, at about eleven, a mist was just rising in the valley below. Upon my word, it was tolerably pretty. Our intention was to get into Boston about twelve, take a sound supper at Parker's and ride comfortably out to Cambridge, but just as we were in sight of the lights on the Mill Dam we came to a railroad bridge not yet finished; as we couldn't pass & as it would take too long to go around, we turned our horses' heads homewards & reached Cambridge at half-past twelve, purchased a couple of bottles of ale at the Oyster Saloon, & some crackers, came to my room, woke up Blight who was sleeping in my chair, & we three then dispatched the ale & the crackers, & then retired to bed, it being acknowledged on both sides that it was the pleasantest evening that we had passed this term. Today I have felt as fresh as ever, & were it not for the vivid recollection, should not be conscious that during three hours last night I was dashing over the country on horseback. . . .

Wednesday I suppose will bring letters from my parent of the sterner sex & from the fond object of me affections. Meantime

Yours

HORACE

To his Father

Cambridge, December 18, 1853

I CAN scarcely realise, my dear Father, that this is only a week before Christmas & that I am sitting here with my windows open & with the air as balmy as a day of May. Heigho! it makes me very homesick. I am consoled with the thought that in a little more than four weeks I shall be in the arms of a loved and loving family. . . .

I anxiously expected the silk stockings till the last moment, but as they didn't come I bought the longest pair of cotton that I could find, and made my début in the dancing world as a Ballet girl last Friday night [at the Hasty Pudding Club]. For lack of anything better to tell you I will for your edification describe my dress. In the first place, I purchased a pair of satin slippers, (perfect loves!) sewed thereon two "penk" rosettes. I then bought eight yards of muslin & with the aid of Wadleigh in a very short time it was transformed into a pair of voluminous drawers & three very full skirts, reaching almost to my knees. This was all that I did in the making of my dress; the rest was gotten up by Miss Sallie Colburn & comprised a most charming penk boddice turreted round the waist, in short, its *toute ensemble* was somehow thus: [Here is inserted a little sketch of the costume] together with a very full skirt of white muslin trimmed with penk ribbons. On my head I had a black wig with a double row of curls & on that a diminutive hat trimmed with black &

artificial flowers, also the handiwork of Miss C. When the curtain drew up two fellows made their appearance at the back of the stage, with white waistcoats & cravats, & walked solemnly down to the front with Jew's-harps in their hands &, seated on opposite sides of the stage, after tuning their instruments struck up a popular air, by way of overture, & then at a preconcerted signal, as the bill announced, Signorita Phurnessi made her appearance & tripped down to the footlights amid peals upon peals of the most tremendous, deafening, & prolonged applause. Everything that she did, from her languishing & unvarying smile down to her walking on the points of her toes, brought down the house & at the close she was vociferously encored. It was a great hit. It occurred to me that if you desire it I would try to bring the dress home and would persuade the signorita sometime or other to favor you with a *pas seul.*

For mercy sake, keep hush about this or my character for dignity and sedateness would be forever blasted. . . .

In the words of gentle Chaucer "there n'is ne more to say." Of course love pressed down and overflowing to Mother and Annis and to thae gude folk next door.

Good-bye, my dear Father.

Yours

HORACE

To his Family

Cambridge, January 1, 1854

A HAPPY New Year to you all, my dear Father, & Mother, and Annis, which I've no doubt a large portion of it will be from the present prospects of *it*.[1] Gude save us! how soon I shall see you! A fortnight from Wednesday I shall start for home, the eighteenth of January, stop a forenoon in New York to view with critic's eye the Crystal Palace, & reach Philadelphia at nine o'clock in the eve'g, when I hope to shake hands with you all. This week, as you must have heard, we have had a stunning snowstorm. All the snow I ever saw in my life put together wouldn't make the half of what is now on the ground. . . . I had a present last Monday which I haven't had a chance to mention to you. Lockhart's "Life of Scott," handsomely bound in one volume was left on my table, "For Signorita Phurnessi from J. Savage, Jr.," [2]

[1] Referring to the marriage of Annis Lee Furness to Dr. Caspar Wister of Philadelphia which was planned for the spring. It took place in June, 1854.

[2] James Savage, Jr., of Boston, Lieutenant-Colonel, Second Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, died of wounds received in the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862.

Savage, together with Wilder Dwight, '53, also a friend and companion of H. H. F.'s, were leaders in organizing the regiment which was afterwards recognized as the Second Massachusetts Volunteers. In this regiment he served gallantly from the beginning of the war, being quickly promoted from Captain to Lieutenant-Colonel, until, in a spirited advance, being wounded in three places, he was made a prisoner and taken to the rear of the enemy lines, where, in spite of all medical aid, he died of his wounds and of exhaustion on the 2d of October.

Savage was also with Atherton Blight and H. H. F. in Europe in 1854–1856, and mention of him will be found in subsequent letters.

a present which gratified me more than I can tell you. For Savage's discrimination of character is universally acknowledged. And the present case, ahem! affords conclusive proof of it.

Recitations drag their weary length along. Nothing new ever occurs. Greek & Latin occupy a good deal of my time. . . . Oh, the other day I was quite amused at a little incident which occurred to me in the Bookstore. Father Hooper (so called from his having been a Proctor, time out of mind, & who is now Tutor in Greek while Professor Felton is in Europe) came to me & told me with a great deal of palaver that Mr. Sophocles had told him that I had an excellent pronunciation in Greek, according to the correct European theory. This pronunciation, it appears, the Father is very desirous of acquiring. Accordingly he asked me to do him the favor to come sometime to his room & read Greek to him that he might acquire from me the style in which the bird of Mæonian Song was wont to "receete" his epos. Of course I was only too "grattered & flatified," and "only too happy," & all sorts of bowing, blushing; seriously, I was gratified to have Mr. S. say so of me, for it is really a thing on which I have spent no little pains. . . .

There, Good-bye now.

Yours

HORACE

To his Family

Cambridge, May 7, 1854

LAST Saturday, as you know, I was to spend at Concord. Mr. Emerson [1] had invited Bancroft, Lowell, & Sanborn (a Junior) to come up at the same time & had also advised us to come in the twelve o'clock train from Boston. Accordingly L., S., & myself went up to Porter's at twelve to wait for the train; it soon came whizzing by & we jumped in without asking any questions. When we came to pay the conductor, "How much is it to Concord?" "We don't go to Concord, Sir, this is the Lexington train," our jaws fell as we exchanged glances. The twelve o'clock train had been discontinued. There was nothing to be done but to make the best of it & go on to Lexington and then walk over from Lexington to Concord, six miles. This we accordingly did. We reached Lexington at 12.30 & Mr. Emerson at a quarter past two, which, considering that his dinner hour was one, was somewhat late. However, he had discovered his mistake with regard to the trains & had waited dinner for us. Seldom, if ever, have I passed a pleasanter afternoon. The cheerfulness inside atoned for the dreariness without; the temperature had fallen below freezing point. It was refreshing & delicious to hear him (Mr. E.) talk about Father. Altogether his manners won me

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson. W. H. Furness, the elder, and Mr. Emerson were close friends from their earliest boyhood days. A collection of their letters was published by H. H. F. in 1910 — "Records of a Lifelong Friendship." (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

completely. He almost insisted that I should come very soon again with my valise & spend Saturday & Sunday with him. We left there at 6.30 to go in a 6.45 train which Mr. E. said left at that time. When we reached the depot we asked the ticket-master at what time the next train started. "Ten o'clock, Sir!" We all three fell a-laughing for about five minutes. To cut a long story short, Lowell & Sanborn concluded to walk to Cambridge — fourteen miles — & I determined to go to the tavern, buy some cigars, & meditate there until half-past eight, at which time the man said that there was the merest chance that the train might come along. I parted with Lowell & S. & went to the tavern and passed two dismal hours in a barroom without any fire in it; that is to say the time would have been dismal to any one else, but I rather enjoyed it. At 8.30 I sallied forth & had not gone ten steps before I heard the car whistle. You'd better believe I ran. I reached the cars just as they were starting off, jumped on, was set down at Porter's at nine, & was snugly fixed in my own room before a cosy fire at a quarter past. Poor L. & S. didn't reach Cambridge till eleven. Thus terminated the eventful day. A pleasanter I have not passed in this term.

Pray let me hear soon again.

Yours

HORACE

To his Father

Cambridge, May 28, 1854[1]

. . . My blood has been boiling & my chief endeavors yesterday were to keep cool, for wh. purpose I was all day long humming "From Green-

[1] This letter and the one following refer to the disturbances in Boston arising from the seizure, trial, and return of Anthony Burns, under the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which had just passed on the 23d of May, 1854, setting aside the Missouri Compromise. This unfortunate negro had escaped from his owner in Virginia, and had, by the aid of the Underground Railroad, reached Boston when, on the 24th of May, he was arrested under the Fugitive Slave Law, and taken to the Boston Court-House to be held under an armed guard for a hearing. News of his arrest was known to all Boston the next day, and the excitement that this intelligence created was widespread and intense. In the afternoon (of the 25th) there was a fiery gathering in Meionian Hall where many were in favour of an immediate attack upon the Court-House for the rescue of the fugitive, but it was not until the evening, when an immense meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, that any move was taken. Here, after Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, George R. Russell, and other prominent Abolitionists had voiced their indignation, a large part of those present, headed by T. W. Higginson, Seth Webb, Jr., and Lewis Hayden, rushed to the Court-House where they found an assault upon the western door already in progress. But the door was well guarded, and, although the attack lacked nothing in spirit and the door was battered in, the few who gained entrance were quickly driven out by the armed marshal-guard who stood within. When one of these guards was accidentally killed, the assault fell back. The attempted rescue was a failure.

The following day Burns was tried before Commissioner Loring, and it was ordered that the fugitive should be surrendered to his claimant and to the horrors of recapture. On the 2d of June, guarded by a large armed police and military force, the negro was marched through the streets of Boston to the revenue cutter ordered by President Pierce to take him to Virginia. The march through the streets was the "funeral" referred to in the second of these letters.

We have included these two letters not only for the vivid and absorbing descriptions of the events, but also to show with what intense hatred Horace Howard Furness, even in his college days, looked upon Slavery, and how fervently he supported the cause of the negro. Nor is this feeling surprising: with his father standing at the very head of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, to have felt otherwise would have been to deny his parentage.

land's icy mountains," getting no further than the first line. When I went by the Court-House in Boston yesterday, the Cadets were marching around it to break the crowd wh. was very great, & just as they came near where I was standing hootings and hissings arose on all sides, together with the cry of "the Governor's babies!" It did me good & I chuckled immensely, but not content with a passive demonstration of my pleasure I clenched my teeth & pronounced the sibilant letter in our alphabet with considerable vigor, which was by no means diminished by the sight of some of my own classmates among their number. The particulars of the whole case you will know before this letter reaches you, by telegraphic despatches in the newspapers, so that anything I can tell you about it (& it would be precious little) would be stale by Tuesday. About twenty-five of our class went in this morning to hear Mr. Theodore Parker preach. If they went with hearts open to conviction, one might take encouragement from such a demonstration, but I fear they were prompted solely by idle curiosity. However, some good seed may be sown, & though they go to laugh they may stay to pray. There is the greatest excitement throughout College. I had no idea that anything could so arouse sluggish student nature. For myself, I've knocked off all discussion & all my self-control is needed to force myself to hold my tongue.

The Chapel bell is ringing & my time is up. Next

week comes the May Recess & my next letter will consequently be full of it.

Me love to ye all, m'dears.

Yours

HORACE

To his Father

Cambridge, June 4, 1854

I DON'T know, my dear Father, how to begin this letter, or what to say first. You know what subject is uppermost in my mind, & probably have some conception of what my feelings are. The facts that have transpired during the past week you already know through the papers. I can add but little. I went into Boston on Friday to see the "Funeral" as it was called, & returned in an excited state of mind & with a raging headache, & with a voice hoarse with groaning & hissing. However, I'll tell you how I passed the day. In the morn'g by nine o'clock I was in the Court Square & found it somewhat crowded, police guarding the entrance to the Court-House. After searching in vain for some place from which I could view the whole scene, finally we (Potter, Starr, & myself) determined to try our luck in the "Commonwealth Building" at the corner of State & Washington Streets. By strange good fortune we found an empty room in the third story, & from that room we saw the whole proceeding. At about eleven the "Lancers" rode full gallop down the street, effectually breaking the crowd; as they

passed, for the first time in my life I heard the howls of an enraged populace. It was horrible, and so loud were the groans & hisses & cries of "Shame!" & "Bloodhounds!" that the clattering of the horses' hoofs was almost inaudible. The instant that they had passed, some men, right underneath our window, lifted up a black coffin with "Liberty" on it. It was received with clapping of hands & cheers. Then it was that I thought I should see a man torn to pieces by the mob, for one bold Irishman rushed up to it & struck it a heavy blow with his fist; it toppled over, but was instantly raised again & the mob rushed at the man; the fellow ran for his life, the crowd after him plucking at him in the most bloodthirsty style; the police finally came to his rescue & protected him, but a man more thoroughly frightened I never saw, he was whiter than this paper. The coffin was subsequently suspended from a window in the very room where we were. The man who superintended this operation I afterwards observed very busy in one corner of the room, pouring some red stuff into little loose paper parcels. I went up to him & asked what that was for. "Well," said he, "some folks are in favor of the Thompsonian practice and I want to see whether the soldiers down below belong to that class." The red stuff was Cayenne pepper. At about twelve o'clock the street beginning near Mr. Lothrop's house was cleared by the police; not a man was allowed to remain; a most singular effect;

not a creature to be seen in the street at noonday. From that time till near two they were occupied in stationing soldiers in every single street, alley, or court that led into State Street. In fact a rescue would have been *perfectly* impossible. At about two the procession came by, the "Lancers" first, then four or five hundred United States troops, & then a hollow square, of policemen three deep, with drawn swords, & poor Anthony Burns in the centre with four or five keepers around him. The hissings, hootings, & groanings were deafening. My friend of the Cayenne pepper threw his missiles many of which took effect on the heads, shoulders, & backs of the police; in spite of the horror of the scene I couldn't help laughing; handkerchiefs were instantly in demand & the police & deputy marshals were seized with irrepressible fits of sneezing. The procession passed & I saw the last of poor Burns. The effect of the whole proceeding has been & will be productive of the very best consequences. Everybody is turning Abolitionist. The voice of the people on that day was unmistakable. This morning I heard Mr. Parker; the sermon as fine as the congregation, which was at least four thousand.

I could write passages more, but my time is up & I shall so soon see you that I can easily reserve the rest till then.

Yours

HORACE

Many thanks for the "Pennsylvania Freeman." Were the Boston papers acceptable?

CHAPTER II

YEARS OF TRAVEL

1854–1856

Upon receiving his degree from Harvard in June, 1854, Furness returned to Philadelphia from Cambridge somewhat concerned for the future and doubtful of what vocation he would follow. His strongest inclination at that time seemed to be towards some position connected with Harvard, either as an instructor in the College or as a librarian at the Law School; in either case he would have ample opportunity to broaden his education on any line of study to which he might eventually turn. Such a position was to a certain extent distasteful, however, since it required further absence from Philadelphia and separation from his family for an indefinite time. In the circumstances, therefore, an invitation from Atherton Blight, his roommate and devoted friend at Cambridge, to accompany him to Europe proved most welcome. The journey, as Blight suggested, was to be not wholly for pleasure; in their plans they included a number of months in both France and Germany where, living simply and quietly, they might acquire thorough knowledge of the languages. After that England, Spain, Italy, and perhaps the Orient, were to be visited, where, as Furness said, they intended to "slay all the lions."

Such a trip could not fail to be tempting, inasmuch as it combined pleasure — and European travel was a rare pleasure to Americans in the middle of the last century — with a distinct addition to his education. Furness was not yet twenty-one; at this time the vexing question of the future could be deferred a year or so, and though he did not anticipate leaving his family with anything but regret, the manifold advantages to be gained from the journey outweighed all objections. He accepted Atherton Blight's offer, and together they sailed from Boston early in October, 1854.

The letters that make up this chapter are selected from those Furness wrote to his family during this two-year journey; selected indeed from a voluminous and detailed series, written practically in the form of a daily record. Much of this, perforce, is here omitted; a host of detail, of interest at the time to his mother and father, would prove tedious reading to-day. All that is left is the thread of correspondence upon which are strung such incidents or such descriptions that are of permanent interest, and a few paragraphs characteristic of Furness's daily occupations when settled or of his enthusiasm on the road. And throughout this entire correspondence from abroad there is a vast amount that is refreshing on account of the keen appreciation of every detail. No lovely scene, no odd turn of foreign character, no sight of some world-famous spot but is here reflected and enjoyed to the last measure; nor is there any hard-

ship of travel, any annoying hitch in well-laid plans, that is not treated with rare good-humour and passed over with a laugh.

Landing in Liverpool after a fortnight on the steamer *America*, Furness and Blight went to London, where the first of these letters is dated. After a week in London, and two weeks in Paris, they planned to proceed to Munich, which was the city selected for their winter quarters. The choice fell to Munich partly because it was possible to live there economically and studiously, but mainly because Furness's elder brother, William Henry Furness, Jr., had settled there in an atelier to spend the winter painting and studying art. Here in congenial circumstances the young Philadelphians believed that they could gain a satisfactory knowledge of the German language and literature during the winter months. Plans for the spring and summer of 1855 were left undecided; the winter would probably crystallize whatever tentative arrangements they had made.

To his Family

London! October 26, '54

PLEASE observe where this is dated from. Can you realise it? If you can it is more than I can do. . . . Our journey to London was delightful, although the weather was quite foggy. It cleared off somewhat during the morn'g, revealing to us glimpses of the most exquisite English cottages on the most splendid English lawns — so that although the

journey is about six hours, we were none of us tired. As for London, to attempt to describe its immense size would be perfectly silly. . . . This morning we all strolled out to go to the bankers. We went up Pall Mall, the Strand & Fleet Street & passed under Temple Bar. Hevings! I had to shut my eyes & pinch my legs & bite my lips to be convinced that I was not dreaming. And really I'm not quite convinced of it now. We loafed by the Horse Guards, the Marlborough House & Trafalgar Square. But St. James's Palace has come nearest to thoroughly convincing me that I am in England. I can't tell what it is in particular, it is only the general effect. A turret & tower here and a tower & turret there, just where you least expect it, which, added to the soldiery on guard all around it, gives it the most feudal appearance imaginable. . . .

On Monday we leave for Paris, stay there for a week, leave the next Monday, pass that and Tuesday in Strasbourg, & then reach Munich & the arms of my beloved brother on Wednesday, November 8th. But

Good-night

Yours H.

To his Family

Munich, November 20, '54

Dear Father & Mother & Annis, & all of them & all of them — centuries untold seemed to have passed, not since I left home only, but since I last

wrote. I seem to have grown old & grey, & feel as though I had already seen all Europe. However, this is the business part of my letter & I must reserve sentiment & poetry for the tapering off. . . .

. . . The ride to that city [Strasbourg] was perfectly great, right through the claret and champagne countries, mountains on both sides of the road covered with vineyards to the very summit . . . By way of a dinner at Château Thierry we got a bottle of the claret that had been made from those selfsame vineyards. . . . We got to Strasbourg that eve'g & found excellent rooms at the "Maison Rouge." Strasbourg, you know, is nothing but an immense garrison with a cathedral in the middle of it, & with every house (as far as geese are concerned) supplied with the requisites for making "pâté de foie gras." . . . The next day we went to the cathedral. Heavens, what a place it is! The steeple is the highest thing that has been raised upon this earth by mortal hands, higher even than the pyramids. Up we went, & oh! such a dizzy height, & oh! such a glorious view. Way off in the distance we could see — just imagine it — the Black Forest. I wonder I didn't lose my senses on the spot. . . .

. . . The next morning we started for Stuttgardt; at Kehl I telegraphed William telling him that I should spend a night in Stuttgardt & reach Munich the next day. . . .

. . . The day was cold & cheerless & I was the sole second-class passenger, so that it was dismal

enough. At Goepingen I saw, oh, Hevings! an Alp. The so-called Rauhe Alp — whew! what a sight it was. On one side of the road three high mountains with ruins of old feudal castles on the summits, & on the other a deep valley, and at the bottom a little stream, & then across the stream rose the glorious Rauhe Alp. If American autumn foliage could only be transferred to those mountains, it would be a sight that angels only ought to look upon. Whew! Whew!

Will was not at the depot. For which I was not sorry, for he would have felt bound to take care of my baggage & all that sort of thing & it was much better that I should do that myself, so I drove very comfortably to the Bayerischer Hof, took capital rooms for Blight & Savage,[1] and then got into a "fiacre" (heathen for dirty cab) & drove round to Will's lodgings, rang the bell, & Will came rushing five steps at a time downstairs, & then took place that scene which Father with true prophetic hand so admirably portrayed. After we had ceased from sheer exhaustion to hug & grin over each other's shoulders, I saw before me as my brother, the following object: [a thumbnail caricature is here inserted.] Ah, well, it do look like, and "there's no deniging of it, Lord forbid!" I then made Will get into the cab & drive back to the hotel with me — & of all the quantity I had to tell him the only item that I could possibly

[1] James Savage joined them in Paris. A footnote concerning him will be found in the preceding chapter.

think of, was that two kittens had been left in our cellar window!! However, we at last found our tongues & made a night of it. I made him stay that night at the hotel & share my room. Didn't we talk even after we were in bed & the lights put out!

The next day I spent with Will gaping into shop windows & looking about me. My first impression, which experience has since confirmed, was that Munich is a most gorgeous place. Will had not been long here & had hardly got settled & at work. But he is now working vigorously & is in capital spirits. He has not a single one of his pictures here, so I can tell you nothing about them. The only productions of his pencil that I have seen are his anatomical studies. By George! they are splendid.

Dear Father, when you write please address me individually, otherwise William with his well-known rapacity will seize & claim the letter. Of-a-course I send the devotion of my heart & soul to my sister & her spouse.

Yours

HORACE H. FURNESS

To his Family

München, December, '54

DEAR FATHER & MOTHER & ANNIS: . . . Will, sometime ago, told Professor Wertheim that he would be glad to take the likeness of any one who would consider the portrait a sufficient recompense for sitting. Accordingly the Professor immedi-

ately brought to him a young Karl Bayer, son of a gentleman very widely known here in München. Will, by the way, is going to get a most excellent likeness, but that is nothing to the point, which is that last Sunday Mr. Bayer invited Will and myself to dinner. It was immensely interesting. My mouth was so wide open with astonishment at the queer dodges which the whole family came, that it interfered with the proper mastication of my victuals. For instance, the young ladies, his daughters, about seventeen & eighteen years old, waited on the table, one didn't even sit down at all, & the other only periodically; there were no dishes of meat or vegetables whatsoever placed upon the table. Everything was handed around, & the meat & the vegetables were on the same dish. We drank various healths, "Absent friends & relations," "America," & the like, and we all had to rise and clink our glasses. By way of dessert we had some condiment, which we had to eat with our knives. I rather held from performing the operation, until I saw the Mistress of the house thrust her knife nearly down her throat & then I went at it. . . .

The sacrifices which I have at present to offer up on the altar of fraternal affection are tremendous drains upon my time. Yesterday, for instance, I stood to Will for three mortal hours; and that he gave me to understand was but a small foretaste of my future agonies.[1] Will seems to enjoy him-

[1] This refers to the full-length portrait of H. H. F. which his brother was painting at this time. It is reproduced as the frontispiece to vol. II.

self and his profession immensely; he is as happy as the day is long & fully as industrious. I never saw him work with such diligence. The infantile "busy bee" is a perfect fool to him. He has two or three charming little models & at times grows perfectly savage with delight. . . . Everything here in Munich seems to be arranged in a simple-hearted, primitive fashion; the hour for breakfast is nine, dinner one, & tea at six. The opera & all the concerts begin quite punctually at half-past six, & end about nine. Two or three times I have got out of the opera at a quarter before nine. . . .

My love to all who ask after me. Will sends as much love as you can receive & I send more.

HORACE

This uneventful life in Munich progressed at even pace from week to week, with little occurring to disturb their daily studies of German or their nightly visits to the opera or to the theatre. Many of the impressions made upon Furness during these months lasted through life; certainly his appreciation of German literature was built upon all that he read or experienced in Munich at this time, and his love of music, already keen, was more firmly established. The details of these six quiet months in Bavaria must unfortunately be sacrificed for the important letters telling of their activity upon the road, so the paragraphs that follow, written after a short holiday in Paris, must be the last glimpse of Furness in Munich.

To his Family

Munich, April 2, 1855

DEAREST FATHER, MOTHER, & ANNIS, once more we are settled comfortably in Theresien Strasse, after our week of jollification in Paris. My last letter was dated from Stuttgardt, that charmingest of little towns. It is the holiest ground that I have seen yet in Germany. Schiller, you know, lived there so many years, & in the square in which he was particularly fond of walking, there is a fine colossal bronze statue of him. We took a little stroll through the town, — you can see the whole of it in an hour, — & the people appeared happier, better dressed, and better looking than anywheres else that I have been. The next morning we left for Munich & reached our destination in the afternoon. All seemed glad to see us and Will I found hard at work in his atelier. That eve'g there was a great concert, at which was exhibited for the first time the bronze statue of Beethoven which has been made here, for the Music Hall in Boston. . . .

. . . I have nothing in the world to write about. I live the quietest life imaginable. I get up every morning at half-past six and breakfast at half-past seven, read all day long till I go round to Will's room at half-past four or five, talk with him & see how he is getting along or chat bad German with his little model if she's there. Then we go to dinner, and after dinner I prance about for an hour or so by way of a constitutional, & then Will usually spends his eve'g with us & we chat and

read, while sometimes Jim plays on the piano, till we break up for the night. "Und so fliegen unsere Tage."

The only earthly thing of interest that has occurred this week has been a bow that I gave to the old King Ludwig & one that I received from him in return. Fortunately the old gentleman has entirely recovered from his late dangerous illness & returned to Munich. I was walking along the streets & saw a rather seedy-looking old gentleman coming towards me & noticed that a lady & gentleman in front of me immediately stepped aside, the lady making a most profound curtsey & the Herr a correspondingly low bow; the old gentleman returned the compliment by taking off his hat also. I instantly concluded that it was King Ludwig, & followed the example of my predecessors, stepped aside, stood still, & took off my hat, very low, indeed; he returned my delicate attention by waving his hat & then passed on.

If you are anxious to know how royalty looks I can only tell you that in this specimen it was very scrubby; the coat the King had on wasn't half as good as mine & I have worn mine three winters; his hair, which was rather sparse, wasn't a bit nicely combed & was flying all about his head, & he has a lump the size of a hazelnut right in the middle of his forehead, & he walks along with his eyes cast on the ground (except when he sees a pretty girl coming) & takes steps a yard & a quarter apart. Sech was majesty, a thing which the Americans, poor fools, refused, refused with scorn!

But I must stop & give Will a chance. Please give my love to the very same dear friends that I enumerated in my last letter, and believe me

Yours

HORACE

Towards the end of May, Furness and Blight had been able to "pad around with flesh and fat" the skeleton of their plan for the summer, and amid the tears of their landlady and the regrets of their Munich friends they left for Leipsic, Weimar, and Berlin. In the Prussian capital they spent a fortnight visiting the palaces and picture galleries, listening to the operas and concerts, and in fact thoroughly absorbing all the pleasures of Berlin. Thence they went to Dresden where they were joined by James Savage. These three together visited Saxon Switzerland on foot, passed into Austria and reached Vienna, "that hotbed, as I have always been led to believe, of everything that is despotic & tyrannical in government & blundering in political economy. Yet nothing would indicate such a state of affairs from external appearances. The people look contented & happy, the shops are brilliant & life seems full of activity & bustle, & the cabs drive fearfully fast, and as there is no sidewalk very definitely laid down a heedless foot passenger runs an imminent risk of having his toes mashed. . . ."

They left Vienna early in July, 1855, for Zurich. This part of their travels — a large measure of the journey was done on foot — was one of unalloyed pleasure. Every scene, every view, every incident is described in Furness's letters with vividness and

enthusiasm. So fresh, indeed, does all this appear after sixty-five years that this same freshness sorely tempts us to reprint many paragraphs relating to the Danube and the salt mines, the rugged alpine paths, and the quaint villages and villagers they came across on this trip. Yet as a whole this journey was not remarkable; given like opportunities any one possessed with ease of description could reproduce to-day these pages, and, though Furness always remembered the places and the people visited in these weeks, they cannot be said to have left any imprint on his life, nor do they give us a keener perception of his character. For these reasons only this scant insertion about Vienna is made of the weeks that intervened between Austria in July and Paris in November, so that the continuity of the year's advances may not be lost.

In Zurich, Furness, Savage, and Blight remained a week, and then by easy stages set out for Paris where they planned to remain for some months studying French. But upon arriving in Paris they found their plans upset by unhappy news: word reached Atherton Blight that his sister, long an invalid, had died in America, and so his family, who had intended paying him a visit when Furness and he were settled in Paris, could not leave Philadelphia for five or six months. They suggested that in the meantime the two young men should make a trip through Spain and the Near East and return to Paris in the early summer where Blight might join his family. Although Furness was naturally reluctant to relinquish the opportunity of studying French, consideration for his friend, combined with

the desire for a trip so unusual and so valuable, made him decide it was the better course to take.

To his Family

Paris, November 29, 1855

THIS time, dear darlings, my letter must be really short. In a few hours we start for Bordeaux, *en route* for Madrid; we reach the former place tomorrow morn'g, stay there a day & leave the next for Bayonne (of Bayonet memory), remain quiet Sunday & leave early Monday morning for Madrid, travel three days in the Diligence, and on Wednesday eve'g receive the embrace of Dwight & be ravished by the sound of the castanet beating time to bounding feet. Ah! was there ever anything so sublime as the idea, & its realization, of going to Spain! It makes me perfectly wild when I think of it. I'm afraid that I shall be wofully disappointed if we are not robbed. It is excessively provoking that robberies seldom or never take place nowadays. From Madrid we go to Seville, then Cadiz, Gibraltar, & so on round the coast to Marseilles. It's an excellent route, embracing all that is worth seeing.

During the past week Paris has been gay enough & we quiet enough. Both my inclination & consideration for A.'s feelings keep me perfectly still. We read, talk, walk, & eat. The King of Sardinia has been here & all Paris is fluttering with flags. The day before yesterday we went to a grand review held on the Champs de Mars. By ignoring

the existence of sentinels we marched boldly, as if we had a right, into the École Militaire & got an excellent position at one of the windows. It was one of the finest sights I ever beheld. The day was splendid, & the sunlight danced & flickered & was reflected from thousands of helmets & bayonets. At one o'clock rank & file were all drawn up and motionless as statues. Then the Emperor comes & the banners wave & the eagles o'er him bending — the bands immediately struck up "Partant pour la Syrie," & the Emperor rode down one column & up another managing his horse magnificently & looking every inch an Emperor; by his side rode the King of Sardinia looking conscious, pleased, & insignificant. A cavalcade of officers followed & then came a barouche containing the Empress & her Maid of Honor. She looked paler than when I last saw her, but still exquisitely beautiful. As I looked on those forty thousand troops & reflected how much Washington accomplished with barely half that number, I ceased wondering that Napoleon III sits so firmly on his throne. Growing rather *fatigués* and tired, we descended to the courtyard & waited a few minutes till the barouche containing the Empress drove in. We were only five or six feet from her when she alighted & so had a perfectly satisfactory stare. She got down just like any other person; I've seen women get out of an omnibus in the same way; and she blows her nose just like Sally Twig. The Maid of Honor tripped in rich green velvet that was spread for Her Majesty &

herself to protect their dainty little feet from the cold marble steps, & came nigh falling, but recovered herself & laughing sweetly—oh! so sweetly—tore after the Empress, two steps at a time. As we were returning we reached the Place de la Concorde just as the Emperor & the cavalcade rode past on their way home. So we had another excellent view of them, & reached home hungry and tired, but deeming ourselves as excessively lucky. This has been the only event of the week.

I shall write again next Sunday & shall continue to do so every Sunday for the future; but whether you receive my letters as regularly is another question, so don't be worried if you don't hear from me for three or four weeks. My best love to all.

Heaven guard you all
dear ones
Yours ever

HORACE

To his Family

Madrid, Dec. 8th, 1855

WE all went to bed pretty early Sunday eve'g, in preparation for the ordeal through wh. we were so soon to pass. The next morn'g early, at four o'clock, pitch dark, the clumsy lumbering Basque servant awakened us & we hurried as fast as possible to be in time for the Diligence which left at five. It was dark, chilly, & raining, but youth was at the prow & pleasure at the helm so we didn't care a fig but ensconced ourselves, a cold roast chicken,

bread & a bottle of wine snugly in the coupé of the Diligence, which was to be our home for several days, & left Bayonne on a full gallop. Here then was a prospect for us, thrown entirely on our resources, for although we had books we found that reading hurt our eyes, we were to keep up our good spirits, good-humor & health for certainly three days & three nights & perhaps an indefinite period, for before we left Bayonne there were vague & dark hints of being blocked up in snowbanks. However we joked, quizzed & sang till we reached the frontier town, Irun; here our luggage was examined & passed without any comment. Back to the diligence & away we rattled, up hill & down dale, finding excitement every three or four hours in the relays of horses & speculating on the various characters of the drivers from the style in which they beat the poor animals. We dined at our first Spanish town, San Sebastian, on the Bay of Biscay-o! & tasted our first puchero — wh. is boiled beef buried in gigantic boiled peas. After leaving San Sebastian we began to cross the Pyrenees, more exciting than one would suppose, for having the coupé, here called the berliner, we could look right out upon the horses, & as there were usually ten or twelve, sometimes fourteen & a pair of oxen, they were constant sources of interest to us; & then the driving — I never heard, saw or read of anything like it. We would go uphill on a trot & down hill on a tearing gallop; the lumbering, unwieldy Diligence would fly along as though on a race-course &

woe, unutterable woe, betide any poor luckless mule or horse that should happen to stumble & fall on this Devil-catch-the-hindmost pace — or rather Driver-catch-the-hindmost pace. This happened once or twice to our great distress; once one of the leaders, as we were whirling down hill, stumbled & fell, tripping up the one behind him, & these two tripping up a third, all three in a jumbled mass kicking & struggling were dragged along for a moment by the rest before the Diligence could be stopped & for a second or two we were in great danger of either upsetting or of mashing all three poor animals into one indistinguishable mass; when at last they were disengaged from their harness & the unfortunate cause of all the trouble arose gashed & bleeding, his bruised sides were belabored by butt end of the driver's whip till the arm of the latter was exhausted. Such pleasing little incidents served to ward off ennui throughout the journey & we drove bravely on till night began to close in around us & large flakes of snow floated slowly down. One by one we dropt off to sleep & still the Diligence thundered on. About one o'clock at night we all happened to find ourselves awake & bethought ourselves of our chicken. We immediately proceeded to discuss it. I, sitting in the middle, tore it to bits & distributed it as impartially as I could in the dark; it was pronounced capital & the wine & bread were also duly appreciated. Upham & myself then smoked a social cigar & we gradually fell asleep again till towards dawn we

were awakened by the most fiendish sounds that ever fell on my ears. We peered out into the grey light & found that we had gotten fast stuck in a deep rut, in ascending a steep mountain. The fearful sounds proceeded from some four or five drivers who were endeavoring in perfectly good & grammatical Basque to encourage as many pair of oxen to show their pluck & extricate us bravely from our predicament. But in vain did the oxen strain every nerve & in vain did the drivers goad them & howl "Eithar" into their ears; budge the Diligence would not; nay, it even showed signs of backing down the mountain & over a steep bank to certain destruction, whereupon Blight & Upham precipitately dismounted & I followed. Whew! what a dreary scene met our gaze, perfectly hemmed in by the lofty Pyrenees, many of whose snowcapped summits were barely discernible in the gray dawn, not a human habitation to be seen & all around us the black rocks made gray by the slight covering of snow that had fallen during the night. At length more oxen were procured & it was only with seven yoke of oxen that the diligence could be so much as got stirred. We again took our seats & descending the mountain rattled on till we came to Vittoria; here we breakfasted & I bought some of the celebrated Vittoria cigars. Here we laid in a stock of provisions, for there was to be no other stopping-place for, Eheu nos miseros, twenty-four hours. The weather was pleasant enough & the country sufficiently uninteresting, but then everything be-

gan to look excessively Spanish. We met long trains of sumpter mules, their heads decorated with gaudy tassels & jingling bells, & the young muleteers (not yet of Granada) so dignified with their cloaks slung over the left shoulders & their black sombreros; now & then we would meet a solitary horseman, his gun strapped on to his saddle bow, for robbers, as we afterwards learned, are not altogether legendary. The afternoon waned and dusk found us struggling over another spur of the Pyrenees. The jolting was at times fearful, but for all that we slept soundly enough, regaling ourselves again at midnight with bread, cold chicken, and wine. The dawn was glorious, the air clear as crystal, & with the moon & Venus retiring together arm in arm from their mighty watch. Just as the sun was tingeing the summits of the hill, we came in sight of Burgos. Can you believe it? I couldn't. To think that I was going to enter the very town perhaps by the very gate & over the same pavement, through whose streets the Cid led his gallant Marriage procession, with its bulls & little boys & the very Devil himself with hoofs & horns to terrify the ladies, & last of all his bride, the fair but foolish Ximenes. Why didn't I learn every one of Lockhart's ballads by heart when I read them years ago as a small boy? We have used every endeavor to procure a copy, but have been unsuccessful. We thundered into Burgos & had but very little time for sentimentalism. Here we were to have an hour's rest so we hurried off to the cathedral. And

here I'll stop & not write another word if you don't all promise not to consider what I am about to say as snobbish. For you know I think it sounds disgustingly snobbish to light upon one particular thing which comparatively but few travellers see & immediately proclaim it as infinitely superior to anything else that nearly every one sees & admires in the ordinary course of travel. Well do you promise it? Thank you for your confidence in me. Now then I must confess to you that I think Burgos Cathedral immensely superior to everything else in the style of a cathedral that I have seen in Europe.

Monday afternoon

I LEFT off here last night to go to bed & this afternoon I rec'd your dear letters of Nov. 19 Nan's Will's Father's & Mother's. How can I thank you. Let's have a hug all around. Way off here in Madrid to be brought so near home, it's too splendid. But I'll particularise at the end of my letter — In the meantime, let's all visit this gorgeous Cathedral of Burgos. We haven't got much time, so it must be only a glimpse. As we enter the door there is a notice posted up to the effect that no one must joke or laugh when approaching the sacred portal. And then the doorway! No door to any church in Germany is so covered with sculptured symbols & images of saints, saints too of the most graceful form & chiselled in the very finest style of Gothic art. As we entered the morning sun

was just breaking in through the stained glass & illuminating the sculptures, glorified them all. Every square foot of the whole Cathedral appeared to be carved & chiselled into the most exquisite forms of Gothic beauty. The innumerable host of exquisite carvings and traceries it would take a year & a day to thoroughly examine. After we had left it, seeing it as we did in such a hurry, it left upon our minds a blaze of light & beauty unequalled by any other structure that we ever saw. Alas! that we had to leave it so soon, but go we must & so not long after we were thundering on towards Madrid.

The sunset was magnificent & we slept comfortably enough till the dawn shone in upon our home, the Berliner. That day we crossed the Quaderama mountains & rapidly neared our destination. The country was dull & desolate; not a tree was to be seen & now and then we passed through dirty, filthy villages, although the villagers, for the most part beggars, had a certain air of dignity about them that was quite remarkable; it seemed as if they considered themselves gentlemen, if they could only get a piece of cloth, ragged or not it little mattered, & sling it over their left shoulder. We stopped at a little place called Aranda de Duero for supper & saw a splendid Catalonian damsel. At about half-past six, just after the sun had set, we could dimly discern the lights of Madrid twinkling in the horizon. Soon after we rattled onto the stone pavements & were ushered into one of the

gayest & liveliest streets that I had ever seen in Europe. The scene was as gay as the Boulevards of Paris. The shops brilliantly lighted & crowds of well-dressed men & women passing, and repassing; the men, many of them smoking cigarillos, & the women with, Oh Hevings! the Spanish Mantilla. We hadn't much time for reflection for we soon stopped at the Diligence Office & dismounted & left that place that had been our smoking, reading, eating, sleeping room, in short our home, for four days & three nights. I must say I left it with some feelings of regret. We had had an exceedingly pleasant time in it & were not by any means so tired as we had feared.

I met the Queen one afternoon & had a good look at her. She appeared to be, as she really is, a dear good-natured sort of a body & inordinately fat; she is very popular with the people, she is so benevolent & means so well; she'd forgive every body everything & give everybody something, if she could, so they say.

We leave tomorrow (Thursday) for a visit of a day to the Escurial, shall return on Friday, & then leave on Saturday morn'g for Toledo — leave there Monday morn'g for Seville, which appears to be really after all *the* city of Spain.

A most happy New Year to you all.

Yours

Horace

To his Family

Toledo, Dec. 16, 1855

DATING as I do from Toledo you may, perhaps, my darlings, expect a letter both brilliant & pungent, but having written to you, as it seems to me, only yesterday I have very little either racey or cutting to say. The next day after sending off my letter to you (Thursday), we all took the Diligence for a ride of about four hours to the Escurial. We reached there late in the afternoon & went to a, or rather *the* hotel, where the landlady's two daughters were of the most crushing description, tall, graceful, magnificent hair, brilliant eyes & splendid brunette complexion. Forgive this passing tribute to the charms of the lovely Maraquita & Cayetana! The bright blaze of their kitchen fire warmed our chilled bodies & the languishing glances of their dark eyes warmed our souls! After eating vile puchero (alas! that the charms of Maraquita did not extend to her cooking!) we sent for the guide of the place & an old man, blind & with hair as white as snow, made his appearance; he had become blind nigh thirty years ago from a stroke of the sun, but had learned to know by heart all the corners, pillars & passages of the immense building we were about to visit, & strange enough could point out the best views. With old Cornelio we accordingly started out to find Padre Arévelo, one of the monks to whom one of the attachés of the American legation in Madrid had given us a letter of introduction. We soon found the old Padre in his cell,

apparently comfortable enough, considering his bachelordom, smoking a cigaretto. He received us very kindly, but in so far as he could neither speak English nor we French, we got along rather lamely . . . and we hobbled along with a few set phrases of Spanish when I asked him if he couldn't speak Latin. The idea caught & away we went comparatively swimmingly down the stream of conversation, racking up all our old Latin idioms until at last we became Ciceronian . . . from him we learned the history of the Escurial, which, in a few words, is that it was founded by Philip II as a Mausoleum for the Royal family of Spain.

The next day we went over it — it is an enormous mass of granite buildings, forming both a palace and a monastery & since it was founded in honor of St. Lawrence it is built in the shape of a gridiron, the Royal Residence forming the handle. . . . Our old friend, the Padre, took us to the library & a fine place it is, but where, it seemed to me, the books were dying a slow death; no one to read them or at least to make their contents useful to the world, there they stand on their shelves from year's end to year's end. Some magnificent illuminated MSS. were shown to us, some perfectly gorgeous, but the most interesting was a Missal that had belonged to Isabella the Catholic. . . . After we had seen everything and were lunching preparatory to returning to Madrid the good old Padre came to bid us good-bye (in Latin). We thanked him kindly & on parting he gave me (quite a distinction) an old book

of Monkish Latin, a sort of Breviary. I got him to write his name in it & it will be for me an excellent souvenir of my visit. We reached Madrid in safety & the next day (Saturday) started for this place. We went on the railroad through Aranjuèz to a wretched little place called Villasequillas; here we had to wait some two mortal hours till the arrival of a still more wretched diligence, into which we scrambled & proceeded immediately on our way rejoicing. Our companions were two hideous old women & a little girl. Our rejoicing was of short duration & soon changed to anxiety; for the road was horrible & the ruts fearful. In that Diligence we sat or rather clung five horridly uncomfortable hours during the whole distance of about fifteen miles, expecting every moment to upset, first on one side & then on another. Once we were driven deliberately down a steep bank at least seven feet high and nearly perpendicular, right into a stream so deep that the water oozed through the bottom of the waggon. One of the old women clung to Dwight's arm like a vampire & shrieked "Madre mia" & continued saying her prayers until we were safe on the opposite bank. At one time we drove through a swamp, with no sign of a road either before or behind us, for after we had passed the mud & slime closed together again, & left scarcely any traces of the wheels or horses' feet. However, at last we saw the bright beams of the moon reflected from the shining rooves of Toledo & we dragged our long length of mules and diligence slowly up the hill &

through the Moorish gateway & into the winding narrow streets of this old town whose hand, unlike that of Nuremburg has gone with unfriendly efficacy through every land.

This morning the sun was shining brightly on the spire of the fine old Cathedral as we entered its magnificent doorway. Of course I couldn't so describe it as to give you any adequate idea of its magnificence. Its exterior is not so fine as that of Burgos, but the interior is much richer. In short, just multiply your ideas of Gothic architecture, its grotesqueness, its rich traceries, its grace, everything that makes it Gothic & therefore makes it superior to all other architecture, I say multiply all this by the wildest stretch of your imagination & you begin to have a faint idea of the stupendous structure. . . . But I must stop. Tomorrow we leave for Seville. From which city my next letter will be dated. My best love to all. Good-bye, dear ones.

Heaven keep us all!

H. H. F.

From Seville Furness and Blight, by this time hardened to discomforts of the diligence, pushed on to Cadiz: "passing by fields white with daisies & long hedges of cacti & aloes, now & then a group of slender palms nodding their tuft of plumes at each other & at us as we gallopped by. We saw the red roofs & white walls of a little village in the distance, & the fields all around covered with vineyards, & as we looked we gazed upon the home of

sherry wine, the far-famed village of Xeres. . . ."

In Cadiz they were held up for a week by a terrific storm that raged all along the coast, closed the harbor of Cadiz, and prevented the sailing of the Gibraltar steamer. Here again we are forced to omit Furness's description of the incidents of the month passed in travelling from Gibraltar to Cairo, which included Tangiers, the Alhambra, Granada, Malaga, Marseilles, and Malta. And we again pick up the thread of the narration at Cairo when they are setting out — now a party of six — for Palestine and the Holy Land.

In the following paragraphs, extracts from a single letter-diary of forty closely written pages, the most striking incidents are left; from Jaffa to Beyrout the only mode of travel was horseback through deserts and mountains where squalid Arab villages or Bedouin encampments were the only marks of civilization, save for the larger towns; hence tents, bedding, and provisions had to accompany the travellers all the way. Furness enjoyed this rough life immensely, and as will be seen, nothing could dampen his spirits or lessen his keen enjoyment of all the new sights.

If dates appear to be lost in the extracts that follow, it is of small moment; suffice it that the party left Cairo on February 27, 1856, and arrived at Beyrout about April 1st.

To his Family

Cairo, Feb. 27th, 1856

Oh, you dearest dearest darlings, how can I thank you sufficiently for the splendid letters that I got a day or two ago in Alexandria! How I read &

re-read them, backwards & forwards & down the middle & up again. I have felt like a new man ever since & am no longer the perfect Ishmael that I was beginning to believe myself to be. And now for an apology for the brevity of this little scrawl. Don't think that I have by any means neglected you. You will be in the end the gainers, or perhaps the sufferers, by it, for the next letter that you receive will be a very long one. It will contain flowery & exquisite descriptions of the Alhambra, the return to Malaga, our third visit to Gibraltar, our sail to Malta (of the Maltese cat species) our sail to Alexandria, our railroad ride to Cairo (ha! ha! ha!) our donkey rides, our visits to the Pyramids, Sakara, Memphis, tombs of the Memlook Kings, Mahammed Ali, the Caliphs & it will wind up with a grand flourish about Turkish Bazaars! There! hadn't you rather have such a fearful dose as that all at once & have it over than to receive it by driblets? In Malta we met four quite pleasant Americans Mr. Jewett of Buffalo who has been travelling with Mr. Fillmore, a young fellow named Corning from New York & two Presbyterian clergymen, Mr. Bullions from Albany, & a Mr. Huntington, from New York; the last two are not much like ministers of that ilk except as far as gentlemanlyness is concerned. With them we came to Alexandria; they were on their way to Palestine & were very desirous that we should join their party, which Blight at last determined to do. So that at present our plans are to leave here tomorrow & take the Austrian steamer

on Friday morning from Alexandria for Jaffa the port of Jerusalem, get to J. in two days, then from thence, after tarrying in the region round about & visiting the Dead Sea to journey to Damascus in eleven days, thro' Nazareth & by Mt. Carmel, from Damascus to Beyrout & thence to Smyrna. From Smyrna we may go to Constantinople & we may not. As yet we can't tell.

But my trunks must be off by daylight tomorrow & the hours are waxing small. (Ought it not be waning instead of waxing small?) & these same so truly named by the Romans "impedimenta" are not yet packed so I must e'en stop & knowing how inexpressibly I love you all & how I hate a scene, you will not be offended if I say simply,

Good-bye

HORACE

To his Family

IN my last letter, my darlings, I broke off just as we were leaving the Pyramids, & before I had time to say the half of what I wished to about them. And now that some days have elapsed since I saw them, I can feel what a gigantic impression they have left upon my mind. How everything else raised by human hands sinks into the humblest insignificance beside them! The stones of which they are composed fairly take your breath away by their colossal size. . . . After all the Sphinx is the great attraction. The expression of the face is perfectly godlike & then, when you let your

imagination fill up the whole scene, & luxuriant gardens spring up on every side & this noble face towering grandly above the tops of the tallest palms, while around its feet is all the splendor of a barbaric ritual, — when you think of all this, why, the thunders of Olympian Jove subside into harmless squibs & all the gods and goddesses of Rome & Greece seem as pygmies. . . .

. . . The next day we went to Alexandria, slept there one night & the next morn'g embarked for Jaffa. . . . The next day (Sunday) at about ten we saw Jaffa distinctly on the shore. It was our first glimpse of Palestine & looked as I had always imagined Palestine. The houses were low & whitewashed, with thick walls & small grated windows, & nearly all were flat-roofed with a high parapet. . . . It was with no small feelings of thankfulness that I first stepped foot on the Holy Land, here at the very end of the Mediterranean whose whole length we had thus crossed in safety. . . . Jaffa is, as you know, the Joppa of the Bible, so the first thing to be seen is the house where Peter saw the vision. After winding through the narrow dirty streets, past donkies & dromedaries, veiled Mussulwomen & unveiled Jewesses, we ascended some steps & stood upon the housetop of one Simon a Tanner who lodged by the seaside. The roofs of the houses, being all flat as I before mentioned, it is the custom still, as it was undoubtedly in Peter's time, for the family to sit there in the cool of the afternoon. . . . From thence we took a walk passing through the

Bazaar, similar in style, but by no means so splendid in quality as those of Cairo & going through the gate, guarded by two Egyptian soldiers, walked along the road till we came to a high bank overlooking a part of the town & the sea, with the black rocks near the shore. Here spreading my large Grenadine Blanket on the ground we all lay down & Bullions, taking out a Bible & I a sketchbook, he read about Jonah & I sketched these same wicked looking rocks whereon it is said the Prophet was ejected by the whale. I confess that at times my thoughts would wander from the probably bald & most certainly moist, uncomfortable looking prophet to the lovely face & fair proportions of Andromeda & thought of her sweet blush with which she amply rewarded Perseus for his very timely rescue. For these selfsame rocks were also the scene of this piece of disinterested gallantry.

The next morning we were stirring by four o'clock & at half-past five we were all mounted on pretty good horses & passed out of the gate, our faces towards Jerusalem. . . . In two or three hours we reached Ramlah, formerly Arimethea, where Joseph lived. It is now a wretched Arab village where the filth within the houses vies with the filth without.

. . .The road soon became stony and all signs of cultivation ceased & high hills surrounded us on both sides, which really seemed as though they could be nothing but huge piles of cobblestones. . . . I never before saw such utter desolation, such

unmitigated sterility, such perfect barrenness in the abstract. Our road at times was the dried-up bed of some mountain stream, at times a goat path winding and twisting over the endless hills. The stones were all of a very white chalky color, for which I accounted from the fact that the land formerly flowed with *milk* and honey. Dusk began to close in around us & at last it was so dark that our horses were left to their own discretion. At last after turning at right angles we saw in the darkness the happy sight of the lights of Jerusalem; in a quarter of an hour we were riding along the walls to the Damascus gate, for in the dark we had missed the road leading to the Jaffa gate & so we were obliged to enter on the North side. Not a word was spoken, & I must confess it was very solemn, the high black wall with its towers & battlements frowning down upon us in the darkness. The gates are closed at sundown, but Ibraim had sent a man in advance to order a Janissary to be in attendance to open them for us when we should arrive. We rode up to the gate, Ibraim pounded on the heavy iron doors, & spoke something in Arabic, answer was returned from within, the gates swung slowly open & we all rode in. Simple as this incident was, to me it was very impressive, — although all my associations at the time were connected with modern Jerusalem, & I thought of Godfrey of Boulogne & the Crusades.

We rode in silence through the dark, narrow streets, with low houses on each side, & here & there

seeing a man threading his way along with a lantern that threw a flickering glare on the houses as he passed along. In about ten minutes we reached a doorway & dismounting entered a little courtyard & were in the "English Hotel." We were immediately shown into comfortable rooms with nice clean bed and iron bedsteads, which looked indeed inviting after our fourteen hours' ride. Ablutions performed, & we sat down to an excellent dinner, and after that nature's balmy came without much wooing.

The next morn'g we took a commisionaire & went out. Our hotel is in the Via Dolorosa, so of course we walked through that first. This is the street through which the procession passed when Christ was taken to Calvary. Here, if I record my feelings truly, I must say that although I knew that there was probably not a single house, nay not even a single stone, now standing as it was at that time, & the very road itself doubtful, yet notwithstanding all this, it made that whole sickening scene so real & brought up before me so vividly that fierce, cruel mob & that suffering, divine face, that I felt perfectly sick at heart & wanted to turn around & go right back to the Hotel & shut myself up in a dark room. Never in my life have I been so impressed; it was a sensation so new to me & so unexpected. We approached the house of Pilate & passed under a high arch from which Christ crowned with thorns was shown to the mob beneath; the "Ecce Homo." The rest laughed at it but I couldn't re-

strain a shudder. And here I might as well say beforehand that I shall always speak of these localities as genuine & of the traditions as true. Where a locality is disputed I go with tradition in default of better authority. To me it is by far the wiser & better course to visit the Holy Land prepared to believe its tradition & trust in the localities already sanctioned by ages & thereby derive a grand quickening impulse to your Faith, rather than go through the country cavilling at everything and trusting nothing, & leaving Palestine fifty times more of an ass than when you entered. . . . To me such conduct is too offensively disgusting. If such wiseacres come to pull down everything, what do they get by coming & why the deil don't they stay at home! . . .

The next morning at about eight we were all on horseback & passed in along cavalcade out of the St. Stephen's gate. There were seven horses & as many mules with our luggage, tents, canteen, &c. &c. We descended to the bed of the Kedron & then winding around the Mt. of Olives took the road so often trod by our Savior to Bethany.

. . . We were under the guidance and protection of some villainous-looking Bedouins, with gigantic pistols stuck in their belts & guns five or six feet long & apparently perfectly harmless to judge from the state of the locks, but which nevertheless made a terrible show. This guard is considered necessary for the road to Jericho, whither we were now going, is to this day as in the time of the parable

of the good Samaritan, noted for its robbers. . . . The day wore on. I was always on the lookout for something I might conjure into the shape of a robber. But in vain; the only human beings were ragged Arab shepherd boys, if indeed they can be called human, so nearly do they appear to assimilate to the brutes they tend. The road wound up hill & down dale, but invariably stoney and rough, when on coming to the edge of a hill we saw at our feet the valley of the Jordan & on our right a small part of the Dead Sea, on the other side of the Jordan were the mountains of Moab, and directly in front of us, Pizgah, the mountain from whence Moses obtained his view of the promised land. We ourselves were riding through the wilderness that was the scene of the Lord's temptation & in the color and size of the stones that were lying everywhere around nothing would be more readily suggested than loaves of bread. A neighboring mountain was the one to which the Devil leadeth Him & shewed him all the kingdoms of the earth. For at that time this immense valley at our feet, now so sterile and deserted, was blooming like a garden &, with the Jordan winding like a silver thread through it, it must have been a scene of exquisite loveliness. We descended gradually at times losing and at times regaining our glimpse of the Dead Sea, till at last we were fairly in Canaan. . . . We passed under an old Saracenic aquaduct, and a few minutes after we could distinguish the mud hovels of Jericho, then, turning

a little, the pleasant sight of our white tents met our eyes; we rode up on a furious gallop. It was a most picturesque scene; Hamed the cook had gotten his tent pitched and our dinner was already simmering on the charcoal embers, the muleteers were busy picketing the horses & mules for the night, our valiant Bedouin guardsmen were in a circle on the ground lazily smoking, while Abdel Malak was busy spreading the table & making up our beds within the tents. In the background was a group of dirty Arab children, their heads bedecked with strings of silver Turkish coins & their little hands begrimed with dirt and henna. Our tent looked the perfection of neatness within & without . . . so that 'way off in Jericho we were as comfortable as though we were in the Revere House. I took a little walk through Jericho, with Abdel Malak who went to buy some eggs. There were not more than twenty-five houses in the place, & these were all built of mud & consist of but one room, which supplies all daily & nightly comforts to the whole family, goats, & donkeys. . . . In fact filth & indolence was the order of the day, & I came away with the conviction that I must in future be careful of uttering such Anathema as to wish a person in Jericho. . . .

The next morn'g (Monday ye 17th) we left Jerusalem after the usual amount of confusion, hurry, & delay. Muleteers quarrelling, servants doing the heavy standing around with mouths wreathed in smiles & watering for bakshiesh, the

landlord bowing and scraping, supported by his half a good deal better in size, with his blushing little daughter lurking coyly in the background. Outside in the street Ibraim & his minions fly around like maniacs in his desire "to make everything quite comfortable for the six gentlemen altogether." Large bundles of white linen, answering, I suppose, in the domestic circle to the name of Fatima, stopped their shuffling gait in the ugly yellow papooshes & stared at the cavalcade through their dark cotton handkerchiefs. . . . We passed out the Damascus gate, & wound along towards the north, & in a few minutes vanished the last link but that of memory that bound us to the Holy City. How false that name is! If there is a city on God's earth that least deserves that epithet, it is Jerusalem. Is there a single deed that Jerusalem as a city has ever done that is holy? Is not its history from the time of Saul a series of black crimes, until the one Great Crime stands forth, making all other foul crimes or murders pale & innocent before it? Ah! me! but a visit to Jerusalem is an event in one's lifetime. . . .

The wind drove the rain directly in our faces & as the road was excessively rough, hilly, & muddy, the day was anything but comfortable. My view of the surrounding landscape was confined to an occasional peep out of the breathing hole I left in my blanket. To me the whole thing was exceedingly jolly but some of us grumbled furiously & at last relinquished all efforts to keep dry & rode

along as though it were warm, genial sunshine. Lunch was out of the question, so hunger increased our peevishness as the day wore on & we were still a long distance from Kuhnetra. Ibraim proposed that we should spend the night in a Bedouin encampment, where we should at least be sure of a blazing fire whereby we could dry our clothes. To this proposition we acceded, & turning off the main road in about an hour we saw before us the "tents of Kedar" five or six in number; we rode up amid a furious barking of dogs, . . . and an old venerable Arab came out of his tent to see what was the matter; to him we stated our piteous plight, & without saying a word he motioned to us to alight & by a wave of the hand signified that all his was ours. In a minute we were inside his tent & crying bitterly. Allow me to be a little statistical for your edification. The tent into which we entered was about twelve or thirteen feet long, no it was about twenty feet long, & ten or twelve feet wide, and built of bamboo reeds about four feet long, tied together with bits of grass & being placed on end & supported by stakes they form a very good though slightly airy & chinky wall; so much for the walls & now for the roof; this is composed of very coarse goat's-hair cloth, stretched across arched willow saplings, whose ends are tied to the opposite sides of the reed wall; place inside this half a dozen sheepskins (well infested) a small pen about three feet square for calves & a large log of damp wood smoking & smouldering in the centre

& you have a perfect idea of a Bedawee's realization of an elegant mansion with all modern conveniences. Such was the abode into which we were ushered but of which at first we couldn't take the slightest note; there being no chimney the hut was filled with dense, pungent smoke, & immediately, though not without a good many tears, we adopted Ibraim's advice of getting as near the surface of the ground as a sitting posture would admit. The hospitable old Bedawee who was rather badly off for pantaloons immediately in our honor put a large wet log on the fire & we gathered around & pulling off our wet boots were soon as comfortable & dry as circumstances would admit. The domestic circle of our host we found to be two wives & two children. One of the wives, as we found when the happy family gathered around the social hearth, was very old & skinny; the other was quite blooming & buxom but her otherwise pretty nose was disgustingly disfigured by a custom the Bedawee women have of boring a hole in the right nostril & inserting a gold star-shaped stud, sometimes with a turquoise set in it, as in the present instance. The wives, as far as we could see, harmonized very well except that the elder appeared to have the "whopping" of the younger. . . . For the night the rest of the party spread their blankets & shawls & sheepskins on the ground up in one corner of the tent and lay four abreast as tight as they could pack, like mackerel in pickle. Bullions lay at their feet nigher the fire, & I was to sleep in the other tent with Ibraim & the muleteers.

But when I went to the other tent & saw & tried my quarters, I gave up in despair. The tent was even more full of smoke than the other, & my bed was the top of two canteen chests which couldn't be made to meet so that there were six inches of my back that had no support at all. I stayed for about a quarter of an hour & feeling vastly more uncomfortable than when I lay down I determined to return to the other tent; this I did & I found that my only hope there was about three feet directly fronting the fire; this was better than the canteen so I rolled myself up in my stout Grenadine "Capa Montana" & prepared myself for a slow roast. The old wife when she saw me come in grumbled like thunder for she didn't like to have barbarians so monopolising her home but her husband, hospitable soul, said not a word but tried to make a little more room for me. Two or three sacks of wheat separated my companions from the family & I slept at the termination of those sacks, my head literally under Atherton's heel & within a foot of the fire. I remained as long as I could huddled up chin & knees, till at last human nature could endure it no longer so feigning sleep I extended myself full length & went smash into the collection of feet & legs on the family side of the tent. The old gentleman thus aroused simply arose & stirred the fire but the old lady raised the old Harry & said all manner of wicked things at me, I suppose, in Turkish. But I lay perfectly motionless & snoring deeply, though feeling in my inmost heart that she had

right on her side. Scarcely was this incident over & quiet restored when there was a great scratching at the door of the tent & in walked a cow, the mother of one of the four calves that were confined in the little pen in the tent. The old gentleman sat up and looked at her quite composedly. A few minutes after a donkey seeing the cheerful blaze, followed the cow's lead & also walked in out of the rain. . . . Yet after all I slept soundly & refreshingly, & awoke in the morning as bright as a button that has been scrubbed with dirt. It had ceased raining, although the clouds still looked loweringly.

Ibraim came in after breakfast with a complaint that the muleteers had rebelled and vowed that they would not budge a single step that day in consequence of a report that some streams in our road were so swollen as to be impassable. I went out to see what was the matter, & there sat the head muleteer as obstinate as possible; through Ibraim he informed me that though I were to pull him limb from limb he wouldn't move that day. I rushed right up to him looking as bloodthirsty as I could & bawled at him in good Saxon that if he didn't "get up in one minute and attend to his business, by Allah & the beard o' the Prophet! I'd twist his infidel nose off his pagan face & throw him & all his tribe to the dogs. Wullah! Mashallah!!" Ibraim was like to burst with laughter, but it had a great effect on the man, for the wind of my fist, as I flourished it within a hair's breadth of the man's nose, blew out the flame of rebellion & he got up &

called his men together & they commenced their work. . . .

. . . We soon began to ascend the mountains, the road roughened & the air chilled; here & there we saw the whitened skeleton of a luckless camel or of a woeful donkey. . . . The road under our feet was a mixture of mud & slush. After we had reached the highest point we wound along for some time round the peak of a mountain; when at last, we reached the corner we caught our first glimpse for more than a month of the blue Mediterranean. Ah! how we dwelt upon the sight; a delicate haze overspread it & it looked as though it extended a quarter of the way up the vault of the sky & the few white specks of sails that we could see looked like little balloons floating in this blue, blue ether. It was a glorious sight & I felt a spark of the enthusiasm of the ten thousand & could scarce repress the shout of *Θάλατται! Θάλατται!* . . .

At nigh nine o'clock, we halted in front of the gates of Beyrout, slowly filed through & found ourselves on its slippery stone pavement. As far as we could make out in the darkness, it appeared to be an odd mixture of European & Oriental. We passed through narrow low bazaars & by high, narrow stone stores, by low mud houses & neat stone dwellings. We passed through the town & out at the other end to our Hotel situated directly on the seashore. If our souls had not been in discord through fatigue, we should have enjoyed this ride of fifteen minutes. We rode along the very edge of

the rocks that line the shores & the black water was surging & seething below in a thousand breakers here & there loomed up the blazing torches of the fishermen, revealing the naked bodies of the bearers climbing out among the black & jagged rocks, the lurid light dancing & frolicking on the ruddy crests of the waves that were dashing & boiling all around. You know how wicked the water always seems at night — well, this water of Beyrout, as I saw it in the pitchy darkness almost under my very feet, & illumined here & there by the ruddy flare of the torches looked blacker & wickeder than any water that I have ever seen. But here we are in the Courtyard of our hotel, in the embrace of our good host, Demetri & the orders for water, towels, dinner & beds flying from our mouths faster than tongue can wag or breath sustain. . . .

To his Family

Constantinople, May 5th, '56

I AM ashamed, my dear Father & Mother, to send you such a driblet, but you know that it is neither because the flesh is weak nor the spirit unwilling. It is a continuation of my last. . . . This past week we have been to the Crimea & today we leave for Athens. . . .

Tuesday we awoke at anchor off Rhodes & I rushed up on deck. There it was before me; looking as quaint, old fashioned, & out of date as helm & hauberks & twisted mail would appear at an eve'g party, of the present day. After breakfast we

went on shore. Here I might be sentimental to any extent; in fact it is difficult to avoid it. Leaving the busy trafficking world of a Levantine port behind us, we entered at once upon a scene European & mediæval in all its aspects, & the lessons of centuries were imparted to us in a few seconds. The houses on each side were Gothic in character & adorned with rich carvings & ornaments. . . . Everything wore an air of perfect desolation & told the sad story of departed magnificence; from the chinks of some armorial bearing waved richly flowering weeds, or from the sculptured crest of some noble name nodded a gorgeous plume of scarlet poppies & green lizards basked undisturbed on the lintel of the window from which fair eyes had looked upon noble forms in burnished armor dight. . . . No one but ourselves & a few children playing around an old doorway were to be seen on the whole street & so the place has stood for more than three hundred years, looking as it did when on the 1st of January 1523 L'Isle Adam, at the head of his gallant band, surrendered it into the hands of the Turks who lost in admiration for his bravery refrained from despoiling & have preserved it almost intact to the present day. . . .

While some of our party went to obtain permission to enter the castle, the rest of us sat down under the shade of some trees in an old Turkish burial-ground. Permission was soon obtained & we mounted the high tower at the entrance of the harbor. Here was pointed out to us the spot where

the Colossus once planted his giant feet, & "with his head struck the stars." The fine harbor over which he once presided has been almost wholly filled up & part of it is occupied by the town. Rhodes tells a double story, the location of the Colossus recalls a time when the city surpassed Rome in splendor & the Street of the Knights tells the glories of the middle ages. I bought a little ancient coin of Rhodes with a rose on the obverse & we reluctantly returned to the steamer; they were already lighting the fires and we were soon off. . . .

The next morning when I went on deck after breakfast we were just entering the Dardanelles & about nine we stopped for a few minutes at the village & fort of that name & soon after the straits narrowed & became more picturesque though not particularly noticeable by any means for preëminent beauty. At last the stream appeared as though it had been dammed up & at the base of the hills appeared two white towers; as we approached we found that the stream turned at right angles, that the towers were on opposite sides; in short, that the white washed tower on our right was Abydos & on the left Sestos. The current was apparently very swift & I thought that I could dimly discern the shadowy forms of Steinhaüser's group on the left shore, the Turkish minaret there was undoubtedly the tower to which Hero being a priestess had access & from which she waved the torch. . . . Here too Xerxes who did die, so the Primer tells us, built his bridge of boats. But the steamer curled up his

smoke at all sentiment & puffed and snorted on regardless of poor Leander's corpse or the mighty bridge of boats. In a short time we reached Gallipoli, which looked like a French settlement, French troops were lolling about on the shore & the French flag waved over everything. In the afternoon we were on the sea of Marmora.

The next morn'g, Saturday (April 19th), when we went on deck we were already entering the Golden Horn. Whew! what a vast amount of lies have been told of this self same Golden Horn. From all that I have ever read, I expected to be perfectly overwhelmed by a blaze of glory, a vision of ineffable splendor; there were to be a perfect wilderness of graceful tapering minarets, & golden domes exquisitely rounded were to almost hang suspended in mid air. The sultans' palaces were to glow with sparkling beauty like the fairest gems. In short, every description that I have ever read led me to suppose that I should be stunned & crushed beneath the effulgent radiance all around! What, then, think you did I see? Why nothing but an immense dirty, smoky, dingy, foggy, tawdry, shackley, tumble down city; here and there minarets as graceful & imposing as bean poles & domes as exquisitely rounded as the bottom of a wash basin & about as much gilded. It looked to me in the fog and dirt very much like London from the Thames. . . .

The Crimean War had ended but a month before

Furness and Blight landed at Constantinople — peace was signed on the 30th of March — so a journey to the scenes of the war was more than desirable. After visiting all the important sights of Constantinople, they arranged to cross the Black Sea on a French vessel and land in the Crimea, from which the troops had not yet withdrawn, and see for themselves Alma, Balaclava, the Malakoff, and Sebastopol.

. . . After dinner I entered into conversation with several English Officers on the all-engaging subject of the Crimea. Their opinions were curious to hear & withal perfectly consistent with that English intense national conceit. One of them, a Captain in the Polish legion, said to me, "why, don't you see, we've gained Alma, Inkermann & Balaclava, & what have the French done? — taken the Malakoff; we've gained three quarters of the war & we certainly can afford to let the French have the remaining quarter.". . .

The next morn'g when I awoke the ship had ceased from creaking & the engines were at rest; impatient for the first glimpse of the Crimea I dressed and rushed on deck, but not a speck of land could I anywhere behold, except it were the dirt on the hands & faces of the engineers; all around above & below, there was nothing but the masts & pipes of ships & steamers, the sky even was fairly obliterated with rigging. Taking the existence of the Crimea on trust, as the Captain had given us his word of honor that this was Kamiesh, our

plans were quickly matured & . . . we went ashore in the ship's gig & stepped our first on Russian soil; everything around us was an odd mixture of French & oriental; the names of the streets were French, but the shops were oriental booths; there were boxes of French goods, but they were borne on the backs of Turkish Hamals; there were French men smoking nargeeleys & Turks smoking cigars. The houses are all of wood, one story high & every one a store, in whose large open windows, every conceivable variety of goods is displayed, from tobacco to calico & from loaf sugar to herrings. The streets were filled with a busy trafficking throng, mostly soldiers, not in such gay, unsullied attire, as on the Champs Elysées, but a good deal dusty & toil worn; there was no lack of horsemen on the hard macadamised walk & now & then a smart, trig, jaunty little vivandière would dash by sitting astride of her horse with as much ease & spirit as a cavalry captain. We walked up the Rue Napoléon till we came to the Hotel des Colonnies & here we got three horses, which proved to be by no means despicable, & mounting these we rode out of Kamiesh on a good round gallop, & turning to our left, we made a beeline for Sebastopol. The roads were all splendid, for at times there were very many of them branching out in all directions; the ground was more undulating than hilly, & had that yellow, parched look of Syrian desolation of which lately I have had a little too much; cultivation appeared to have been checked & nature was at a dead stand & there was

no need of the cannon balls which were here & there lying along the roadside to tell you that War had passed his scathing hand over these once fair vineyards. (Whew!) But seriously & setting aside all false sentimentality, if you had been dropped out of the moon into the Crimea, you would know that it had been the scene of some dreadful history — not a bush or tree was to be seen, scarcely a blade of grass & here & there the whitening skull or ribs of some poor horse were protruding above the surface of the ground. Everything appeared dead even the very air. There was no song of birds or hum of insects; everything was sombre gloomy & dead. We passed by a farmhouse that looked as though it might have been a cheerful, pleasant home but the walls were battered down by huge cannon balls that still lay among their work of destruction; two or three of the walls that still remained standing were perfectly covered with huge bruises & here & there holes like windows. After riding about an hour we got our first glimpse of the city, this so engaged our attention that we scarcely heeded the multitudes of gabions & trenches that were thickly strewn on each side of the road; from some of them the French soldiers were busily removing cannon. The first sight of Sebastopol disappointed me. I expected it to stand on a hill rather than in a valley, & to see it surrounded by high, massive stone walls, instead of basket & earth work & I have become so accustomed in Syria to see cities & villages of the same color as the soil on which

they are built that I was not at all impressed by the size. My first impression was that of an immense graveyard; the white walls that are left standing look precisely like so many crumbly tombstones, while here & there rose the spire of a church to complete the illusion. This impression passed off in a minute or two as we approached nearer & objects began to define themselves more clearly. . . .

On our right as we entered was the Theatre, originally a fine stone building but now a perfect ruin; the tragedy of which it was the witness had been enacted not within but without its walls; on the opposite side of the street some low houses had been repaired & now served as comfortable barracks for some French soldiers, the guard of the city. . . .

The whole place looked like an immense Fort; everything looked fierce & bristling; as you looked you felt yourself instinctively becoming pugilistic. The ground was literally covered with cannon balls, grape shot & pieces of exploded shell. There were plenty of old Russian coats & caps lying around & numberless cartouche boxes & ruined knapsacks.

The custom house was built in the style of a Grecian portico with Doric fluted columns & where it wasn't in ruins was really a very fine structure. We rode up the wide street that runs parallel with the one by which we entered. Its appearance seemed more aristocratic; the houses were larger & better finished. Some were really very handsome buildings, the houses I suppose of the Generals & higher officers. But the effects of cannon were everywhere

terrible; many of the trees were completely shivered to splinters & door posts & window jambs wholly knocked awry, big jagged windows made in the sides of parlors; masses of stone encumbered the sidewalks, while in the midst the cause of all this destruction & fearful devastation was lying as big & round & shining & black and as innocent-looking as you please. Through the vacant windows the sun shone bright & clear into what might once have been the luxurious boudoir of some delicate lady. The houses, inside, were many of them a heap of stones & ruins. Everything told of ruin & desolation & as I rode through the long street it seemed as though the world had gone to ruin, as if the sun would set on ruins & would rise on ruins & everything would be ruins ever after; we halted at the door of a church whose single handsome dome resembled a gigantic pepper box; it had been left half finished & the scaffolding of the plasterers was still suspended inside.

From thence we soon arrived at the Malakoff but as we approached it from the Russian side we had entered it almost before we were aware. It covers over a large space of ground & is a perfect labyrinth of gabions or basket work, sand bags, curtains & ditches, the ground perfectly paved with grape cannister & shell. . . .

As we were riding towards the principal spot or centre of the place, we came upon a long grave some fifty feet long by twenty wide. It was one of those immense pits where two hundred men all shared

the same grave. A black wooden cross stood at the head, a cannon ball on each arm & others round the base, bearing this, to me, sad inscription:

Unis pour la victoire,
Réunis par la mort,
Du soldat c'est la gloire,
Des braves c'est la sort! . . .

A French corporal of the 21st of the line, the same regiment that first planted the flag on the tower, immediately came up to us & most politely offered to show us around. We ascended at once to the embankment above the tower, mounting by the same path that the French had made when they stormed it. On the top still waved the identical French tricolor where it was originally planted. It can hardly be called a tricolor, for it is so torn to shreds that not much more than a strip of the blue remains. Another theme for commonplace. From this spot we got our notions of things in general. Behind us in the Malakoff, it was, as I have said, a perfect labyrinth of fortifications and maze of mounds, so that if the French had not taken the Russians by surprise when they were all at dinner, they would have been no better off after they had entered the place than they were before & might have still found it impossible to dislodge their enemies. In front of us at our feet was the ditch where so many brave fellows lost their lives on that memorable 8th Sept. It was about twenty feet wide & about as many deep & across it were lying the ladders which the French used on that

day. The ditch was by no means as deep even as it was originally. The mass of dead was so deep in it that it would have been too great a task to remove them, so dirt was just shovelled in on top. About fifty or sixty feet off were the advanced line of French trenches extending in zigzag courses from the base of the Mamelan Vert, a slight mound about half a mile distant. Although they are now all filled up, yet they could be very readily traced. On our right as we faced the Mamelan Vert, separated from us by a ravine, was the Redan from which the English flag was flying. We didn't stay very long, for the day was waning. The soldiers of whom there were quite a number around playing a sort of game of marbles with grape shot, told us plenty of their experiences, how they had smoked out the Russians who had taken refuge in the Malakoff tower, by stopping the narrow windows with smouldering straw. . . .

From the Mamelan we went to the Redan. It presented both externally & internally the same general features as the Malakoff: Gabions, mounds, sand bags, beams, cannon, knapsacks, iron water tanks, powder cannisters everywhere in the direst confusion. English soldiers were busy removing the big heavy guns. The ditch in front has been mostly filled up & in one place a good road made over it. Here we set our wits at work to solve the question why the English didn't take the Redan when the French took the Malakoff.

How came it that the French trenched up to

within fifty feet of the Malakoff & the English didn't get within two hundred of the Redan. It's in vain that Englishmen who have not been on the spot say that the ground in front of the Redan was much harder than in front of the Malakoff. This isn't so, for this point I examined particularly. The lay of the ground, not to speak of the texture of the soil, was, on an average, more difficult for the French than for the English; so difficult, in fact, that the English refused to undertake the operations against the Malakoff & selected the Redan, although in the course of events the former had fallen to their share. Setting the affair, therefore, in its most impartial light, the French proved themselves to be by far the better soldiers & setting the affair in a very partial light, giving the English every advantage possible, & the French soldiers still come out infinitely their superiors. That the English have some very fine qualities as soldiers must be admitted; they really have what they so much boast of: "pluck"; they'll form a line & march undaunted to inevitable death up to the very cannon's mouth, & die before they've even seen their enemy, but as a French captain said to me, to do "une chose comme ca, ce n'est pas la guerre." And herein lies the answer to the question; in the open field the English may do very finely, but in a siege where the most refined art of war is developed & where energy & despatch is required of the soldiers, there the English fail lamentably. But I'm afraid that I've been very prosey & shouldn't have mentioned the

subject at all, had it not been such a frequent subject of discussion amongst us, & if the English didn't claim so much for themselves. To read the English papers one would think that they had fought the war in the Crimea & that they had beaten the Russians! Why! it wasn't till very lately that the French ceased speaking of them as "the English Contingent," placing them on a par with the Turks & Sardinians. . . .

We reached Balaclava shortly afterwards; signs of the English were visible in soda-water bottles along the road, & behind all the English encampments empty bottles of Barclay & Perkins, India Pale Ale & Harvey Sauce were certainly as thickly strewed as the cannon balls in Sebastopol. . . .

At last we entered the village of Balaclava everything in the twinkling of an eye was changed to English manners & customs. . . . As far as huge piles of coal & lumber, railway tracks & the whistling of locomotives were concerned, we might as well have been in Liverpool as in the Crimea. Everything wore an air of bustle & Anglo-Saxon activity which I must confess was not unpleasant to me. Everything connected with the army looked bright & new & in perfect condition; the carts were neatly painted, the horses neatly groomed, the harness well adapted & complete, the chains brightly polished, the men well clothed & well shod, & good healthy food beamed in every lineament. Indeed it would be hard to conceive of a more perfect army as far as equipment is concerned than that we saw

at Balaclava. But at present it is more of a disgrace than an honor to England coming as it does the day after the fair, when there is no longer any need of it, after her finest soldiers have been sacrificed to negligence & blundering stupidity. . . .

After leaving the village on our return home we visited the Battleground of the Battle of Balaclava, where took place that famous cavalry charge of the light & heavy brigade. It was a long plain of rich meadow land terminated by a range of low hills. On two of these hills the Russians had batteries taken, I believe, from the Turks. These batteries that unfortunate seven hundred were ordered to re-take & on that plain, the focus of the two batteries, they rode to death. As the soldiers from whom we demanded information gave rather contradictory statements, D. &. B. deputed me to ask information of the two officers who were riding towards us. Replete with brass I rode up to them, bowed & asked my question but not till then had I observed that one of them was a very high General attended by his aide-de-camp & that on the latter's face there was almost an audible grin at my greenness. But when was a true Democrat ever abashed? So I didn't care a straw & the General most politely explained everything & chatted with us some time. When we got home we made inquiries which placed it beyond a doubt that it was no other than Sir William Codrington[1] whom we had been using as our valet de place. . . .

[1] Sir William Codrington was at this time Commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Crimea.

All day April 5th we had been coasting along the shore of Asia Minor & in the afternoon came within sight of the plains of Troy. It was a long wide plain here & there undulating with mounds; in the blue distance was Mt. Ida, "many-fountained Ida," lifting its summit of snow into the clouds. In a little bay was the mouth of the Scamander, & a large tumulus not far from the shore was the tomb of Hector. On our right was the Island of Tenedos, behind which the Grecian fleet hid, when it left the gigantic horse behind it in the camp. The whole panorama passed before me like a dream, reality & fiction were so blended that I couldn't tell one from the other, & had Neptune at that instant made his appearance, sitting in his wreathed shell trident in hand, with dazzling Amphitrite by his side & drawn by dolphins, I should certainly have expressed & probably felt, but little surprise. Not far from the tomb of Hector was another mound, the tomb of Achilles. I gazed & gazed & there is probably no scene of my travels that is more vividly impressed on my mind. . . .

The steamer brought them to Athens where every street, every house, every store proved a delight to Furness. "Honor bright & no fooling, it made my brain whirl & I felt all but crazy with delight. I wanted to shriek out the whole conjugation of the verb *τούπτω*." His enthusiasm for all of Athens is embodied in the following extract:

After dinner Blight, Dwight & myself took a walk to Mt. Lycabettus; this is a craggy rock some-

what higher than the Acropolis, & about a quarter of a mile behind Athens. We climbed up its steep sides & about half way up rested on the mossy stones to watch the sun set on the bay of Salamis. Ah! Was there ever on this wide world such a sight! The seat of Xerxes was glowing as it did of yore, like burnished gold, Mt. Cithæron looked like an exquisite cloud on the horizon, a purple offering of the earth to the deep blue heavens, while close to us Mt. Hymettus, with its exquisitely moulded outline, seemed a solemn sentinel over the silent beauty of the landscape, & the little town of Athens below us, with its white modern houses clustering around the base of its rugged Acropolis & tawny Parthenon. Right in the front of us stretched the sea glittering with purple, blue & gold, mingling & combining with each other until they were all lost in the deep, unfathomable azure of the horizon & the sky. Colors in this region can't be exaggerated, no pigments of the painter's palette can equal the tints of this heavenly climate. And then what a scene for sentiment, what a world of associations crowded every spot! Take my word for it, Greece, & nothing but Greece is the land for a gentleman & a scholar. It was almost dark before we were again within the city, but the moon, I beg the goddess's pardon, I should say Silene, was jealous of the mighty glories which the sun had just been scattering broadcast over the world, & was just struggling up from behind Mt. Parnes to see what she could do in that line. Willing to

encourage her we took a carriage & drove out; ye Gods & the blessed nine! to the groves of Academe! Before we reached there we got out & walked & finally entered its sombre shadows. The acacias were in full blossom & were stifling the air with their delicious perfume; light hazy dew was rising from the luxuriant grass; from every thicket cicalas were "tuning their lyres" as in the days of Anacreon; and over all the Moon was shedding its beams of eyrie, uncanny lights softening all defects & heightening every charm. We wandered through the long allies & thousands of old schoolboy recollections came crowding upon us of Socrates, Plato, Zeno, & Aristotle. But how everything was changed, the deformed, transformed, the bugbears of college into the glories of Academe. Socrates was no longer the eight Greek letters composing his name, & we saw him right before us with his bald forehead, snub nose, & piercing eyes, forever asking those still more piercing questions, the accoucheur instruments, as he used to call them, of intelligence & the truth. We walked nearly all the way home, reveling in animal spirits, & revelling in the beauty of everything around us, & longing for some of those robbers to attack us, with which we had heard Greece was teeming. . . .

At five P.M. we bade adieu to Athens & drove down to the boat which was to take Dwight to Trieste & Blight & myself part of the way to Malta, when we reached the Piræus a dozen persons sur-

rounded the carriage & there was an immense jabbering which was not only all Greek to us, but to them too, finally Demetri put his head in the carriage window & said, "the boat's gone, Sir." "Where? Where?" says Blight. "Thunder!" says Dwight. I rolled back in the carriage & roared with laughter, for which performance I was sharply rebuked by Blight & smiled upon with intense scorn by Dwight. Blight was in immense trepidation; an Irishman would say he was completely mulfathered, & was actually for pursuing the steamer with a rowboat, which made my laughter break out afresh & I was told that I always he-hawed at the wrong time, which remark so far from extinguishing my laughter, sent me into perfect convulsions which at last had the desired effect. Blight's face relaxed, Dwight smiled, Demetri grinned & then we all laughed together.

The explanation of the mystery was that an Austrian General was passenger on board & the boat being Austrian, in their vile toadying to rank & decorations, they had weighed anchor half an hour sooner than the time advertised.

After expending all our French & wrath on the bald head of the little agent, (whose fault it really was,) & who bore it all with the most oily meekness, we got in to our carriage & drove back to Athens far from displeased that the fates had given us one more day in that thoroughly, unexceptionally delightful city. . . .

They caught the boat the following day, however, and coasting along between the islands of Greece, reached Brindisi. From this town they pushed on through Italy and France to Paris, when to Furness's great joy home seemed almost within realization. . . .

To his Family

Paris!! June 12th, 1856

. . . I FEEL like a drivelling idiot today, so overjoyed am I at getting back to dear old Paris it being so near home. I'm screaming all the time I write.

Our movements are very uncertain; we shall probably make a short tour here in France, to see the Gothic Cathedrals of Rouen, Chartres, Amiens, Abbeville &c., then cross through England to Liverpool & I hope that I shall be able to fall down on bended knee before my Lady Mother as a birthday present. From this time henceforth our communications will be regular & I long to be making arrangements for my return. But don't let America think that I am anxious to see her; the low, dirty jade, she don't deserve to have anybody look at her. And yet I don't think she is half so bad as England. England (to state my views epigrammatically) as a nation I abhor, but individually I adore. Reverse the sentence & you have my feelings about France, & when I add that I think the third Napoleon fifty times greater than ever his uncle was or could have been, as we say here, in Paris, voilà tout (shrug your shoulders).

To his Family

Paris, August 27th, '56

RETURNING home! Ah, what deep harmony there is in those words; they are my last thoughts at night, glide bewitchingly through all my dreams & are the one bright spot when I awake in the morn'g — and my servant must think that I am of the most cherubic disposition from the exquisite smile with which I gaze upon him when in the morn'g he stands at my bedside with the words, "Reveiller, Monsieur Fournaisse, si'l vous plaît, il vient de sonner sept heures." "Aha, Louis," I reply, "vous êtes sûr que la nuit est passer, & que nous avons le vingt-septième, pas the vingt-seizième? Vous en êtes sûr?" "Oui, oui, oui, Monsieur, c'est bien sûr!" "Eh bien," I reply, "that being the case I'll consent to get up." The foregoing little scene from domestic life raises the curtain on something different than engine whistles, trunks, hotels & restaurants, with which lately my life has turned, & the whole thing must be as inexplicable to you as it is novel & delightful to me. Blight's name doesn't figure in the dramatis personæ. Ain't it queer & isn't your curiosity excited? Yes, here I am in Paris all alone, & Blight's away with his family careering up & down the Rhine, galloping over glaciers & sliding down avalanches in Switzerland. It will require I think but a few words on my part to make you see the rationality of our present positions. When I came abroad it was with the understanding that I was to acquire German & French. With my op-

portunities for learning the former I am abundantly satisfied, but poor French has always been a scapegoat; it has been thrust into dark corners, maligned, & never received more than a passing compliment of three or four weeks, laggardly bestowed. This has always hurt my feelings, but circumstances last winter were so manifestly plain that I acquiesced in such treatment without a murmur. Well, after welcoming Capt. & Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Meade and Miss Milligan to the shores of Albion & making a short tour with them in England acting the part of an amiable & accomplished courier by day & a fascinating entertainer in the even'g, we arrived here in Paris. Here plans were determined & routes laid down. The Rhine & Switzerland were to be visited first, then Milan, Venice & Florence. "Hold!" cried I, "I'm not a young man of ten thousand a year that can afford both the time & the money to go where I list; my future shelves are to be stored with bread & cheese earned by the toil of my brain, & although I would gladly cull in such fair company the flowers of the Rhine, dreamily gaze with you at its vineclad hills, & ruined castles, haunted with legends of hoary eld, or hand in hand skip lightly o'er the summit of Mont Blanc, yet duty to myself & faithfulness to the purpose for which I came abroad prompts me to suggest that I ought to remain in Paris & do all in my power for three livelong weeks to acquire French volubility & the Parisian accent." All eyes were wet. The air was broken by Capt. Palmer's manly

sobs. Mrs. Meade flung herself upon my breast in a flood of passionate tears, Miss Milligan stiffened herself out in her chair & her shrieks were dreadful. "Go," I at last said, endeavoring to control my emotions & to steady my voice, "go, & visit & enjoy your Rhines & your Switzerlands, dear friends, I stay here in Paris, but I will not leave you in the blackness of despair. I will rejoin you in Milan!! we will look over the same Murray in the galleries of Florence!! we will all float together by moonlight in a gondola in Venice!!!" We all joined hands & in the ecstasy of our joy danced wildly round the centre table, & Capt. Palmer ordered up mineral water & ground nuts & we had an even'g of it.

Of course at the bottom of the foregoing well you can see the glimmering of truth. My reasons for the present step were all cogent & my logic faultless, & all approved of it although they expressed most sincere regrets at having to part company with me even for a single day. For my part I am conscious that I have made a real sacrifice for a real advantage. I would give a good deal to review many of the scenes which they are about to see, but three good sound weeks all to myself will prove of immense utility to me in my present callow state of French. It's all very well to say, Oh, you can study French any time when you get home, but I know that I shan't when I get home; there will be other & more urgent calls upon my time, & if I don't read a quantity of French literature now,

it will be a closed book to me, if not forever at least for so long a time that I may have lost all relish for it.

To his Family

Paris, Oct. 8th, '56

. . . My pen sticks to the paper. I hate to take it off — this letter finished & Europe seems over & the dream closed; already I have lost all identity with the H. H. F. of Munich, & I am quite sure that I have never been in College, but only heard it graphically described. With regard to home alone do I feel myself unchanged. There alone does my foot hold firm. . . .

Dear Father, Mother, Annis, Will & Frank. Good-bye till we meet in three weeks —

CHAPTER III

THE SANITARY COMMISSION

When Furness landed in New York early in November, 1856, he returned to a country less tranquil than any he had visited during his two years of foreign travel. Outwardly, doubtless there was little to indicate the gathering storm-clouds, and yet few were so oblivious to the trend of human events as not to feel it brewing in the air. Nowhere in the country could its coming have been more prophetically felt than at his father's house on Pine Street, Philadelphia, whither he first turned his steps. To this very house, as to a haven of rest and sympathy, had come Charles Sumner, earlier in the year, still weak and bruised after the assault upon him in the Senate Chamber; already the Unitarians of Philadelphia had come to look upon the elder Furness not only as their kindly, upright minister, but also as an impassioned leader in the ever-increasing society of Abolitionists. "Ah, that dread subject of Abolition!"[1] wrote Horace Howard Furness fifty years later; "It was the touchstone of this congregation! It was the fan which thoroughly purged the floor, scattering the chaff and gathering the wheat into a garner. How my poor father, with his intense love of gentle peace and confiding re-

[1] Historical Address delivered at the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, January 12, 1908.

pose, agonized over it! . . . Even though death for himself and starvation for his family were the penalty, he must scream out, 'Lo! here am I!' . . . When from the wording of the text the congregation became aware that in the sermon there would be impassioned pleadings for the slave and eloquent adjurations to guard liberty and the rights of man, then would fall a pin-drop silence, then the air was charged with the trembling apprehension of unknown consequences, broken suddenly, at the mention from the pulpit of 'African Slavery,' by the opening and slamming of a pew-door, and the furious stamping through the aisle to the exit, sometimes followed in a few minutes by a second and a third. . . . Then my poor father's face would grow white to the lips, but still his voice would continue to plead unfalteringly. . . . There were few, very few of the early Abolitionists who had not schooled themselves to await a martyr's death. I know it was my father's anticipation. . . . Once his peril seemed to others so nigh that one or two of his devoted friends, living in Germantown, came to his Church on Sunday with loaded pistols in their pockets to defend him to the uttermost." To such an atmosphere, charged with the threatening tempest, Horace Howard Furness returned in 1856.

But when time throws all which is not pertinent to history into a low relief beside the outstanding events, it is difficult for us to realize that the humbler course of daily life flows on. For it is not vouchsafed those who live in times pregnant with

history to stand calmly at one side and let the great events pass in review; so it was upon Furness's return; even while his father was from the pulpit denouncing slavery, he was seeking a profession. He had left for Europe with no definite plan for the future: he came back with maturer judgment and a determination to study law. So the year 1857 found him in the office of the Hon. William Meredith, the prominent Philadelphia lawyer, studying for the bar during the days, tutoring and giving lessons in foreign languages in the evenings that he might not prove a burden financially to his parents. In May, 1858, he became engaged to Helen Kate Rogers, the daughter of Evans Rogers, a successful hardware merchant of Philadelphia, to whom he was married two years later. She was a girl of infinite charm, of unaffected refinement, and between her and Horace Howard Furness there existed many and strong bonds of mutual sympathy and understanding and the imperishable bonds of deep love. It is not fitting that our hands should throw wide the door of private sanctuaries: time and grief have rendered them inviolate. Some of the letters here published give us glimpses within, but further than this we may not trespass. Sufficient is it to know that no shadow ever marred the calm tranquillity of their married life; their happiness was infinite. When the great shadow fell in 1883 it left the husband a memory which never faded, a grief which time and work never softened.

After two years of study, Furness was called to the Philadelphia Bar on November 19, 1859, and immediately moved into his own office where he took up the profession. Even in his first month as a Counsellor-at-Law great events began to crowd around him; for a time the central figure was John Brown. The raid at Harper's Ferry had occurred in October and its leader had been tried and found guilty; he was sentenced to be executed on the 2nd of December. Feeling ran high among the Abolitionists of Philadelphia and it is reflected in an entry in one of Furness's journals:

"December 2nd, 1859. John Brown's last night alive. What a dreadful time. Nor can I analize my feelings. My reason is a hundred times convinced that he is really the man of all Americans to be more envied than commiserated. . . . Where will it end? I feel that with the twelfth stroke of tonight's bell this union or slavery ceases. Perhaps I may never live to trace the connected chain of events, but that some future Tacitus with keen-sighted vision will mark the second of December as the Era I have not the shadow of a doubt."

The following day a turbulent public prayer meeting was held in Philadelphia at the hour when in Virginia John Brown was hanged. Both Furness and his father took an active part in it and despite the efforts of some Southern Medical students to break the meeting up, it was brought to a successful termination. But Furness has an even more sombre event to witness in connection with the hanging of John Brown:

"It was when we were awaiting the train which was bearing northward the heroic martyr's body after it had been cut down from the gallows at Harper's Ferry. The Southern trains then entered the city at Broad and Prime Streets. Traffic and travel on that route from Virginia was suspended during some hours to give swift passage to a freight car bearing its tragic freight, with a single car attached bearing John Brown's widow and Hector Tyndale. A large and excited crowd, which the police had difficulty in controlling, gathered and jostled at every opening of the large station, into which there was no one admitted but Mr. Miller McKim, my father, and myself — these, with Mayor Henry and the Chief of Police, were alone in that vast, cold, silent station (there may have been one or two others, but I do not remember them). The train was an hour late, and that weary, weary hour I walked with my poor father on my arm up and down that long echoing platform. I dared only now and then to look into his blanched face. Occasionally a few words were exchanged with Mr. McKim, whose face was as white as my father's. . . .

"At last in the far distance we discerned the train, and silently awaited its gradual drawing in to the station. As soon as it came to a stop, Hector Tyndale alighted. Never can I forget the excitement under which that brave, gallant fellow laboured. He rushed to my father, exclaiming, and waving his arms, 'A miracle has happened! Dr. Furness, a

miracle has happened! The earth never opened to swallow up those fiends!' 'Control yourself, my boy. Calm yourself,' said my father, putting his hand gently on his shoulder. Then we entered the freight car, and there on the floor lay the long, rough box containing John Brown's body, just as it was when cut down from the gallows. A consultation was held and it was decided, in view of the intense excitement of the crowds on all sides of the station, not to take the body to an undertaker's as had been at first arranged. The Mayor and the Chief of Police dreaded an outbreak of the mob, which might prove to be with great difficulty controlled. Accordingly the crowd outside were deceived by a closely guarded, empty hearse which was rapidly driven away. And then, when all was quiet, the box was placed in a furniture car, and taken to Walnut Street wharf, on the way northward to its eternal rest at North Elba." . . .

All the lamentable events connected with John Brown made clear the path towards right and Abolition which hitherto the elder Furness had pointed out to his congregation, blinded by ignorance and prejudice. The members of his church henceforth supported him unquestioningly; no longer did pew-doors slam when "African Slavery" was mentioned; his stand upon Abolition became their stand; his voice raised in denouncing the slave-owner became their voice. Such unqualified support fed the flame of William Henry Furness's opposition to slavery. His sermons of the early days of

eighteen-sixty showed how completely he surrendered himself, heart and soul, to the cause; they were published in the newspapers of the North and West; they were read wherever such denouncements were tolerated. His name won high rank among the prominent Abolitionists of the day; his aid was given in assisting fugitive slaves to escape; his beneficent activities in connection with the Underground Railroad drew him throughout the year close to the centre of the breaking storm.

In the midst of the solemn march of the great events of 1860, Horace Howard Furness was elected a member of The Shakspere Society of Philadelphia. This incident, apparently so trivial, so dwarfed in the obscurity and shadows of the Rebellion, appears in the light of later years as a turning-point of Furness's life. Not that his association with the "Shakspere Apostles" (for so the society termed their members at that time) was the sole contributing cause which inspired his interest in the dramatist. Far earlier than this, Mrs. Kemble's readings had opened for him the vista of the plays. A card of hers on which she had written, "Admit Mr. Furness to all readings," had been an inestimable gift; he never missed one since his fourteenth year. This was the dawn of his love for Shakespeare; but the Shakspere Society was the fountain-head of the "New Variorum." Although he did not begin the work upon the first volume, *Romeo & Juliet*, until 1865, the plan of the work was forming even in his first year of membership

in this Society. In their critical readings of the plays the members used the Variorum edition of 1821. They found it inadequate: so much Shakespearean commentary had collected since its publication, that a full and up-to-date study was difficult. Thus was it that the necessity of the Society and the zeal of one of its youngest members made the happy union whereof the "New Variorum" was born. The first step, as related in his own words, is interesting: [1] "I made a mighty variorum *Hamlet* cutting out the notes of five or six editions besides the Variorum of 1821 and pasting them on a page with a little rivulet of text. 'Twas a ponderous book of quarto size and eight or nine inches thick. . . . But the work revealed to me that it was high time to begin a new Variorum, that we might start afresh. We were constantly threshing old straw." So it was that this small idea through a full half-century bore the fruit of his labours: the chief plays of Shakespeare, in sixteen large volumes, the fame whereof is acclaimed wherever Shakespeare is studied.

In June, 1860, having established an increasing law practice, he was married by his father in the Unitarian Church. The young couple spent the summer on a farm at Wallingford, a quiet wayside station only a dozen miles from Philadelphia. They fell in love with the neighbouring country-side, so that the happy days of that summer wove a charm about them which turned their hearts and their steps thither when the war was done.

[1] Extract from letter to W. J. Rolfe. See vol. II, p. 54.

The years between, however, were destined to be troublous and unhappy; with the outbreak of hostilities in the spring of 1861, Furness volunteered for the army. He was rejected, to his abiding chagrin, by every branch on account of his deafness, an infirmity which at that time he began to remark. He soon found service, nevertheless, in the embryonic Sanitary Commission. There was no efficient organization such as the Red Cross, then in existence. The Crimean War had demonstrated the need of a proper medical and nursing staff in connection with the armies. But the Rebellion followed too closely on the heels of the Crimean War for methods to have been formulated in the United States to supply this need. Whatever was accomplished was done by separate and very exclusive state organizations, and their only ambition was to see their own troops supplied with the few comforts which lay in their power to give. The corps of army surgeons was incredibly undermanned; on the eve of every large engagement volunteers were called to help the doctors in ministering to the men. Even the hospitals in the larger cities lacked the facilities for obtaining the simplest necessities such as towels, socks, blankets, and writing-paper. It was in helping to reduce this chaos that Horace Howard Furness found his place. The work was not heroic, not spectacular, but it was none the less incalculably valuable. The first year of the war he spent in Philadelphia, helping to organize the Sanitary Commission in that city and to effect

the smooth running of its complicated machinery. In the autumn of 1862, however, the army surgeons attached to McClellan's army sent out a call for aides at the hospitals in the towns and villages near the front. Thither Furness went with his friend Atherton Blight. The letters to his wife that follow here tell their own story of his activities from September, 1862, till the following spring: how at Sharpsburg and Frederick he assisted in every way in the hospitals, how the Secretary of the Sanitary Commission believed he could render greater service by visiting the smaller cities of the North urging further contribution of money and supplies to the Commission, and how he visited New England, New York, and Pennsylvania for this purpose, accomplishing much good.

To his Wife

Sharpsboro, Sept. 25th, 1862

I BROKE off my letter yesterday in a great hurry owing to the ambulance having driven up to take me to a hospital some two miles off where the Commission want some investigations made. The road lay directly in the path of the frightful battle[1] of a week ago. The stand was made by the rebels first in a cornfield & then in a wood at the crest of a hill. I came to the wood first. It was ghastly and ghostly, although all the dead have been buried, yet every tree & branch proclaims deadly struggle; guns, bayonets, cartouche boxes, haversacks lay all

[1] Antietam.

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around in frightful confusion, huge branches of trees were twisted off and hanging by splinters, while the trunks were everywhere scarred by minié balls. I must reserve description for word of mouth. I can only give you the barest skeleton of my day. I went to the hospital & reached there as it was coming on to rain, & had a furious fight with two rebel women & two men for not allowing us to bring the poor wounded into their house into rooms unoccupied. Whew! I emptied a whole hogshead of abuse & wrath on them & told them we'd take the lower stories & they might go up into the second story, & then if we wanted that we'd take it too & they might go up on to the roof, & we'd follow them there if need were & they might jump off & they actually cried & tears rolled down their cheeks at the thought of getting their bare floors dirty. I told them I had never seen such monsters, &c., &c. They said they were good Union until I so soundly berated them, when they showed their fangs & said they wished the Confederates had got us all. . . .

To his Wife

Frederick, Oct. 5, 1862

. . . The first thing that I did yesterday after breakfast (by the way, although I passed the night on the old nubby settee I slept much better than previously and only awoke three times from dreams of the North Pole) was to go to the storeroom and get a lot of a hundred and fifty towels and divide

them between two hospitals that contained that number of patients, and yet had but fifteen towels all told in both of them. . . .

After this I went to the Storeroom & loaded the wagon with the three barrels of Porter & some pantaloons & coats, & started off to deliver them at the three principal Hospitals; it took a great deal of time because first of the difficulty in finding the Chief Surgeons whose signatures it is necessary to have on the receipt for so precious an article, and secondly, when found two out of three surgeons were engaged in operations so that I had to wait until they were through. At the General Hospital while waiting for the surgeon I went into the Dead House & there saw the body of a rebel Capt. Nix of a Georgia Regiment. He was certainly a very handsome young man; quite a simple operation upon the shoulder joint had proved fatal to him. The fatality among the rebels is remarkable. "If," as the surgeon said to me, "you don't perform a necessary operation upon them they must die, and if you so much as touch them with the knife they're sure to die." The Porter was most thankfully received; it is far more precious here than either brandy or sherry. On my return from this business I went to the Storeroom to take an account of stock, & no sooner had I finished than on my way home past the Railroad Depot quite a crowd had collected there to see Pres't Lincoln start off on his return to Washington from a visit to Sharpsburg & McClellan; as my luck

would have it he & I, or rather me and the President, arrived at the same spot at the same moment, escorted by some fine cavalry, not one of whom but was a more striking looking man than his most serene Excellency. The soldiers crowded round his wagon, an open chaise, shaking both his hands with such enthusiasm as to almost tumble his hat over his eyes; he got into the car, which stood into the street (just as the Germantown cars "dump" their passengers in Ninth Street), & walking through it emerged on the platform at the end, & there, in answer to loud calls for a speech, spoke a few words of a very fagged-out & wearied tone, with no stirring note of freedom or Liberty in them, but that we should always remember that our opponents were our brothers in error, & that our descendants & their descendants for a thousand generations must live under that glorious old Union established by Washington & his compeers. I was much disappointed because right above his head the windows of a hospital were full of pale, haggard faces of men whose blood had soaked into the battlefield & who should have had some few words of comfort & assurance that their sufferings & agony had not been in vain. At the close of his speech, some one shouted out, "Now you've got little Mack, Uncle Abe, stick to him." . . .

To his Wife

Frederick, Oct. 10, 1862

My journal is not of so interesting a character as when I was more busily engaged at Sharps-

burg. I say more "busily," although I am in reality as busy here as there, but it is in a very different style. I have more running about here, until, when evening comes, my feet feel as though they would almost drop off. . . .

Yesterday after dinner Charles, our driver, came in & said that there was a poor woman sitting on the front steps crying. I at once went out & found that it was a poor heart-broken German mother from New York who had come on in search of her wounded son; she had just reached here about an hour before & had instantly begun her weary, sad task. She had only asked timidly at the door of one or two hospitals, & receiving a careless negative from an indifferent sentry or nurse her desolation and woe seemed to overpower her, & she was crying in all the bitterness of a Mother's grief. I told her to cheer up & that if he was in Frederick we'd find him; so I started out with her, & around town we went, and after about two hours, out of the twenty-one hospitals we had visited twenty, & I had in my secret heart given up all hopes & was trying to persuade the poor worn Mother that her son had been transferred to Philadelphia, when we approached the last on the list. I generally made her wait outside while I went in & examined the register, & how her eyes hung upon my lips when I came out & even to the very last her face was full of hope until I said, "no; no such name as Charles Metzger in this hospital," & then she'd hurry away almost in advance of me in

her impatience to reach the next hospital, without knowing where it was. I walked fast, not only to suit her eagerness, but the afternoon was waning, & once I said to her, "Aren't you very tired?" She had travelled night & day from New York & had scarcely eaten since she left home. "Oh, no," said she, "I shall not be tired when I see my son." At the last hospital, the U.S. Barracks, on the list among the "M's" there stood "Metzger Charles 4th N.Y." My heart really beat quickly at the sight of it, and after receiving the accurate descriptions of the tent & ward where he was to be found, I came out to meet this intense yearning Mother's face, which, although quite plain, had already begun to assume an expression that strikes feelings lying deep down in the heart; my face was as impassive as hitherto, for I was really afraid of the effect upon her. "Mrs. Metzger," I said, "we have got to the end of our journey." Quite Delphic, you perceive, in its ambiguous meaning, but my immobility of face was all lost upon her & she clutched at the true meaning & seizing me right by the arm, ejaculated, "where is he? take me to him!" "I shall not take you to your son until you grow calmer. He lies in one of those tents, & to see you so overcome as you are now might prove his death." I kept the poor thing for at least three minutes waiting until I thought she'd rub her eyes out in trying to stop her tears & that I'd better take her in with her eyes in her head instead of in her pocket handkerchief. So I entered the tent &

called out, "Is Charles Metzger here?" No answer; I walked on a few steps & then repeated my question; then there came, "Yes, I'm here." I turned round for the Mother; there she stood a few steps behind me, she'd caught sight of the handsome face & with arms outstretched, she cried, "Mein sohn, mein sohn!" "Why, mother!" was all the boy could say before his mother was covering his face with kisses. . . .

To his Wife

Frederick, Oct. 12, 1862

. . . I HAVE a few moments to spare while all the rest have gone to Church, & the office is left in grateful quiet. One great excitement at present is the nearness of the Rebel cavalry. Mrs. Schley, the Dr.'s sister, told us on her way to Church that at the barracks firing could be distinctly heard & that her milkman was in a terrible state of excitement, asseverating that they passed in front of his house about six or seven miles from town this morning. A man named Ashton, Chief correspondent of the N.Y. Herald came in this morning & said that they — that is Stuart's Cavalry — had, five or six miles from town, come across a company of Rush's Lancers by whom they were mistaken for our own men, but when the mistake was discovered both parties retired in opposite directions. All unite in saying that it is Stuart's Cavalry on their way home from their foraging tour into Pennsylvania. . . .

When Dr. Steiner returned the other day from a visit of a few hours in Washington, he told me that the Master, as we call Mr. Olmsted,[1] had some special design on me & had written a letter to me directed to Father's care in Philadelphia. The substance of this letter, as far as Dr. S. could learn, is that the Master wishes me "to stump" country towns in reference to the wants & needs of the Sanitary Commission; that is, you know, travel about with big posters, hold meetings in school houses & Lyceums and preach up the virtues & necessities of the Sanitary Commission; such, I imagine, is the purport of this letter, for it has not yet come to hand, & perhaps you may have already read it, & this is stale news to you. Now, although such a duty would be excessively distasteful, yet so much respect have I for the Master's discrimination of character & power of organization & administration that his opinion is entitled to great weight with me & if he thinks that I could do such a work adequately well I ought not lightly to turn my back upon it. . . .

To his Wife

Washington, Oct. 14, 1862

. . . I PURSUED my lonely way to this wretched place, got into the passenger cars at the station

[1] Frederick Law Olmsted, Secretary and later Chief Executive of the Sanitary Commission. Before his appointment to this office he had been City Architect of New York and Superintendent of Central Park. He was possessed of remarkable executive ability and much of the success of the Sanitary Commission was due to his untiring devotion.

& alighted at Willard's at about half past one, washed and dressed and took my dinner at two o'clock for despite my dreariness I was very hungry having had but one slice of bread for breakfast, & then went around to see the Master. I was lucky in securing an immediate audience, for he is as hard to see as the President of the U.S. He welcomed me kindly & said he was very glad that I had come on for he was on the point of telegraphing me to do so, but hesitated lest it might appear too peremptory. We then talked over the whole matter. He in a measure assented to my view of it that public meetings in the principal cities is not the thing most needed at present, but that conferences with the various organizations in the secondary towns, & the starting of fresh organizations in the lesser towns were more to the point at present. You see, there is an evil threatening the Sanitary Commission & thereby the real good of our army, this is the organization of state societies, for the sole relief of soldiers of one particular state. In the first place, it is fostering state lines, which as far as the Army is concerned should all be broken down. Ours is the Army of the United States, & anything that divides it into states weakens the Union. . . .

However, whatever be the ultimate object of my mission, whether in big cities or in villages, whether against State Societies or for them, Mr. Olmsted wants me to remain here at least a week, busily loafing, becoming acquainted with all the

workings of this gigantic charity, studying statistics, examining their warehouse, looking over their books, boreing all its officers, tagging around after medical inspectors, visiting the hospitals & the invalids, which thing alone considering that there are nigh twenty five thousand of them here and in the vicinity is, you will imagine, no small job. . . .

To his Wife

New Haven, 4 Nov. 1862

. . . I AM sitting in Mr. Wayland's office waiting for any inquisitive ladies who may wish information in regard to the San. Com. I think it highly improbable that any will come, but I announced yesterday that I would thus wait here for a couple of hours & here I am. I dined yesterday at Mr. Peletiah Peril's. (Phœbus! what a name!)

After dinner I went to the "Temple" where there were about a hundred & fifty ladies assembled to whom I talked for about three quarters of an hour. I told them what the San. Com. is & what it has to do; told about the Connecticut brothers, the Mass. Rebel, & Mrs. Metzger. They shed tears abundantly over the two first, but over the last they became melted into one conglomerate mass of handkerchiefs. I broke into a most earnest appeal to them to work their fingers to the bone in aid of the San. Com. and a letter having been handed to me I closed by reading it to them; it contained an announcement from their agent, Mr. Walker, that he had just received from one

gentleman forty dollars & from another one hundred dollars to help start the association; it was *capital*, so I told them, in every sense of the word, & as I bowed myself out, eyes were drying & faces were smiling and all seemed *couleur de rose*. They made me promise that I would come back in three or four weeks & smile upon their efforts. . . .

I leave for New York this eve'g & shall go to the Brevoort House; how long I shall remain there I don't know — or what will be my future movements — I am inclined to think New Hampshire, having heard from Boston that so far N. Hampshire has done scarcely anything. This must be attended to & I know of no one to go but myself. Alas! Alas!

To his Wife

New York, Brevoort House
Nov. 5, 1862

. . . We reached New York at a quarter before ten. I then went to the Sanitary Rooms, 823 Broadway, & found that Mr. Olmsted had left word for me that he was called out to the Central Park, but that Dr. Bellows[1] wished me to come to see him at one o'clock. . . .

I went back to the room of the San. Com. to post my note to you where I found Olmsted, my valise, & letters from Nannie & Father & Mother. I immediately walked to Dr. B.'s with

[1] President of the Sanitary Commission. He was a Congregational clergyman of New York City with a devoted following through New England and New York.

Olmsted — where as soon as we were seated the Rev. Dr. read us a letter from Springfield Mass. brim full of the boss devil,[1] horns & tail, full & vigorous, giving notice of a public meeting to be held in his honor this evening. I was for starting at once, but the train left at one, & at that instant the clocks struck the first hour past noon, so it was too late. A telegram was substituted imploring them to take no action until I could reach there & confer with the Committee & lay before them most important information.

I presented the latest news from New Haven, & my efforts were commended in hearty phrase by the Rev. B. & Olmsted. We discussed the times & the Elections. O. is blue, B. is cheerful; O. sees hope in the future, B. in the present. O. deals in stubborn facts, B. in rhetoric. Don't let me underrate B. (you & I, can see a prickly crown around his brows) he makes a most admirable President of the San. Com.; without him it would be voiceless. Olmsted thinks & writes with great labor & slowness. As he told me himself to-day while we were lunching after our visit to the Rev. B. "others write out what they have already thought; I write in order to think"; then he added after a pause "you have probably never read a page of mine that I have not written over twenty times before it went to print" — I asked him if that let-

[1] When, in these letters, Furness speaks of the "boss devil," he refers to such state organizations as were opposed to the Sanitary Commission.

ter to Dr. Bellows (which you copied) was not the first draft. "No," he replied, looking down, ashamed, "it was the fifth or sixth time." Isn't such perseverance & exactitude splendid? "Hence," he said, "in order to accomplish as much as other men I have to work ten times as hard."

To his Wife

Massasoit House, Springfield,
Nov. 7, 1862

. . . It's half past ten & although old dirty duty says that I ought to write my other letters first, whock your eye for that, I'm going to have a little chat with you while my fire is burning up and my feet, which have been wet ever so long, are drying. . . .

Well, I've just got through the meeting with the Mayor and some ten select men, gentlemen of Springfield. The old pig-headed Mayor proved, as I told you before tea, monstrous, cantankerous, full of blood & fury & said shaking both fists at the same time, "if his son was a-lying sick & neglected in a hospital he'd march in there with a file of soldiers & take him out by main force. By Judas! he would in spite of your surgeons or your army regulations or your Sanatory Commissions or your what not!" I let him talk till his red face grew a few shades paler & his wind gave out & then calmly floored him by asking him personally what he had done to prevent all this misery by giving all he could & sacrificing all his personal luxuries. As

he is notoriously stingy, this utterly wilted him & I rode over him rough-shod, letting him have it hot & heavy. Suffice to say, I had it quite my own way, put knobs on the horns of the boss devil, pared his claws, trimmed his lashing tail until he was transformed into a very mild agent bearing his own expenses who should visit the camps of the Springfield regiments, not the hospitals, & see if they were badly off for clothes, & whether they could not be supplied by the Government. . . .

To his Wife

Springfield, Nov. 10, '62

About that meeting last eve'g — It was a stormy night, or rather threatening, very wet & hugely muddy, so that the Church, the largest in Springfield, was not crowded as everyone said it otherwise would have been; the body of it was full the galleries were empty; there must have been between four & five hundred present, full as many men as women. The meeting was opened by a hymn & a prayer, — the latter intensely orthodox in style imploring blessings on every human being absent & present, dead & living, beginning with Adam & ending with me in particular, "whose wise counsels were to enlighten them this evening." Then I unfolded San. Com. banner & spoke for an hour and a half. I didn't occupy the pulpit, but stood at the side of the Communion Table. I told them about Gilbert Cheney, the Connecticut brothers, the Mass. Rebel — I ended with Mrs.

Metzger whom in public I call Brauner. A great many, in fact all the ladies, cried over the Connecticut brothers, but over Mrs. Metzger, all fell to work, the men as vigorously as the women — the weaker sniffings from the ladies & loud uncompromising blowings from the men almost drowned my voice for several minutes. But seriously, it is grand to see how one touch of nature makes the whole world kin & this story of Mrs. Metzger which ends in purest joy always brings tears. I always seize this weak moment to implore them to strengthen the arm of the San. Com. . . .

To his Wife

Washington, Nov. 24, 1862
Willard's, Monday

It is already half past twelve, & I know that you will shake your head if this be a long letter, so I will hurry on as fast as I can rattle. . . .

This morning the ladies, Mr. Olmsted, Mr. Knap & myself went by invitation to the White House to have a social chat with His Excellency the President. I was disappointed beyond measure. The invitation was not unsolicited; the ladies sent the President a note saying that they would be glad to have an interview with him & an answer was immediately returned that he would be happy to see them at half past seven. So as I have said we escorted the ladies thither at the hour named, we were shown into one of the parlors tawdry with flaming red & gilding, & in a few minutes the

President sauntered & shuffled in, a good deal bent & his arms dangling. He went through the introduction with a "How de do" & a mechanical shake of his huge hand to each. He sat down & entered into conversation with more style of manner than I had from reports imagined that he was capable. The ladies explained to him that they belonged to the Sanitary Commission & wanted from him a word of encouragement to bear to the ladies of the East & West. He replied, "Supposin' I do give you a word of encouragement & then afterwards facts shouldn't bear out your expectations, you'd be more disappointed than if I hadn't," & then he went right off to talk about the war & the army. He said that the great difficulty was that our army couldn't be got together; at the battle of Antietam ninety-three thousand men were reported fit for duty while the Army Rolls showed that those same divisions contained one hundred & eighty thousand. Hence that one half of our army was either sick or skulking & that the trains carried away from Washington as many soldiers as they brought to it. He said he couldn't find out where the leakage was but there stood the fact, & he then made use of the elegant illustration that "it was just like trying to shovel fleas, — before the shovel load fell the fleas were all gone" & then he wrinkled up his nose till it was an acute point & showing all his front teeth gave a very wheezy catching laugh and in his glee fell to scratching himself on his elbows. . . .

He illustrated his remarks by a great many examples, giving with great glibness numbers & dates, saying with great emphasis & energy that "we none of us had got our heads down to the war & that each man was trying to carry it on as comfortably for himself as he could." . . .

Of course there were many other things that he said, for we stayed nearly an hour & he talked without ceasing, but these shall be reserved for word of mouth.

Tomorrow I go to the Convalescent Camp at Alexandria. . . .

To his Wife

Washington, December 13, 1862
Willard's, Saturday Eve'g

About an hour ago we received a telegram saying that Rev. Mr. Fuller (Margaret's brother), Chaplain of the 16th Mass. was killed on Thursday — & that a fearful battle had been raging all day.[1] . . .

I am to start tomorrow with Dr. Brink, a Sanitary Inspector; we go by Gov't Boat, & I have been provided with a horse & saddle, so that my locomotion will be independent when I get there. We have this eve'g chartered a steamer which is now loading with stores from our warehouse & which will reach Acquia [2] tomorrow afternoon. The excitement here is great & the atmosphere is already beginning to have that stifling feeling which it had as I approached Frederick. Tomorrow, it is

[1] At Fredericksburg. [2] General Burnside's base of supplies.

thought will prove the eventful day, though I shouldn't be much surprised if the enemy retreated & we hold off for a day or two for a breathing spell. It sickens me & I shudder at the anticipations of the dreadful scenes which will probably meet my eyes tomorrow night. Oh, if this war were only ended & I could get home to your arms & our dear fireside! . . .

To his Wife

Acquia, December 14th, 1862
San. Com. House, Sunday Eve'g

After six or seven long hours we reached the wharf here at Acquia Creek & were welcomed by Dr. Andrew & as it was too late to proceed with any advantage we concluded to remain here tonight. There is no news from the front but what is rather disheartening, in fact I may say very disheartening, as far as I can see it is a downright defeat, & our army may be here a month. I have just been interrupted by a Mr. Coffin, who says that he was with the Cavalry under Gen. Bayard all of yesterday & that they were not in the action & would probably not be. Gen. Bayard was killed by a chance shot while he was sitting under a tree. Mr. C. saw the Lancers frequently & believes that they this morning returned to this side. I at once telegraphed Father & hope that the relief counterbalanced the shock of a telegram.[1] It was an inex-

[1] Frank Furness, H. H. F.'s brother. He was at this time Lieutenant in the Pennsylvania Cavalry. Later promoted to captain, he

pressible relief to me & so if they had not otherwise heard it must be to them.

But, a train of wounded soldiers has just been brought in & I *ought* to go & see what I can do for them. This will go up tomorrow by our messenger, the biggest man I ever saw not on exhibition; he is six feet seven inches high. I shall go tomorrow to Falmouth & try to see Frank on the way; if successful I shall telegraph the fact to Father & Mother.

To his Wife

Acquia, Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1862

DEAR: I am lying flat on the ground in a little shelter tent, writing by the light of a flaming candle just to let you know that I am perfectly well. I scratched off to you last night the fact that I had seen Frank, it was but for a few minutes, but he was overjoyed to see me & I certainly was as glad to see him & never did I see him looking so well. My telegram to Father of Sunday eve'g libels the Lancers, he says, for though not in the fight they were under fire the whole day & stood nobly. This battle has been sickening. Elliot & myself this morning made out the first correct amounts of killed & wounded & missing; it sums up sixteen thousand. The enemy's loss can't be over five thousand. So much for direct attacks and the no strategy dodge. The heroism of our men has been

served throughout the War with distinguished valour, and was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour (which is a distinction bestowed on very few) for marked courage under fire.

glorious throughout, & their discipline unexcelled. Where then does the fault lie? In Washington. Every man of our army is back across this side of the river: Frank, of course, with the rest, though I have not seen him to-day; I tried to, but Gen. Franklin having of course changed his Head Qrs. from where they were yesterday & as the Lancers are acting as his Body Guard they have of course moved too. The men were moving all night & their tramps & calls awoke me as they threw down their knapsacks right outside this little tent & in the morning when I awoke they were all around us & we were in the midst of a retreated & defeated army. Gen. Hunt, the Chief of the U.S. Artillery, said to me to-day: "Nothing will be accomplished before the Campaign of 1864, after people have learned that War is a science." . . .

To his Wife

San. Com. Tent, near Falmouth, Va.
Saturday Dec. 20th, 1862

. . . THERE is no news here. Some of the reg'ts have received orders to build huts for winter quarters, but with this exception the whole army appears to be moving hither & thither, last night the soldiers were lying all around us, thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa; this morning they have all vanished. The dissatisfaction among the Officers of the army is intense, they believe beyond argument that their men have been sacrificed to ignorant public clamor for onward marches & "direct at-

tacks," the men are demoralised beyond precedent — dozens on dozens in different reg'ts have told me that they'd never go into such a place again just to be butchered to satisfy newspapers. I have yet to hear a word in condemnation of McClellan from Generals down to privates; on the contrary, I hear nothing but praise of him & enthusiasm for him without stint. Some of the very men who said that they'd never go into such a battle again when I asked them whether they'd go if ordered by Little Mac instantly replied, "Yes, indeed; that's very different; we know we'd be all right then."

Frank was over here yesterday for a couple of hours, jolly-hearted & contented & glorying in his present life. He sent his dear love to all at home & is full of anecdote.

Willie [1] is here, which is a great comfort to me & to him; he seems as happy as possible in this San. Com. life & is full of energy & usefulness. It is bitterly cold here & should suffer immensely if we had not plenty of quilts & blankets. We made last night a glorious bed; I was the architect and builded grandly. It was occupied by George Lambdin, Paige, Will & Myself, & we slept soundly under about six blankets. I was a little stiff yesterday by having been knocked by my horse against a wagon, & so did Tent duty consisting of serving out requisitions, my old Sharpsburg work, in which I am an adept. . . .

[1] William Henry Furness, Jr., who was also, on account of poor health, rejected by the army, and served with the Sanitary Commission.

To his Wife

New York, Brevoort House
January 18, 1863, *Sunday Eve'g*

After leaving the San. Com. rooms, *No. 823 Broadway* (a gentle remembrancer in case you should forget the number), I went to lovely woman's Central Relief, where Miss Schuyler relieved me by handing me a list of towns to be visited as soon as my engagements in the Hudson Valley are completed. It embraces (horribile dictu!) Troy, Schenectady, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, Penn Yan, (Phœbus, what a name!) Ithaca, Binghampton & Elmira!! A month's work, which with the two next weeks on the Hudson must & shall complete my tour before I take a fresh start, so extract all the sunshine possible out of that cucumber. . . .

Mrs. Schuyler is in the city at No. 5 University Pl. & thither I went yesterday after dinner, to make my peace with her, for Dr. Bellows told me that she was beginning to think me a myth. When I saw her she denied it & was as pleasant as possible. She thought that the jeers at the name Furness with which the Hudson Valley was resounding would be changed to cheers as soon as I made my appearance. . . .

To his Wife

Schenectady, February 12, '63
Givens Hotel, Thursday Night

. . . I have no earthly news of any interest to tell you & my pet fidelity in giving you every scrap of

news will give this assertion credence. It's been snowing all day & I have been tramping about visiting dreary, fish-eyed clergymen, in dreary gloomy houses. Enthusiasm for the soldiers, the war, or the San. Com. is at the lowest possible ebb. It is most discouraging work; there's no alacrity, no vivacity, no anything except their blear-eyed stupidity. I feel all the time as though (beautiful simile) I were trying to lift single-handed a huge outspread carpet. I can only by tugging & heaving raise one spot at a time, which instantly flops down the moment I leave it to go to another. I called on Mrs. Judge Potter, President of the Ladies Association here & sent up my graceful card; she sent down word that "she must be excused, she wasn't very well to-day, and she sends everything to Washington & New York." Delphic response! mysterious & horrible. The latter portion of the sentence a key to the former: with everything sent to Washington how could she appear even before her own family & how much less before a stranger? Raleigh's spirit instantly prompted me to send her up my umbrella which might be something in case of fire. Another lady beamingly assured me that "I'd be lucky if I got forty people to come to my meetin'." However, despite all discouragements & lukewarmness I have made arrangements to speak in Dr. Backus his church next Thursday, the first unoccupied evening for Schenectady. . . .

To his Wife

Troy, February 15, 1863
Troy House, Sunday

. . . I FEEL wakeful to the last degree. The excitement of this eve'g's meeting hasn't yet died down. The ministers of all the churches, with one or two exceptions, gave this morning notice of my meeting, & recommending their congregations to come & hear me closed their conventicles for the eve'g. The consequence was that I had the best audience that I ever addressed; the church is the largest in Troy & holding between eleven & twelve hundred people, was perfectly crammed. The aisles & galleries at the back all filled with men unable to find seats. I condensed all into an hour and ten minutes, during which I didn't see a person yawn, nor did the boy in the gallery go out as he always does at the most interesting part; one lady fainted & had to be dragged out by the arms, which was the only diversion. I flatter myself that I have killed the boss devil stone dead in this town & put the nose of the Christian Commission considerably out of joint, without making one direct allusion to it.

The meeting was a grand conglomeration of sects. The services were opened by a Baptist Doctor of Divinity, followed by a prayer from a Unitarian, Rev. Mr. Buckingham; a Unitarian Lawyer followed; then came some capital remarks by an Episcopalian, the Rev. Potter; then was read a letter of entire sympathy with the meeting & its objects, from a Methodist D.D.; then a New

School Presbyterian made some pertinent remarks for a few minutes. All was carried on in an Old School Presbyterian Church. So you see the San. Com. does good in more ways than one. A meeting was immediately held after the bulk of the audience had left & fifteen gentlemen appointed to organize the various congregations into one society & to supply this society with a steady, slated monthly sum of money for the purchase of materials. So I got away from Troy with a good assurance that the good work has commenced. . . .

To his Wife

Syracuse, March 2, '63
Syracuse House, Monday night

WELL, Syracuse is done for; the meeting tonight is not what it should have been, nor would have been had the weather been better yesterday & today; yesterday the storm was so severe that very few were at Church when the notices were read, & this evening the streets were afloat with slush — however, there were some three hundred and fifty or four hundred of excellent quality, a good energetic committee was appointed by his Honor the Mayor who presided, and all are sanguine of raising at least two hundred dollars per month. This is now the point to which I bend my strength: these committees of gentlemen who canvass cities where they are formed & procure what they can in sums from ten cents up to as many dollars, to be given each month while the war lasts to the Sanitary

Commission. It's a pleasant way (this for your private ear) of estimating the amount of good that I accomplish. The cities from Troy to this place will collectively pour at least a thousand dollars a month into the San. Com. warehouses, plus the labor expended in making up the garments. So, let's draw a little comfort when we know that we are really helping on this war. If I should stop at this very point I really think that my labors have not been in vain. To be the means of adding ten or twelve thousand dollars per year to the San. Com. is really worth a good deal of personal sacrifice — isn't it? Mr. May is chairman of the Committee appointed this evening & he assured me that the money to be collected shall never be diverted from the San. Com. no dollar shall go to the Boss devil or his chief aide, the Christian Commission. I think you'd laugh to see me perched up in a pulpit, hammering the cushion & thumping the Bible. I was very much tickled at Troy at what my friend Dick Hall told me; after his return from my meeting he met a young friend of his & asked him where he'd been, his friend replied that he'd been to hear a Mr. Furness tell about the San. Com. "Well," said Dick, "What did you think of him?" "My!" replied the young man, "ain't he gay! he was got up perfectly regardless, for a clergyman." I have taken the hint & I am now very particular about the "Esq." to which I am entitled. . . .

To his Wife

Rochester, March 5, '63
Osburn House, Thursday

. . . I AM growing wondrous weary. It is not the mere speaking that tires me, on the contrary, I rather like it, but it is the dreadful preliminaries, the running about all day, sent hither & thither by lukewarm creatures anxious only to get rid of me, promising cordial co-operation with their lips & damning me in their hearts, having to repeat the same things over & over again until it becomes frightfully mechanical. I verily believe I could introduce myself & the purpose of my visit & a general sketch of the San. Com. in my sleep. It monopolises my thoughts & invades my dreams, damn it, when I want to dream of other things. And the devil of it all is that I know I do it all too well for me to drop it on the score of incompetence. . . .

To his Wife

Rochester, March 6, '63
Osburn House, Friday Night

I AM much more cheerful tonight than last night. The Providence scheme is abandoned unless tomorrow's mail counsel otherwise from old Bellows. My hardest, dirtiest work here in Rochester is over & I feel that I have gained a huge point here. The city had actually pledged itself to the Boss devil & his Prime minister, the Christian Commission. I had a meeting of the ladies this P.M. & talked with

them about two hours & completely turned them round. They voted unanimously to request me to deliver a public address, which I have agreed to do on Monday, March 16th, a week hence; they in the meantime will use every exertion to make the meeting large & successful. I created quite a little tempest of enthusiasm for the San. Com. & after my remarks a capital incident occurred. A man had come in during my preachment, & when I had finished he arose & told how sixteen Rochester boys would have died but for the San. Com. He was a most honest, tender-hearted man, a chaplain I should think, & before he got through the many instances where the San. Com. had rescued his Rochester boys from suffering & death, the poor man broke down & the tears ran over his face, & he fairly sobbed out, "I pray God to bless every man connected with this blessed institution." Of course this following upon my remarks, & without the faintest possibility of collusion was most telling, & I could scarcely keep my countenance at the sight of ladies who only two weeks ago pledged all their assistance first to the New York State Relief Assoc. & then all the rest to the Christian Commission, now throwing over both & eager to help the San. Com.

To his Wife

Bloomsburg, Pa., April 26, '63
Exchange Hotel, Sunday

. . . Doubtless God could have made a viler, dirtier, slipshodder hole than Catawissa, but doubt-

less God never did — It hasn't more than forty houses in it & they are all tumbling to bits. I had my rencontre with the Post Master which I have mentioned & will not repeat; the remembrance is not pleasant. I instantly hired a horse & buggy to drive over here to Bloomsburg, four miles. I was mad, morose & murderous & had the driver been one degree above the brute creation in stupidity & had intruded upon me his remarks, I should infallibly have mashed him. As it was, I listened to him as I would have to the snorting of a horse. At times I couldn't avoid hearing what he said nor from being amused at his surprising ignorance. He was a stout good-looking fellow of thirty with a fine beard & moustache & had I been in any other mood I could have got a good deal out of him. He had been talking for some time, what about the Lord only knows. I was wrapped up in my disappointment, half longing for the huge rocks along which our road wound to cover me up till next Tuesday when I could crawl out & get a letter, when my ears caught my Jehu saying: "I only wish I had old Jeff Davis by the throat; I guess I'd get a power of money if I ketched him; I'd be independent; wouldn't people subscribe money for me? I could buy up all Bloomsburg or at least half of it." After a while, turning to me, he asked, "They ain't taken Charleston yet, hev they?" "No, not yet," I answered. "Awful lot of people killed there, wan't there?" "Why, no," I replied, "not a dozen." "I want to know!" he replied with the most un-

feigned astonishment; "everybody tells me that there were two hundred thousand killed there!" So we went on to Bloomsburg, the sun shining brightly, the sky cloudless & the wind a hurricane & the roads shocking.

I reached there just in time for dinner & immediately after went to work.

Rev. Waller out of town.

Mrs. Rev. Waller at home. Asked me to tea & sent little George Waller round with me to hunt deacons. Ferreted out three & held a consultation. Concluded that the Methodist Church being larger, was better than the Presbyterian. Accompanied by our deacon I unearthed Methodist parson Rev. John. "No right to dispose of the Church, the presiding Elder being in town." Accompanied by Rev. John, the Presiding Elder, Brother Reese, was waylaid in a Grocery store & his assent gained. With Rev. John I then went round to the other clergymen & so on the same old weary round of which I have had now such a nauseating dose for the last seven months. At last it was all arranged —I am to speak tonight in the Methodist Church — and I went quietly to tea to Mr. Waller's who had returned. . . .

I have just returned from my meeting; the Church was crammed. There must have been at least five or six hundred people, but as a whole it was not a congenial audience. I couldn't get interested in them one bit. The Church was intolerably hot, & in the pulpit between the astral lamps it was fire itself. . . .

However, it's all over & Praise ye the Lord, it's one step towards home. . . .

The tour through Pennsylvania was the last extended trip that Furness made for the Sanitary Commission. Until the close of the War his work lay in Philadelphia, with only short trips to the smaller towns to urge to greater activity the organizations he had established, or to Washington to consult with Mr. Olmsted so that the Philadelphia branch might be in constant touch with the base of operations. Then, too, came frequent calls from the front for assistants to the hospitals and for agents to distribute supplies when the flood of wounded after a great battle overtaxed the capacity of those to whom such duties regularly fell.

Throughout the gloomy months of the summer of 1863 it is interesting to know that his belief in the ultimate triumph of right never wavered. This deep note of trustfulness is sounded in a few letters to an English friend which have fortunately been preserved to be included here. The friend was Edmund K. Muspratt, of Liverpool; he and Furness had met and found each other congenial companions at Munich during the winter of 1855. Until the beginning of the war they had corresponded irregularly, but when hostilities began, and the attitude of the British Government was markedly in favour of the Confederates, Furness allowed the correspondence to lapse. He preferred rather to have his friend believe him negligent than to break the friendship by expressing his bitter opinion of England's stand. As soon, however, as a letter came from Muspratt assuring Furness that the

position which his Government took in regard to the War in America was distasteful to the majority of intelligent Englishmen, that the rights of the cause for which the North was fighting, had begun to penetrate the barricade of lies and prejudice which the press had placed between the British people and the truth, then did Furness gladly resume his correspondence with his friend of the old Munich days, telling him how relieved he was to hear of his sympathy and urging him to use his influence in spreading this sympathetic understanding throughout Great Britain.

Furness undoubtedly trusted that other eyes than Muspratt's might read these letters, or at least the purport of his exposition of Northern ideals might fertilize in some small measure the fallow soil of British opinion and turn the press-fostered criticism to commendation.

To Edmund K. Muspratt

Philadelphia, June 24, 1863

My dear old friend: I can't tell you how glad I am to hear of you once more. Your letter of Jan'y 29, to my Father, I received only a few days ago. I have been away from home nearly the whole winter, only returning for a day or two at a time, and as your letter came during one of my absences it quite slipped my Father's memory. He begs me to present to you his apologies, with the assurance of his intention to acknowledge its receipt, but which the anxiety and excitement of the times caused him to forget.

Of course, you dear fellow, I was not surprised to hear that you fully sympathised with us in the present struggle. No true-minded man could do otherwise. It is the battle of Liberty against Slavery on as true an issue as the world ever saw. We were slow to believe it, but every day that the war is prolonged is opening our eyes. To me the struggle is unspeakably grand, it has given me a country. From the first uprising of the people after the attack on Fort Sumter I have been joyous, proud, happy & exhilarated. It takes a century of peace to educate a nation & we have gained a century's experience in two years. No greater misfortune could have happened to us than to have been enabled to crush this rebellion at the outset. The compromises of the Constitution would have been reënacted with a hundred fold vigour. And now every hour that the war lasts diminishes, thank God! the prospect of such a termination.

But, my dear Muspratt, we have been grieved at England's conduct. We certainly had a right to expect a different course from a nation that had abolished slavery & the slave trade. Madness seems to have seized the rulers of England. They seem to have been doing their very best to alienate our respect & friendship. At times it seems to me as though our feelings were not so bitter against the South as against England. The Southerners are so manifestly what their circumstances have made them. But there is no such excuse in Eng-

land & thank God for John Bright, Francis Newman, John Stuart Mill & yourself. We are all now in excitement over the threatened invasion of the North. In me it causes no alarm. I am not so sure but that the loss of Harrisburg, Philadelphia or even Washington might not be the best thing for us. We have not yet begun to feel the war, that is, in our outward circumstances. Of course our hearts have been wrung by the loss of our dear friends. Did you know of poor Savage's death? He was Lieutenant Col. of the 2nd Massachusetts, and lost an arm & a leg at the battle of Antietam last Sept. & died a prisoner in Richmond. He fought gloriously & was idolized by his Regiment.

But, my dear Muspratt, let me know something of yourself. What are you doing? Do you still live in Seaforth Hall? Commend me most respectfully to your wife. As for me, I have been married these three years & have a little son two years old. Voilà tout. Blight sends you a great deal of love. Do let me hear from you soon, & believe me, my dear Muspratt,

With great love & regard, your old friend

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Edmund K. Muspratt

Philadelphia, Aug. 31, 1863

I CANNOT tell you, my dear Muspratt, how heartily I welcomed your letter of Aug. 14 which reached me day before yesterday. It gave me a flood of light when all had been dark. It's very hard to

keep your faith alive without nourishment. I knew that John Bright couldn't be the popular man he is without having crowds of adherents, friends, & followers who think and feel as he does, but then we hear so little from them, and every newspaper in the United Kingdom, except the "London Star," seems to have joined in the howl against us, urged on by such men as Thackeray & Carlyle! I declare my faith was flickering, but what you say about the Lancashire operatives is so grand, that it inspires it anew, & I continue to hope for England for their sakes & for yours.

It was indeed a gloomy time when I last wrote to you. For two days before Meade's Army had come up to Lee's & when the latter seemed to carry everything before him, I confess I felt a little depressed, not for the ultimate triumph of the cause, but for the fate of this dear city of Phila. & for the fate of my own family, my father a well-known Abolitionist, North & South, & who would not, of course, as would none of us, have left the city had the Rebels entered it. But nous avons changé tout cela, and all things progress grandly. And that Rebel invasion turned out a great blessing — as does everything which reveals the monstrous character of the Rebellion. No greater misfortune could have befallen this country than a triumph for the United States at the first battle at Bull Run two years ago. With every defeat we have made an advance, & at last the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence, that all men

are born free & equal, is dawning upon the minds of the nation as a great truth. Had we been victorious in our first great battle, the Rebellion would have been crushed & the South restored to its old position with fresh guarantees for Slavery & the country would have been doomed, but, thank God! it was otherwise & that same fervent ejaculation I have uttered after every defeat until the eyes of the North were opened to the nature of the foe that had assaulted it, & it was clearly seen that it was Slavery & nothing else. Then, too, the North had to learn that Slavery was to be hated not only for its horrible effect upon the poor slave, but for its worse effect upon the Master, transforming men, polished in manner, & refined in intellect, into very demons and fiends. Southern chivalry is never spoken of now without a sneer, & men now are beginning to discern that Slavery works the steady & sure decay of all courtesy, and morality & honor & religion. For myself I can only feel profound commiseration for the Rebels as victims of circumstances. They could no more help becoming what they are than they could stop the growth of their bodies. It's a grand thing for a nation, given over to matter-of-fact commerce, to begin to have faith in an unmaterial idea — the idea of Liberty, & to realize the truth of what Lessing said that he who binds a chain round a fellow man binds the heaviest end around himself. Indeed, my dear Muspratt, the times to me are full of cheer, & have been so from the very first; the

gloomiest time of my whole life was the winter preceding the outbreak of the rebellion when we seemed to be splitting up into numberless factions all of us to become the easy prey of the South. But the good God was working silently, & all of a sudden one cannon from Charleston turned us all into one nation with a heart beating for our country. Then for the first instant in my life I had a country, one where I dared think & speak, & not the vile mockery of a republic that we had before. Could anything have turned out more grandly than the New York riots! Those poor negroes were as truly martyrs for the nation as any that have fallen on battle-fields; the glare of their burning houses revealed the character of the mob, & showed its Southern origin. Everywhere else the draft has been carried out not only quietly, but in many places, as for instance here in Phila. with hurrahs, & with the whole crowd singing the Star-Spangled Banner at the close of each day's proceeding. It is said that the Army of the Potomac is reinforcing with these conscripts at the rate of a thousand per day. Everything looks bright. Charleston I expect will hold out for some time, & from Vicksburg I expect we have learned patience. But my time is more than up & I have a thousand things that I want to talk to you about, a letter is so very unsatisfactory. My brother William is far from well. His nature is very excitable & these times have fairly worn him out. He has gone with his wife & little girl, three years old, to Massachusetts, where

in perfect quiet he hopes to restore his health. My younger brother is a Captain of Cavalry & has been in the field from the first. I have a little boy Walter some thirty months old. Blight is not married, tho' he wishes he were; he is off in Rhode Island for a few weeks. I enclose you a photo which tells its own story, & which you may do some good with. God bless you for all you are doing. Do write soon again & believe me, my dear Muspratt,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Edmund K. Muspratt

Philadelphia, Nov. 24, 1863

I WAS very glad to receive your letter of Oct. 31st, & still more glad to have you ask the questions which I will do my best to answer, and which certainly ought not to be a difficult matter for a lawyer and an American.

You say that many of you (although you are not one) think that we cannot conquer the South without the loss of our own liberty. I suppose the acquiescence of the country in the suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus is the best proof to which you can point of what you say. Now this suspension is very limited in its extent; it applies only to a certain class of cases; in all others it is in daily, almost hourly employment. These cases wherein the writ is suspended are those where the government, having excellent knowledge of the plottings of treason, must instantly arrest and incarcerate

the traitor without the delay or the publicity of a trial, which would compel either the discharge of the prisoner, or the disclosure on the part of the Government of its system of secret police at home, or its espionage within the rebel lines. You are very much mistaken if you think that there is no investigation into the circumstances of the case. This investigation is speedy & strict, & the friends of the traitor are allowed full liberty to bring forward evidence of his innocence, (but how seldom is it ever attempted!) If innocence be proved immediate liberty follows, and the citizen has then his right of action against the government with damages, a suit, by the way, of which I believe there has been but one solitary instance, & this has fallen through. Moreover, what loyal citizen, in the hour of his country's extreme peril, would not willingly suffer temporary confinement rather than by his action clog the wheels of governm't & thereby aid and abet treason? What ninety & nine liberty-loving loyal men are there who would not gladly undergo momentary inconvenience rather than that one traitor should escape? Who raises any outcry against this temporary suspension of the Hab. Corpus but traitors and the comforters of traitors? For me it possesses no more terrors than the Russian Knout. This suspension is expressly granted in the Constitution in the cases of "foreign invasion & *rebellion*," & it requires no great flight of imagination to see how utterly futile every attempt of the Government to put down this rebel-

lion would be without the exercise of this prerogative. It was said by a lawyer in 1861, before the suspension, that, except in procuring the muster-rolls, there could, without difficulty, be drawn an affidavit which any wretch might swear to, but which would make it the legal duty of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to bring the army covering Washington back to Baltimore, & relinquish our Capitol to the rebels.

Moreover, this writ of Hab. Corp. is and always has been in operation in cases where one might almost with reason expect an appeal to martial law. At this very minute there is a soldier in prison in this state, who, while on duty as a sentry, and acting under what he believed to be his orders, shot a citizen; the regiment was on the eve of its departure for Charleston, but the soldier was removed by Hab. Corp. from the custody of his Colonel & is now awaiting his trial before a civil tribunal for manslaughter. Another instance occurred at the beginning of the war when our military ardor was at its height. A regiment actually on its march to the field of war when a writ of Hab. Corp. was served upon its Colonel by the Father of a private who he alleged was under age & had enlisted without his consent. The Col. halted his regiment in the street outside of our Court here, & entered it in full uniform to answer the summons, but not one step would the Judge allow him to take within the bar nor to utter one word until he had laid aside his sword. Nor did

the Colonel hesitate one minute, but at once gave his sword to an attendant outside & listened in a deferential silence to the reprimand of the Judge. This doesn't look very much like succumbing to military despotism, does it? The soldier, by the way, was delivered, on proof, to his father & the regiment proceeded on its march.

You say, my dear Edmund, that war tends to despotism. This is perfectly true of all wars but a people's war, like ours. In the first place, this war is an exception to all wars; it stands thus far alone in history & is its own only parallel, it is sui generis. By way of proof, where in history, in what age, in what country, will you find an instance of soldiers in actual service, encamped on battle-fields in the midst of an active campaign, deciding what principles the war shall be carried on & by what policy their generals shall be guided, as was the case in our army during the late "Fall Elections"? In the second place, the generals control the army, but the people control the generals, and no single instance has occurred where a general has dared to defy this powerful master. No matter how popular a general may be, no matter how idolised by his soldiers, the order issues from Washington for his removal, & he retires without a murmur of complaint, & both his soldiers & the public feel assured that it has not been done on frivolous or insufficient grounds, & that the propriety of the President's course will in the end be apparent to all. Just look at that army of the Potomac & note

by how many successive Generals it has been commanded each one more or less the idol of their troops, Scott, McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker & now Meade. Each one of them always within one, two or three days march of Washington and at the head of a hundred thousand soldiers, could have taken possession of the government, its buildings & archives, without a blow. But never a syllable of remonstrance escaped their lips as the successive orders for their removal were issued. They knew that though the men they commanded were soldiers, they were also citizens, and that in the suppression of the rebellion the humblest drummer boy and the Major-General are alike interested. I am proud of our army in the hour of victory but I confess to a higher pride in our soldiers when I see this sublime deference to civil authority pervading every rank from the highest to the lowest.

Now let me turn to what you say of our "idolatry of the Constitution." Here, my dear Edmund, you are all astray, & it is probably impossible that it should be otherwise. At the distance of three thousand miles the cries of all parties become mingled & confused. To explain myself let me go a little deeper into History. When the Constitution was forming the idea of introducing the word "slave" into it was scouted with indignation by its framers. It was considered disgraceful in itself & not a man of them had the remotest idea that slavery would survive the twenty years' lease of life

given to the African slave trade. The consequence is that as the instrument now stands had it descended to us from antiquity no man alive could imagine that it protected human slavery. The very article authorising the Fugitive Slave Law, declares simply in reference to "fugitives from labor" which may mean nothing more nor less than "apprentices." Of course a pro-slavery Bench interprets this as referring to slaves, & the South have therefore always been careful to have a majority of the Supreme Bench composed of Slaveholders. The Constitution thus held to cover Slavery has always been the cry of the South, & now when the South has rebelled it has become the rallying cry of their friends, their aiders, & abettors at the North & in their mouths means nothing on God's earth but Slavery. Having been interpreted as fostering slavery, they wish no new rendering of it which shall reverse the old hellish decisions & the pro-slavery party at the North now show their meaning when they call for "The Union as it was & the Constitution as it *is*." One needs no better proof of the shallowness of their love, & that this vehemence of affection is but the flimsiest cloak for their worship of slavery, than is to be found in the fact that for years & years past, the Constitution every letter of which they profess to venerate so deeply has been systematically disobeyed and trampled upon by Southern legislative enactments in one of its most precious & vital articles, occurring, moreover, in the very section in

which is the clause on which the Fugitive Slave Law is founded, viz.: "that the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges & immunities of citizens in the several states." I needn't refer to the treatment that has for years past been the lot of Northern citizens who, while in the slave states, were suspected of the faintest lukewarmness towards slavery. To have a copy of Henry Ward Beecher's Paper, "The Independent," in your possession was sufficient evidence to hang you on the nearest tree. The price set years ago on Wm. Lloyd Garrison's head by the State of Alabama was never repealed. No colored citizen of New York or Massachusetts (negroes vote in these states) could go in a ship to South Carolina, without being put in prison during the stay of the ship in port should he attempt to land. It would take pages to rehearse the numberless ways in which this clause of our Constitution was utterly scorned by the very men who were most clamorous for the strict observance of the whole instrument. We of the North honor and obey the Constitution for all its wise & beneficent provisions, the Southerners & the friends of traitors at the North howl their admiration for it only so far as it is interpreted to protect slavery.

One thing more, my dear Edmund, & I must bring this long letter to a close. You say "our Constitution has *one great* fault, it is not progressive." I think you must have forgotten the Fifth Article which provides for its amendment, when-

ever three-fourths of the several states shall agree upon any proposed revision. Three several times has our Constitution been amended to suit new wants as they arose. Ten amendments were adopted in 1789, an eleventh in 1794, and a twelfth in 1803. Really this seems to me to contain at least the elements of sufficient progress. It were dangerous to admit much more. Forever remember that the sole solitary cause of this war is slavery. It is the Alpha & Omega of the whole matter. Whenever you are in doubt in reference to past springs of action, turn to slavery & note its bearing & you will have the key to unlock every mystery.

And now, you dear old fellow, do let me hear very soon again from you. I look to you to reconcile me to England — England that I have known & loved all my life has treated me foully; I looked to find fruit & lo! my mouth is filled with the Apples of Sodom & the clusters of Gomorrah. You must give me a new England. Good-bye to my old love & welcome to the new. On your conscience will it rest, that England has one enemy the less in America. So write at once. Thank God! for Henry Ward Beecher! He has done nobly. The other half of his work remains for him to do here in America. By the way, I have written this letter solely to you, talking in imagination right into your very face, & with no thought of others, but if you think that any one grain of what is here written can do the faintest good if scattered abroad, cast it forth for the roadside, the stony

places or for the good ground. I sent you a photo of the "Scourged Back," did I not? was it new to you? I sent one also to Carlyle, simply saying, over my signature: "Please observe an instance of '*hiring for life.*' God forgive you for your cruel jest & your blindness." Wonder what he thought when he saw it.

But good-bye, my dear Edmund, pray allow me to send my respects to Mrs. Muspratt. Blight sends his love.

Now mind you write soon and always believe me

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Edmund K. Muspratt

Philadelphia, Nov. 14, 1866

MY DEAR EDMUND: If you were anyone else than the dear good, honest, kindly fellow that I knew & loved in Munich, I should never dare to write this letter, my manifold sins of omission you-wards would palsy my hand and freeze my ink. But under the circumstances I shall borrow some London assurance and take your pardon for granted since I so earnestly desire it. Why should I rehearse my long catalogue of sins? Your last letter unanswered. Your admirable Lecture unacknowledged. And your nephew unseen. I know that I'm an abandoned wretch, but will you forgive me? . . .

And now in the revolving years this dear country of mine is, I fear me, approaching another and

terribly severe crisis. I have the firmest of faiths that it will pass through it in safety and then Republican Government will have stood the last great test. The Republic has survived a gigantic rebellion, the Assassination of its President, and now it must withstand and counteract the plottings in the Presidential Chair of as vile a traitor as ever it fought in the field. There is of course talk of an impeachment &c., but I hardly think it will come to that. It may, and my assurance is that Congress will not attempt it unless sufficiently powerful to carry it through to a deposition of President Johnson. The infliction of his presence in the Capitol is, to my mind, a just punishment upon the Republican party for its temporising and compromising spirit. His nomination as Vice President was a truckling to that vile Border State policy which for so long hampered Pres't Lincoln. Johnson's loyalty was simply hatred of slaveholders, & his hatred arose simply because he was not acknowledged by them as one of them, as a gentleman; he had been a traitor and was consequently only "poor white trash" in their eyes. And to a man of his ambition, socially even more than politically this ostracism was to him intolerable. When therefore he became President & found his former superiors, the haughty gentlemen whose faintest nod of approval he would have given anything to win in years back, when he found these very men on their knees before him begging for life & property, courting & fawning

upon him, flattering his every expression, it was more than his egotism could bear & he has become their most willing tool.

Thank God! these last elections have given no uncertain sound. The loyal party of the country is firmer & stronger today than ever, and every day it grows more radical, and even therefore stronger. What the extreme radicals at first only whisperingly hinted at, is now openly discussed, and in some quarters Universal Suffrage is loudly proclaimed. To that we have got to come. It is our most manifest destiny. And I can see how Johnson has been Heaven's means of unconsciously and most unwittingly aiding in the glorious consummation. Paradoxically the South after all has been the best friend to Universal Freedom.

But I must stop. My time is up. Do write me if only a few lines to tell me I am forgiven. I send you by this mail a copy of a speech by Carl Schurz, one of our great acquisitions from Germany, a man honored by Lincoln's most intimate friendship, and of Johnson's too on the latter's very first accession to power. It is a masterly speech & will give you an idea of the President's treachery far better than anyth'g else I know.

Tell me all about yourself. How many children have you? I have three, all boys. Can't you send me your Photograph? or of your entire family — by no one that you can think of will they be more highly valued than by

Your true old friend

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

CHAPTER IV

1867–1885

The manifold activities of the Sanitary Commission did not come to a sudden stop with the cessation of hostilities; there were still many important duties for the personnel to perform, and the demobilization of the army added to the burden rather than lightened it. Pensions, vital statistics, relief to be rendered to the families of dead soldiers, were part of the host of details which in the difficulties of the Reconstruction fell to the lot of the members of the Sanitary Commission. In these circumstances Horace Howard Furness was not able to pick up the threads of his law practice immediately. Slowly his duties connected with the Sanitary Commission diminished, but even as with the gradual shift of affairs, he found time to return to the bar, his increasing deafness made this profession less practicable. In the very nature of his ailment active practice became impossible, and, although he remained a Counsellor-at-Law until 1880, the duties at his office did not fulfil his capacity for work. The study of Shakespeare proved the fortuitous task for his unoccupied hours. With the need of the Shakspere Society in his thoughts, the experience with the voluminous "Hamlet" variorum in his mind, and Fanny Kemble's fas-

cinating readings in his heart, in 1866 he began work on the New Variorum *Romeo & Juliet.*

To assume the editing of a New Variorum was, for a young American (Furness was only thirty-three at the time), almost a Quixotic undertaking. There was only scant attention paid to Shakespeare by American scholars, a fact which not only made it difficult to find students to whom the editor might turn for advice and counsel, but also made any publisher wary of placing an edition of doubtful popularity before the public: the risk was so great that it would fall still-born from the press. In addition to the difficulties which beset Furness on this side of the water, there was grave doubt whether such an edition would be received with favour in England; the ability of American scholars was not at that time rated very high, and, moreover, there were scores of English Shakespearean students who were prepared to criticize severely any work which they might consider encroached upon their bailiwick.

These were the manifest difficulties that attended the editing of *Romeo & Juliet.* Furness, nevertheless, took up the task eagerly, and worked assiduously, receiving aid and advice from the interested members of the Shakspere Society, and counsel and encouragement from such scholars as W. J. Rolfe, editor of "The Rolfe Shakespeare," Francis J. Child, Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard, and other friends among the learned men of Cambridge. Edwin Forrest lent his copies of the second

and third folios to the young editor and showed his keen interest in the progress of the work.

So *Romeo & Juliet* prospered, and when the major part of the manuscript was complete he took it to J. B. Lippincott & Company, of Philadelphia, and persuaded them reluctantly to undertake its publication. Their consent was won not because they believed that the volume was destined to be a financial success, but because they desired to send a volume of theirs to compete for the medal offered by the Division of Printing in the Vienna Exposition, and they believed an edition of Shakespeare would prove a fitting and suitable entry.

The mechanical work of publishing was started in 1870 and the publishers mailed a prospectus of the forthcoming work to students of Shakespeare in America and England. And thereby hangs a tale. A copy of this prospectus reached the hands of William Aldis Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge, editor (in conjunction with W. G. Clark) of the Cambridge Edition of Shakespeare. Certain of the statements therein contained, Mr. Wright resented. He wrote the following letter of protest to the London *Athenæum:*

"I have just received from Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, a prospectus of a new edition of Shakespeare, of which they announce that the first volume, containing 'Romeo and Juliet,' is in the press. It is to be edited by Mr. Horace Howard Furness, but I hope it is the publishers who are responsible for the prospectus, and not the editor.

"The prospectus states: 'The text will be that of the Cambridge editors and to the textual notes of that edition will be added the various readings of the following editors: Singer (edd. 1 and 2), Knight (edd. 1 and 2), Campbell, Cornwall, Collier (edd. 1 and 2), Verplanck, Hazlitt, Hudson, Ulrici, Delius, Staunton, Dyce (edd. 1 and 2), White, Chambers, Halliwell, Clarke and Keightly. . . .

"'To the literary public we beg leave to state that in this work there will be found not only the textual variations of the quartos and folios as given in the Cambridge edition of Messrs. Clarke (*sic*) and Wright, but also the various readings of the different editions since 1821.'

"In this statement there is a misrepresentation so gross that, whether intentional or not, I feel bound to protest against it. To have the whole of our hard work thus deliberately appropriated is of itself sufficiently aggravating, but not more than might have been reasonably expected. What I complain of is that Messrs. Lippincott & Co. by their prospectus convey the impression that the Cambridge edition contains only the various readings of the quartos and folios, and does not contain the conjectural emendations of the different editors since 1821, whereas it is impossible to open the book at any page without seeing that our plan includes all these. If they choose to print our notes in full, we are powerless to prevent them, but it would be better that they should say so plainly.

"William Aldis Wright"

Upon such provocation Horace Howard Furness could not remain silent. He replied to Mr. Wright, in the columns of the *Athenæum:*

"It was with the greatest astonishment that I read Mr. Wright's note, as, in my simplicity, I was under the impression that the adoption of the Cambridge editors' text in such a work as mine proposes to be, and the use made therein of their notes, were a tribute to that edition, which, if it received any notice at all from the Cambridge editors, would be courteously acknowledged. I am therefore much beholden to Mr. Wright, for thus early calling my attention to the matter. . . .

"I now proceed to answer the direct charge of 'gross misrepresentation' contained, as Mr. Wright alleges, in the following statement in the prospectus of the 'New Variorum' addressed 'to the literary public,' to the effect that in the forthcoming work 'will be found, not only all the textual variations of the Quartos and Folios as given in the Cambridge edition, . . . but also the various readings of the different editions since 1821.' This implies, according to Mr. Wright, that 'the Cambridge edition contains only the various readings of the Quartos and Folios, and does not contain the conjectural emendations of the different editors since 1821, whereas it is impossible to open the book at any page without seeing that our plan includes all these.' The old saw of Horace comes to hand in a very modern instance; Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio. I cheerfully apologise to Mr. Wright for using 'to

the literary public,' a phrase which I should not have employed in addressing an exact classical scholar like himself, to whom the words variæ lectiones convey but one meaning, and that their only correct one. Had Mr. Wright waited for the forthcoming volume of 'Romeo and Juliet' he would have learnt from the Preface that by *readings* I mean the *texts* of the quartos, folios, and editors, and that I do not bind myself to give all the *conjectural emendations* with which conceit and ignorance have so thickly strewn the paths of the Shakespeare student. I shall never cumber my pages with the nonsense of Zackery Jackson, or of his 'copesmate,' Beckett, except where such a *conjectural emendation* as 'unawares' for 'runaways' has been raised to the dignity of a reading by its adoption into the text by such editors as Knight and Collier in their first editions. Sydney Walker and Lettsom felt the force of this distinction to a certain extent when they used the word 'sophistications.' But Mr. Wright asserts that the plan of the Cam. edition includes all *conjectural emendations* since 1821. If such be the plan, the execution of it is very far from being either complete or exact. . . . [There follows a long list of errors which H. H. F. found in the Cambridge Edition.

. . . "Here I close this list of errors, omissions, and shortcomings of the Cambridge Edition in the single play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and I do most earnestly assure Mr. Wright that I never should have gathered them together had he not intimated

that I am about 'deliberately' to 'appropriate' his 'hard work'; but I gave him credit for every letter of it, claiming none for correcting the errors of the Cambridge editors, and I added so much more, and so much harder work of my own, that, so far from ever having thought that I was doing them any wrong, I supposed that I was merely rendering more complete their defective observance of the excellent rules laid down by them in their Preface: see vol. 1, page xx. But this is now a matter of the past. Indeed the textual variations which in the New Variorum would be almost double in bulk those of the Cambridge Edition, were I to use that edition as I proposed, which now I shall not, have always appeared to me to be of somewhat secondary consideration in my edition, and to note and record them has been far less difficult — the 'work' of collating between twenty and thirty editions, far less 'hard' than that of preparing a concise, accurate, faithful digest of all of the various notes of the learned editors before and since 1821. This is what I have attempted, and *hic labor*, etc. Add to this the toil of scouring the French and German fields for stray readings and conjectural emendations and criticisms, vague or otherwise, and then let Mr. Wright talk of my robbing him of his 'hard work.' In which Preface of the Cambridge volumes is there any acknowledgment of 'Jennen's hard work,' the first editor who ever attempted in footnotes a systematic and thorough collation of the quartos and folios? The Cambridge editors,

owing to their having access to the original copies, I have all along presumed to be absolutely correct in their collation of the quartos and folios. In nine cases out of ten they give all the important textual variations of the editors down to 1821. But if they claim more than this, as Mr. Wright does, the effect will be to cast an uncomfortable doubt over even their collation of the quartos and folios.". . .

The Cambridge editor replied:

"My reply to Mr. Furness will be very simple. Regarded as an answer to my protest, nine-tenths of his letter is irrelevant; I leave you to judge whether the remainder is satisfactory. Mr. Furness appears to answer an entirely imaginary letter of mine. . . . Nor did I assert that the Cambridge Shakespeare was infallible, though any one would imagine from Mr. Furness's letter that I had been rash enough to do so. If, with the worst possible intentions, he has been unable to make out any better case than he has done, the editors have every reason to be satisfied with the substantial accuracy of their book. . . .

. . . "Mr. Furness endeavours to use against us the *tu quoque* argument when he accuses us of not acknowledging our obligations to Jennens. But he fails to perceive that the cases are not parallel. In the last century (1770, 1773) Jennens issued four plays of Shakespeare, with the various readings, not by any means complete, of the quartos and folios. As we collated every line of these for

ourselves, and did not transfer to our pages the results of the labours of Jennens, I cannot see why we should be called upon to acknowledge an obligation which we never incurred. Mr. Furness is compelled to take our work, for the simple reason that he cannot do without it, and it would be much more to the purpose to say so at once than to vapour about repudiating the obligation. We have no wish to disparage the severity of the task to which Mr. Furness has set himself, because we know by experience what it is; but when he talks lightly of the labour involved in collating twenty or thirty editions, we strongly suspect he does not know what collating means.

"One word more, and I have done. Mr. Furness has entered upon a very important, a very laborious, and a very difficult work, and I doubt not he will discharge his duty as editor with the most scrupulous conscientiousness; but if he hopes that the result of all his care will be absolute freedom from error, he is more sanguine than I should venture to be. I sincerely wish that he may live to carry out his undertaking, and with this wish I leave him, only bidding him remember that '*Suum cuique* is our Roman justice.'

"William Aldis Wright"

Furness answered the final charges of Mr. Wright in the following letter and withdrew from the duel which from its very nature was distasteful to him:

"For reasons which it is needless to state, and

which could hardly be stated without further provoking a quarrel, I decline to reply to Mr. Wright's last communication in the *Athenæum* of the 19th of March (just received) in reference to the New Variorum, further than to say that when Mr. Wright says that I am 'compelled to use the work' of the Cambridge Editors for the reason that I 'cannot do without it,' he is entirely mistaken.

"I have all the editions that they had, so far as I can gather from their work (except Pope's First Edition, Rowe's Second and Rann's) besides others that they, apparently, have not used. I have the Four Folios and Mr. Halliwell's Facsimiles of the Quartos. So far as being compelled to take the work of the Cambridge Editors, I could not if I would, with any regard to the accuracy of my edition, now that I have subjected theirs to a rigid scrutiny.

"So highly have I for many years past esteemed the Cambridge Edition, that even at this present I would gladly prefer to cloak its failings with backward step and averted gaze. But since Mr. Wright 'strongly suspects' that I do 'not know what collating means,' let me say that in the textual notes of the Cambridge Edition, to the single play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' I find that the Cambridge Edition varies in upwards of forty instances from the Second and Third Quartos in the British Museum, from the Fourth and Fifth Quartos in a private library in London, and from the Folios in this city.

"Although for many of these variations an ex-

cuse may be found in the fact that copies of Quartos and Folios of the same date differ; yet this excuse will hardly cover more than double the number of similar shortcomings which I also find in their collation of the different editions from Rowe to Dyce.

"A list of these *Errata* and *Corrigenda* Mr. Wright can have, if he wish for it, in the columns of this or any other public journal that will print them.

"Life is too short to be spent in squabbling. Therefore with many thanks to the *Athenæum* for its courtesy in printing my last long letter, I shall persist in my endeavours to keep the peace.

"HORACE HOWARD FURNESS"

So the tilt in the *Athenæum* ended, and it may be here said that this was the first and last literary discussion which Furness ever undertook. He had a sincere repugnance for all the wranglings between scholars in the columns of the public journals. He was always impressed by their futility and disgusted by their degrading influence upon true literary work. But this exchange of shots with Aldis Wright bore fair fruit. In the ground which the criticism had harrowed was sown the seed of a lifelong friendship; if, as Horace Howard Furness was so fond of saying, "one touch of Shakespeare makes the whole world kin," in this case the touch made brothers of two devoted students of the dramatist. Furness's letters to Wright run through this collection like a vein of

purest gold; when *Romeo & Juliet* finally appeared it received Wright's instant commendation, and ever after the learned Cambridge Editor proved the staunchest of the many friends whom Horace Howard Furness had in England.

To W. Aldis Wright

Philadelphia, April 4, 1870

My dear Mr. Wright: Your very kind note of the 21st ult. I received only a few moments ago, and from it I learn that my letter has appeared in "The Athenæum" (whereof I had not the faintest expectation on many accounts).

It would be difficult for me, were I to attempt it, to express to you the pleasure with which I read your note. All literary quarrels (and especially Shakespearean) are to me most odious, and although my daily profession forces me to live in the rank infection of an atmosphere of antagonism, yet I expect a purer air in the modern world of Shakespearean literature.

Of your very kind offer to verify any doubtful readings of the collation of the Qq & Ff I will gladly avail myself.

I have carefully collated your textual notes with the original Folios, and with Mr. Halliwell's Facsimiles of the Quartos, and have found some twenty or thirty noteworthy discrepancies. The majority of them I sent to Mr. Halliwell, fearing lest, instead of finding errors in your notes, I might be detecting mistakes in his Facsimiles, of

which it was but right that he should receive first notice.

The same mail which brought me your note brought one also from Mr. Halliwell, in which he says that while the originals in his possession confirm his Facsimiles in all points (save one), yet undoubtedly the originals collated by you contained the readings that you record.

Argal, the replication which, lawyerlike, I was preparing in case you should attack me, falls to the ground — and to my great relief.

With your permission, I will, in my first leisure moment, send you this list which, on your verification, will be simply curious as illustrating the variations in copies of the same edition.

With assurances of my great respect, I remain, my dear Sir, in very great haste

Yours sincerely

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Philadelphia, April 9th, '71

MY DEAR SIR: Your kind letter of ever so long ago acknowledging the receipt of Mrs. Furness's Index to Sidney Walker duly reached us & I beg you to accept her acknowledgments of the courtesy. I learned from a letter of Mrs. Wister's, my Sister, that she had the pleasure of meeting you & of the share which her interview with you had in rendering her visit to Cambridge delightful.

I owe you many apologies for the delay in an-

swering your letter, but indeed in my case the plea of lack of time is not a vain one — every hour of my day is crowded.

Among the early copies that I sent to England of the Variorum Romeo & Juliet was one addressed to yourself. I infer that it duly reached you, and am I not correct in inferring that the notice of the book in the Athenæum was from you? If I be right I thank you therefor very sincerely. Our paper warfare was due, I believe, solely to the distance between us — indeed, my dear Sir, so utterly has all thought of antagonism vanished from my mind that I don't hesitate to send you the enclosed list which I am sure you will receive in the same friendly spirit with which it is sent. I simply wish that you may gather from it some idea of the microscopic scrutiny with which I have collated the text and that it may be of service to you in preparing a second edition which I hope may be speedily demanded. Some of these *Corrigenda* (a very vile phrase, but I have to use it in default of a better) may be wrong (I have not revised them) and they are all of them trifling.

What a capital note that is of yours (is it yours) on "one touch of Nature." I wanted to sling my hat around after I read it —

Believe me, dear Sir
Sincerely & faithfully
Yrs.
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To William J. Rolfe

Philadelphia, 27 April, 1871

My dear Rolfe: Perhaps I ought to blush at sending you the enclosed.[1] I know how heinous it is to put Shakespeare to such base uses. But "use doth breed a habit in a man" — and so forgive me my share in the wickedness.

How comes on "The Tempest"?

By the way, it never flashed into my mind till this instant, that in our privately printed notes on that play (a copy was presented to the College Library in Cambridge) some labour might be saved for you, in the way of parallel passages and etc. and etc. There is I remember a very exhaustive *résumé* (I hate that word) of the various conjectures about *most busy least.* And I also remember, that an interpretation of mine was received by my too-partial brothers with some favor.

I would be glad to send you a copy of these "notes," but they have now become as scarce as the old Folios or Quartos.

Yours very sincerely

Horace Howard Furness

Some time ago I received from a Thomas Francis, Surgeon, in Acton, England, an emendation of that passage which certainly has the merit of originality —

"*Most busiliest* when I do it."

Heaven save the mark!

[1] A bill of fare of the annual dinner of the Shakspere Society, wherein the various courses are accompanied by an appropriate Shakespearean quotation.

To W. Aldis Wright

Philadelphia, 8 May, '71

My dear Sir: Is there anything on earth better calculated to teach self-distrust than the attempt to collate old editions or to reprint a Quarto? I am lost in wonder at the moderation of our ancestors in restricting to printers' boys the soubriquet of *devil*, and in not applying it to every member of the establishment. No one will more readily than yourself credit the laborious pains with which I collated Ashbee's Facsimile and your Reprint (which, you rightly conjectured, I used to print from). I fairly rubbed my nose over every word, and glared at every comma, and repeated the same process over the proof-sheets, and yet, out of that list that you kindly sent me, eighteen unpruned, unlettered, untrained, unconformed misprints seared my eyeballs! And I dare say there are lots more. If it be not too much trouble I shall be greatly indebted to you for any others that you may find.

I confess I am much better pleased that you did not write that notice in the Athenæum. What made me doubt that you were its author was that it spoke of the Cam. Ed. as being "thoroughly trustworthy and scholarly," which from your lips might smack of self-praise, but then it asserts a fact so patent and universally accepted that, like Cæsarem vehis, its truth is its justification. Then, too, I doubted whether you would have referred to our old sparring match, especially after I had

not only buried the hatchet, but smoothed the ground over the grave & endeavored to obliterate every trace of the fray. But then who else in the world, I thought, would have taken such pains to subject the book to so speedy and microscopic a collation with the quartos — and the Trinity Quartos at that?

I am glad that you think the belief in an Early English provincial plural in "s" a heresy. Its announcement as a fact grated upon me harshly. We are apt to forget how much Shakespeare wrote by ear, and that too by an ear not trained to all the refinements of Grammatical rules which were to him unknown.

I write this late at night after completing my preparations for moving to the country where I live for six months of the year — and must therefore stop. By the way, my permanent address is simply Philadelphia, the name "Lindenshade," which you very naturally took from Mrs. Furness's Index, is our country home, and letters so addressed reach me only by the wondrous accuracy of the Post Office, and after much delay which accounts for your letter of April 8th coming to hand only a few days since. I am in daily expectation of the receipt from you of a long, long list of misprints in my edition as a Roland to my Oliver. Accept in advance my hearty thanks and believe me

Very sincerely yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. J. Rolfe

Philadelphia, 12 May, 1872

My dear Rolfe: If any one had told me that I should permit ten days to elapse without acknowledging one of your letters accompanied by a book, I should have seized the uncircumcised dog by the throat and smote him repeatedly. But alas! the older I grow the less pride I take in myself. I shall not be surprised to wake up some morning and find that I have reversed every principle by which my life has been guided hitherto.

If there is an excuse for which I have a supreme contempt it is that of "no time" — and yet it is that excuse which I am forever pleading. My days are filled with a round of trivial duties, and when night comes I have to peg away at Shakespeare, for these Philistines of printers are upon me and to read the proof-sheets of textual notes requires the same trouble as to make the original collation; I verify every reading. So between correcting proof and preparing fresh copy evening advances far into night and my average bedtime is about two A.M. . . .

Aha! I found two mis-citations in your *Craik's English* on p. 283 (Note 341) 'Cym. 1. 5' should be Cym. 1. *4* (! ! ! !) Where be your *Scæna* now? But don't let's tell anybody.

I'm very glad that you are going to Europe and pray that smooth success be strewed before your feet.

Yours faithfully

Horace Howard Furness

To W. J. Rolfe

Philadelphia, Sunday P.M. 1872

My dear Rolfe: Of what stuff is the Public made that your Sh. series does not advance, with each new volume, at the pas de charge victoire? That my unworthy, bulky, overgrown, and obese Variorum should be a financial failure is only what a rational man might expect, but that your neat, appetising, and satisfying booklets should not be scintillations of success is what "no fellow can understand." The publishers are your true scapegoats; it's all along of Harpers and Lippincott. They ought to drop every other venture & throw everything into Shakespeare. Who cares for their twaddling Magazines? The only special comfort I can give you is that in your marrowbones you should be grateful that you don't live within earshot of your publisher. A man's tongue is more rasping than his pen — a pen sticks deep & ink festers, but the tongue lays bare whole handbreadths of quivering nerves. "Mr. Lippincott, you put the price of the book too high." "Too high!! the price has nothing to do with it; your book wouldn't sell if I put the price at seventy-five cents." As I think I once said to you, how I revere the memory of Campbell who gave as a toast "Napoleon Bonaparte, because he once shot a publisher."

Nathless, I am going on with "Macbeth" and hope to dismiss it with "frigid tranquility" sometime near February — you'll know when it's out,

one of the very earliest copies must find its way to your hands. . . .

You have never told me how you enjoyed your trip across to England. Did you see any Sh. brothers? Staunton is writing some articles in the Athenæum on "unsuspected corruptions in Sh's text," and writes to me that I can't do Sh'n criticism more good than by a note to the editor of the Athenæum expressing the interest felt here in such and similar articles. So you see, Shakespearean whippers-in are needed all the world over. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, &c. Let me hear the cheering news, dear Rolfe, that you are going ahead with your booklets and believe me

Ever yours

FURNESS

Did you get a letter I wrote to your English address, sometime in July, blackguarding you for hanging over the fleshpots of England while I was here in America?

To W. Aldis Wright

Philadelphia, 7 October, 1872

MY DEAR SIR: Your copy of the Clarendon "Hamlet" reached here during my absence on a summer trip, and since my return a short time ago I have been waiting, before acknowledging my thanks for your kindness, for a leisure hour to devote to your valuable little book.

Your explanation of "tickle o' the sere" carries

immediate and complete conviction. Hereafter let no more Christian ink be shed on that subject, in secula seculorum. The same may be said of Mr. Heath's explanation of "mad north northwest." What a comfort 'twould be to have more such satisfactory notes. And here let me venture the only criticism I have to make on all your Clarendon Press Series, it is the feeling that constantly obtrudes while studying them, that the editors are cabin'd, cribb'd, confined by their limits and by the comparatively juvenile public for whom they profess to write. Scholars have a right to demand the time and the learning which are here given to boys. Why didn't you undertake a thorough, complete Variorum? You had the chance in 1864 when the Tercentenary enthusiasm was at its height, & you could have gathered around you all the scholarship of England. Your sin of omission should be dinned in your ears. I never take up one of your Clarendon Series that this regret for the lost opportunity does not rise painfully. I shall never complete that Variorum; one or two more plays at most is all that I can expect to finish before my death — But I had no thought of saying this when I took up my pen.

Your theory in regard to the Quarto of 1603 is very plausible; and don't you think it could be extended to other plays also where we find marked contrasts in the earliest Quartos? How the mystery thickens around that man, Shakespeare, the more you study him! . . .

Again thanking you for the "Hamlet," I remain, my dear Sir, very truly yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Philadelphia, 15 December, 1872

DEAR SIR: A month or two ago I wrote you a few lines of thanks for the "Hamlet" that you kindly sent me, but as I keep no record whatsoever of my letters I can now neither tell the date nor recall the contents. I spoke of the Clarendon series in terms which fell so far below my true estimate of its value as to be almost depreciatory, or at least negative. I sincerely hope that nothing in my letter bore any other signification than that of complete admiration for that invaluable series. If there were any "buts allaying the good precedence" I pray you ascribe them to hasty writing, one of the banes of my life.

However, be that as it may, what I now desire to do, for my own satisfaction solely, is to say how thoroughly and heartily I admire and applaud your edition of "Macbeth." And now, as my own edition of this play is going through the press, each day's proof-sheets impress me anew with the exhaustive character of the notes of the Clarendon edition. Verily, I am almost tempted at times to dash my own aside, and give the whole thing up; my textual notes are my only stronghold, these your edition lacks, and now and then I don't care much for them. I remember, when in London, hearing many

years ago your Albert Smith tell a story of a countryman of mine whom he had met who proclaimed, "We Americans know 'most everything and things we don't know ain't worth knowing!" Mutato nomine, de *Clarendon*, &c. &c.

There! my dear Sir, I've done my duty to myself, and borne my testimony, at least in part.

Wm. Goodwin, of Harvard College, wrote to me lately that he had passed "a charming evening" with you in Cambridge. Again, a Lieut.-Col. Medley, of the Royal Engineers, dined with us and said that not long ago he had passed a sort of a mathematical evening with your fellow-editor Mr. Clark; and lastly we had the honor one evening of a visit from Prof. Tyndall, who told me that he had once the pleasure of looking over the Shakespeare treasures in Cambridge under your guidance. So that really I seem to have grown quite intimate with you lately.

The mention of the Shakespeare treasures reminds me of a favour that I would ask at your hands. Not long since I bought three Shakespeare Quartos, said to have been once the property of Edward Capell, and by him given to John Collins (whom you recall as the editor of Capell's *Notes*) in whose family they remained until the present time when the grandson was obliged to part with them. The volumes are full of Capell's collations with other Quartos, in red and black ink, and one or two MS. notes. Of course I am naturally anxious to be assured of the genuineness of the hand-

writing which can be done best by a comparison with some of his writing known to be genuine. Enclosed I send you a tracing. Is it asking too much to request you to compare it with some of Capell's that is accessible to you & to let me know your opinion. Of course I value the MS. notes, but I value the Quartos more and they will remain to me even should the former prove to be counterfeit. Pray don't give yourself any trouble about this; it is, as you see, merely the gratification of a more or less idle curiosity — and this life time of ours is precious.

Very sincerely yours
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

I found the task of tracing harder than I thought; what I send you is a very imperfect counterfeit presentment, and will hardly serve the purpose, I fear.

To W. Aldis Wright

Philadelphia, 222 West Washington Square
4 August, 1873

DEAR MR. WRIGHT: Among the very first copies of "Macbeth" that I sent to England was one to you.

Did it ever come to hand?

I don't write to exhort a "thank ye" if ever you received it, but simply, in case of its miscarriage, to send you another copy forthwith for your kind acceptance, and beg you to believe that it is through

no fault of mine that almost the very first copy that reached England was not in your hands.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. J. Rolfe

Philadelphia, 30 November, 1873

DEAR ROLFE: . . . I have been duller than the weed that rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf! (Confound this pen!) I stagger under Hamlet and every now and then I cast the load off altogether and browse in strange pastures and then go back, lift a corner of my old pack and say how heavy it is, and then fall to pitying myself. So it goes.

Mrs. Furness puts me to shame — she is busy with the proof-sheets of her Concordance. She has sentimentally decided to have it of the same size as my Variorum and for convenient reference the Poems are to be printed at the end.

Where's your Photograph that you promised me years ago? Go right off and be took! I actually succeeded in getting Collier[1] to have his tooken; he has a frosty but kindly face.

Now if you don't scratch me off a line sometime to let me know how you are, and what you are doing, you ought to have your eyes picked out with a balladmaker's pen.

Yours faithfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

The initials on the envelope stand for D—n the pen!

[1] Robert Paine Collier.

To W. Aldis Wright

Philadelphia, 222 West Washington Square
7 December, 1873

My dear Sir: . . . I thank you heartily for your kind congratulations on the appearance of "Macbeth." Its success has been far beyond "Romeo & Juliet," or my anticipations. The first edition (of 500 copies) was exhausted in six weeks. It seems now as though I were fairly in for it, and that I must ahead with the other plays, although at times I must confess my flesh quails. The manual labour is so great, especially after all the excitement of the chase is over, and the good done bears so small a proportion to it, such a ha'porth of bread to such an intolerable amount of sack, that my heart sinks within me, and I feel "like giving the whole thing up at once." And the nervousness that haunts your waking and sleeping hours while the sheets are going through the press cannot be exaggerated. I verified in the proof-sheets every reference in the textual notes (and I suppose you did the same), and after all I have but little doubt that my life would be in jeopardy if I were to receive a stroke for every misprint.

I have no special order in which to send out the plays. I had fixed upon Anthony & Cleopatra, simply because that serpent of old Nile charmed me as deeply as ever she did Anthony, and I had the collation all finished when the demand for Hamlet was so emphatic that I yielded and have undertaken that formidable task. It had to be done

sometime and the sooner it's over the sooner to rest, and like the little slave down South, who, when asked why he so persistently kicked his toes against a stone, replied that "they felt so good when they had done aching," I have begun Hamlet for purely selfish reasons. The worst of it is that I am not sustained by the unbounded admiration of Hamlet which is so commonly expressed. There are I think (but tell it not in Gath & publish it not in the streets of Askelon), a dozen of Shakespeare's plays which stand in higher rank. Is it the feeling, which I cannot away with, that it has been laboured over, that it is too highly finished? Did the consciousness creep over Shakespeare that he had written an immortal work, and so, like all self-consciousness, mar the performance? The more you study other characters in Shakespeare the grander they grow — Hamlet dwindles. But I am talking vile treason, or worse — nonsense. I'm not sure that my judgment is unbiased — I bear Hamlet a grudge for putting so much work on me; when the work is finished I shall probably think differently.

Mrs. Furness is diligently reading the proof-sheets of her Concordance to the Poems. It will take several months to finish it. For the sake of easy reference she has decided to print the Poems at the end.

You make me blush to the bones with the account of your labours in hand and prospective. By contrast my life is spent in utter sloth and indo-

lence. Never mind — it's a great consolation to think that taking this life and the next we have eternity before us.

Believe me, dear Mr. Wright, most sincerely yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

Am I asking too much in begging you to send me your Photograph? My mind is of that wishy-washy nature that it takes great delight in the outward presentment of those whom I hold in choice esteem.

To Edmund K. Muspratt

29 *April*, 1875

DEAR EDMUND: Lo! I send you the counterfeit presentment of my family, except that of my oldest boy, of whom I have no photograph on hand.

I think of you and talk of you very often, and recall the dear old days in dear old Munich with unfading pleasure. How large a share in that pleasure you occupy!

I'm a better correspondent than I used to be, and it would give me great, very great pleasure to hear from you. I suppose, like all your countrymen of culture & intelligence, you take a great interest in politics — I do not. There was nothing here to keep such an interest alive except slavery. And that's dead and done for, & has left no excitement that will not be well managed without my help. So I have given myself to the study of Shakespeare,

and to the education of my boys. I've become as deaf as twenty-seven adders and live a most secluded, humdrum, prosaic, and utterly happy life.

I'm at work o' evenings on Hamlet; when the volume is printed next year I'll send you a copy, but for the love of love don't read it if you wish to remain sane.

We sometimes talk of going across to England — but we can't go without the children — and to take them all seems little less formidable than to manœuvre an army. If we ever should go, rest assured I shall deploy their ranks in front of you and we'll ha' a gude crack anent old lang syne.

Pray commend me to Mrs. Muspratt whose photograph with yours & the children's holds high rank among our choice ones.

Good-bye, dear old boy.

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To A. H. Dooley

Philadelphia, 222 West Washington Square
25 May, 1877

DEAR SIR: Probably my letter miscarried which I wrote in reply to yours of 5th February wherein you ask the same question as that in yours of 24 May, just received, in reference to my editing all of Shakespeare's Plays. I therefore repeat what I then said, to the effect that I shall probably not live long enough to complete the Variorum edition of Shakespeare. It is purely a labour of love on my

part. I have never received a dollar of compensation for any of the volumes thus far published.

You ask me which edition of Shakespeare I consider the best for "every-day reading." If by "every-day reading" you mean one without notes, I should recommend the Globe Edition in one small volume. If you mean with notes, none surpasses the Variorum of 1821, which is unfortunately somewhat scarce and decidedly expensive; it is, however, the basis of all other modern editions.

For the general "every-day" reader the text of all the various editions does not differ enough to make it any matter which edition he uses. When we read the dramas for the sake of the plot and the charm of the dialogue, we don't care to stop and discuss a difficult passage which conveys a glimmering of sense to the hasty reader, and nearly every one of the difficult passages do that. We are satisfied with that glimmering of sense and we read straight on. Choose, therefore, some edition in good legible type and on good paper and experience the "purest delight that the drama can give." If you begin to discuss critical points no one edition will satisfy you — but you'll want all.

I remain, yours truly

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Francis J. Child

Wallingford, 15 July, 1877

MY ALDERLIEFEST PROFESSOR: How I thank you for your most delightful words of cheer, which I

should have acknowledged long ago but that I have been very busy, following Walt Whitman's immortal example, in "loafing and inviting my soul and giving barbaric yawps over the roofs of the world."

In sooth "Hamlet" left me weak; a little more pressing, I think, would have made me join the feast that was toward at the close of the Danish tragedy. There is a terrible strain, and I ain't a-going to deny it, in seeing such a book as that through the press, pursued as you are all the while, like a fate, by the consciousness that every puzzling passage has its little devotee, lying perdu, all prepared to burst out and rend you if you diverge a hair's breadth from the direct forthright.

No words of praise can come to me from any one that will be so grateful to me as yours. As to thanking me for writing myself your pupil, why, bless me! it's one of my proudest titles, and one which I shall never resign. This reminds me — I saw in a newspaper that Harvard College had honoured me with the degree of M.A. It is excessively pleasant to be so honoured and remembered — but what is to be done with my old degree? To be sure I can't pretend too much respect for it: I have never used it — but my printer's soul wonders how Sibley is to "fix" the thing in the Triennial.

I am heartily glad that you scout Hamlet's insanity. The insanity is in the critics; only tell it not to Gath and let it not be known in Askelon that this is my opinion. I'm afraid if it were known,

I couldn't go within a league of an Insane Asylum without being caught and clapped in a strait waistcoat. As you say, we are all of us insane in one sense of the word; that is, all of us sensible fellows, and very thankful to God we ought to be for it too. The Quakers, who come the nearest of any of us to being sane (and what a horrid "drab world" they live in!) are just saved by their insanity about dress.

Mrs. Furness sends kindest thanks for your remembrance of her — while I, as you well know, am always

Affectionately yours
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Francis J. Child

Wallingford, 5 August, 1877

ALDERLIEFEST PROFESSOR: "My heart leaps up when I behold" (your notes before me lie), "so it was when my life began" (at College), "so is it now I am a man, so be it when I shall grow old, or let me die." And it isn't the handwriting that so delights me, although that hath its great charms. A plague on all legible letter writers, say I: you get through their letters too soon — that is, if you love your correspondents; there's no linked sweetness long drawn out, whereas over your chirography, which I would fain emulate but can't, I pause and look and turn and twist, and reread from far and near, and sometimes give up in despair and am on the point of relegating the expla-

nation till the day of Judgment when there is nothing hidden that should not be revealed, when all of a sudden the people that sat in darkness see a great light and all the sentence is as clear as copperplate, and I utter selah with a pensive and grateful mind. You remember the great English Conveyancer, Hayward, I think his name was, who had three distinct and well-defined handwritings — one no one could read but himself, a second none but his confidential clerk, and a third that no one on earth could read. Don't think I complain. I love every indecipherable scratch of your pen, and was really touched by your last note at the thought that you should have dropped your pressing work to give me those explanations about the mysterious A.M. In recognising your hand in it I hold the degree a high honour. Eliot has explained to me that the degree of A.M. now given is very different from the old boughten one and I am grateful for the nod of encouragement given me by my venerable Mother. Critics are falling foul of me in all directions for saying in my Preface to Hamlet that the Danish Prince was neither mad nor pretended to be so. Though I have reasons as thick as blackberries for my opinion, I think I shall take warning by the Indian judge Macaulay refers to, whose decisions were received with applause until on an unlucky day he gave his reasons for them, and I shall maintain a discreet and masterly silence.

I have begun to work on "Lear" and am reading endless wearisome German stuff on the viola-

tion of the family relations as the basis of the tragedy. And with the thermometer at 90 degrees. Ora pro nobis.

Ever thine always and all ways
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Francis J. Child

22 March, 1880

ALDERLIEFEST PROFESSOR: You have not often done a kinder act than when you wrote the letter which came to me today.

No one has ever yet said to me such an appreciative word anent the labour and the time that lie hidden sometimes in a fraction of a line. Not infrequently I have spent a whole evening in hunting down a single quotation — I remember that I once went through every page of Ben Jonson, and there are nine volumes in Gifford's edition, in search of a single line — and I got it. I spent nearly a whole night, till cockcrow, in search of "queasie" in the Paston Letters, and four or five words absorbed the whole of it. So too in Latimer's Sermons after "flibberjibe." And sometimes, as you truly say, after all the time and trouble is spent the note is struck out. I thank thee for this word.

Si tu valeas ego etiam valeo.
Yours always
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

Such letters as yours compensate me for every hour of toil — How I thank you for it. But what

right have I to talk of toil beside yours. I shall always sit most humbly at your feet — and glad to be there.

To F. A. Leo[1]

Philadelphia, 222 West Washington Square
3rd of May, 1881

My dear Leo: You'll not need an apology from me for this long neglect of your note when I tell you that my time and thoughts have been entirely absorbed by Mrs. Furness's ill health. I took her abroad last Summer hoping to reach the Oberammergau, but we got no farther than Heidelberg when we turned around, and I brought her home just before Christmas not so well as when we started. Since then she has been, I trust, improving very slowly, but still improving. And now I place great hopes in the balmy air of our country seat whither we shall go in a few weeks. Squaring the circle, perpetual motion, and the meaning of "Vllorxa" are three problems which the mind of man has not been created capable of solving. It is therefore no disgrace to have failed in any one of them, and you'll not bear me hard if I confess that I am not convinced by your explanation of the last. But this I will say, with perfect sincerity, that I think it excessively ingenious — it bursts upon one with the unexpectedness of a stroke of wit.

Your other emendations in the Athenæum of

[1] Editor of the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, and President of the "Deutsche Shakespeare-gesellschaft" of Weimar.

27 Nov. I have not seen. We were on the voyage home at that date, and my back Nos are lost. But I'll order another copy. But you'll never be more ingenious than you are in "Vllorxa."

I remain, very truly yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Francis J. Child

Philadelphia, 14 February, 1882

ALDERLIEFEST MASTER MINE, we have here on the twenty-fourth of this month a "foolish banquet toward," to which all the leal sons of Harvard in this neighbourhood will gather. Eliot, our admirable President, has promised to come, and our hopes are high that you may be induced to accompany him. I cannot express to you with what general joy your consent would be hailed. Do come, then, and "sit by our side and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger."

And I am unselfish in thus urging you. It is uncertain whether or not I shall even see you. Mrs. Furness's health for a long time past has been infirm, and although I trust that she is no worse, nay even better, yet I cannot leave her even for an hour without becoming horribly nervous and distraught. In my fainness the other day I invited Eliot to be my guest during his visit. But since then I have seen that Mrs. Furness's health must debar me from that pleasure. And you too — what would I not give to have you under my roof! But let me hope for brighter times when such choice delights may be.

If you come, the Committee authorizes the assurance that you need take no thought of purse nor scrip, nor of the "fond shekels of the tested gold." You shall be housed in the same hotel in which the Supper takes place, and your very bedroom will be shaken by the applause which will greet any words which you may speak in the dining-room.

Think it over, Master dear, and under no circumstances forget that I am always and all ways affectionately

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

The illness of his wife encroached farther upon Furness's thoughts of Shakespeare, until in 1882 all work upon the Variorum was smothered by his immediate concern. After their return from the unavailing journey to Europe in search of renewed health for Mrs. Furness, every possible means was tried to restore it, but with the summer of 1883 the signs of swiftly increasing weakness became, alas, unmistakable and the years of unalloyed happiness were drawing softly to their pitiable close. The sombre days of autumn came, and when the thirtieth of October dawned that clear, matchless spirit slipped — ah, so reluctantly — from her husband's arms, leaving behind a desolation in his heart that never knew alteration.

No finer, no more fitting tribute to Helen Kate Furness could be written than that which appeared in The German Shakespeare Yearbook for 1884:

"A wife, the faithful fellow-labourer of her

husband, advances, step by step, by his side, and adds not merely light subordinate aid, — no, she develops into the learned companion, into the elected colleague of her husband:

"Witness the volume of the Furness-edition, above all witness her own concordance to the Poems.

"Not many words of fame does she need! She shares not only that which adorns the name of Horace Howard Furness — aye, this fame she has increased, and has her own good share in it, and the sorrowing husband will find some consolation, albeit faint, in the assurance that his wife will live in men's minds so long as Shakespeare is studied."

To W. Aldis Wright

Philadelphia, 222 West Washington Square
24 January, 1884

My dear Wright: You ask what a "lone man" like yourself can say to me. Indeed you have said all that can be said. A pressure of the hand speaks more than any words — the pressure is warm, the words are cold. And bethink you, which of us two is the lonelier now?

As you say, life, a merely animated existence, has to be lived out to the end. We cannot stop the beating of the heart nor the heaving of the lungs. These must go on, until God, in his pitying grace, bid them cease for ever — and we must live, not from day to day but from hour to hour.

Thanks too for this photograph with its "frosty but kindly" face. Would that you could change

HELEN KATE FURNESS

years with me — though we are not so very far apart, but every little would be a great gain to me.

Did I ever send you a photograph of Mrs. Furness? At any rate, I'll send you in a few weeks a phototype which you can put in her "Concordance."

With manifold thanks, dear Wright, for your sympathy I remain

Affectionately yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

CHAPTER V

THE SEYBERT COMMISSION

1883–1887

With the realization that in work lay the only true nepenthe for the great sorrow that had all but shattered his life, Horace Howard Furness turned somewhat eagerly to the duties connected with the Seybert Commission. At first he was impelled merely by the anticipation of another addition to "the daily round, the trivial task," but even as the investigation progressed he found his interest stirred by the intricacies of the problem and his sense of humour awakened by the incidents of the séances. So it is that, as we gain the full perspective of his life, this work in connection with the Seybert Commission stands out as the touch which overcame the inertia born of his irreparable personal loss, the spark which rekindled his lifeless interest in Shakespeare and induced him to pick up again the broken threads of the *Variorum*. Were this the sole profit of these years spent in the investigation of Spiritualism, how immeasurably were the world in debt to them for this alone. But of itself his work upon the Commission is singularly interesting; it formed a part of his life, and a part by no means isolated from the rest: in after years he referred frequently to his experiences during the three-year search for Spiritualistic truth.

A word about the origin of the Commission. Mr. Henry Seybert shortly before his death in 1883 endowed a chair of Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania, in memory of his father, and to the gift added a condition that the University should appoint a commission to investigate the truth of modern spiritualism. Mr. Seybert was himself an ardent believer in the doctrine, and the followers of spiritualism were at that time even more numerous than they are today. The announcement of such a plan, therefore, aroused much widespread interest. Seybert did not live to see this condition complied with. Early in 1884, however, the Commission was appointed by the University, composed of the following Philadelphians: William Pepper, then Provost of the University and Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine; Joseph Leidy, the eminent anatomist and biologist, Professor of Zoölogy and Comparative Anatomy; George A. Koenig, Professor of Chemistry; George S. Fullerton, the first incumbent of the Seybert Chair of Philosophy; Robert E. Thompson, Professor of History and English Literature; Coleman Sellers, an Engineer of prominence and distinction; J. William White, then Physical Director of the University; Calvin B. Knerr, a homeopathic physician; and Horace Howard Furness.

This was an able and distinguished body of men, selected from many various walks of life, and they entered upon the investigations with interest and

earnestness. Although Dr. Pepper, as Provost, was, *ex officio*, Chairman, Furness was appointed Acting Chairman, and upon him in this capacity rested the chief burden of the Commission's activities. It is interesting to note that at the first meeting, when each member declared his opinion on the subject was entirely unprejudiced either towards or against the doctrine, Furness alone expressed a "leaning in favour of the substantial truth of Spiritualism." The entire Commission affirmed its readiness to accept any conclusion warranted by facts. Although at all interviews and séances, every minutest condition required by each medium was complied with, and although the investigation was thorough, covering fully such aspects of Spiritualism as independent slate-writing, spirit-rappings, reading sealed letters, materialization, and clairvoyance, yet was the Commission forced to announce in its *Preliminary Report*, published in May, 1887, that it had brought to light no novel fact upon which a belief of Spiritualism could be based. To Furness this failure was at the outset a disappointment; in the *Report* he says, "I do not hesitate to acknowledge that I have been throughout sincerely and extremely anxious to become converted to Spiritualism. In whatever direction my judgement is warped, it is warped in favour of that belief. I cannot conceive of the texture of that mind which would not welcome such an indisputable proof of immortality as Spiritualism professes to hold out." But his disappointment was

soon changed to disgust when he was confronted with all the wearisome repetition of fraud, deceit, and trickery which his investigations disclosed. Yet his disgust was not unmixed with amusement; much that was ludicrous, much that was patently incongruous appealed to his keen sense of humour. He took great delight in enticing the "spirits" who materialized for his benefit into mazes of absurd assertions; in questioning the ethereal forms of eminent men who appeared before him upon obscure and disputed passages of Shakespeare; and his report of his painfully assiduous, albeit utterly unsuccessful attempt to develop his own mediumistic power is incomparably amusing. The sarcastic and pointed vein which runs through all his contributions to the *Report* created not a little stir in the reviews and journals of the day. The devout disciples of Spiritualism had not at the beginning welcomed "these Seybert men" whom one medium stigmatized as "old scoundrels who should never darken her doors," and in spite of all their clear and meticulous notes on every séance, backed by their reputations as men of wide intelligence and deep learning, the publication of the *Report* brought forth much acrimonious and defamatory criticism. The levity with which Furness described his experiences especially could not be brooked by the true believers. Yet his position was unassailable: he had entered upon the investigation with a mind willing to accept the truth of Spiritualism; he had found "fraud where he looked

for honesty and emptiness where he had looked for fulness," and the only fact that struck him was the ludicrous — pitifully ludicrous — methods by which the mediums deceived an unsuspecting public. This it was his duty to report, and he reported it accurately, and truthfully, and if he found nothing that merited his approval, he was not bounden to repress his sense of humour or his sarcasm in denouncing the deceit.

Unfortunate is it that the period covered by the activities of the Commission are lean years in regard to letters of Furness's which have been preserved. The only references to these investigations in his correspondence are found in some dozen letters to his children, written during the winter of 1885. The entire tale of his explorations in Spiritualism are, however, included in the *Preliminary Report* of the Commission.

To H. H. Furness, Jr., and W. H. Furness, 3rd

222 West Washington Square
2 November, 1884

. . . Last Monday, I went to New York to engage Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane to come here and give some seances for the Seybert Com. She agreed and is to be our guest, next Wednesday, for a few days. I hope the spirits will cut up no high jinks while she is in this house. The raps and knockings were extraordinarily strong and persistent all the while I was talking with her about her visit. She interpreted them as manifestations of spiritual pleasure

at her consent to come to Phila. After leaving her I called on Slade, the medium acknowledged by all as being one of the very strongest ever known. I had a seance with him, in the broad daylight, and certainly the phenomena were extraordinary, not to say uncanny. Strong, vigorous writing appeared at once on the closed slates, and the slate was at one time taken from Slade's hand under the table, and poked up above the table at the side behind Slade (who sat sideways at the table that his feet might not be underneath) and farthest from him. Three good blows were delivered on my leg, on the side away from Slade, and my chair with myself in it was pulled a foot away from the table! I felt creepy. I didn't know but what they'd gouge out my eyes next.

I am anxious to get Slade here also, but his coming is doubtful. His health is very poor, being very weak after a stroke of paralysis. . . .

9 *November*, 1884

WELL, this week we have supped off *spirits*, but have not been intoxicated. On Wednesday Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane arrived. You know she is historically interesting, as being, with her sister, the first to start, in 1848, the vast movement of modern Spiritualism. She is a small gentle little woman, with a ready and sympathetic smile, which greatly illuminates an otherwise plain face. There is so little self-assertion about her that she rather wins your favour at first sight. She has a

timid air, and a little bashful catch in her breath when talking, so that it seems as though a very harsh, bluff manner would make her acknowledge that black was white.

She came late in the P.M. only a little while before dinner — at which we had a pleasant sociable time, with only Polly & Miss Logan present. After dinner, and while Miss Logan was still at the table, I thought it best to make due arrangements for the Session of the Seybert Com. in the eve'g, and to that end asked Mrs. Kane if she thought the spirits would find the dining-room convenient. Whereupon a most vigorous succession of raps began on the table under our very hands as an indication of the spirits' pleasure. Miss Logan sat unmoved, until I turned to her & said, "Do you hear the spirits rapping?" And then you should have seen her jump. I laughed till the tears came. She had thought that I was drumming on the table with my fingers, but when assured that the noise came from the spirits she bounded from her seat with horror, & astonishment on every feature, ejaculating, "Bless me! bless me!" We tried the study, the parlour, and the library in succession & found the raps especially loud in one corner of the latter. But after all the dining-room was the best and there the Committee met in the eve'g. We put the spirits bravely through their paces for an hour, and held another session the next evening. With neither of these meetings was Mrs. Kane satisfied, but we heard enough to serve as a ground-

work for our conclusions and held no more. What these conclusions were, of course I am not at liberty to say. The next even'g, Friday, your Aunt Nannie gathered a group of eight or ten friends & they had a high old time with Mrs. Kane & the spirits; the latter certainly showed an intimate acquaintance with the family affairs of some of the guests, but made a terrible mull of it in sending a message to your uncle Frank from his father!

To George S. Fullerton

November, 1884

My dear Fullerton: You remember that the members of The Seybert Commission separated last evening with the understanding that we should meet Mrs. Kane again this evening, if Mrs. Kane desired it, and that they requested me to lay the question before her for her decision.

Accordingly, I had an interview with her this morning, of which the following is as accurate an account as I can remember.

I told her that the Commission had now had two séances with her, and that the conclusion to which they had come is that the so-called raps are confined wholly to her person, whether produced by her voluntarily or involuntarily they had not attempted to decide; [1] furthermore, that although

[1] The complete explanation of Mrs. Kane's power was explained by Furness in a letter to Mr. Edward H. Coates, written twenty-seven years later, on December 26, 1911. Herein he says:

"I once devoted a whole winter to the investigation of modern spiritualism and saw every phenomenon in the spiritual realm except levitation and the handling of red-hot glass chimneys — and I found

thus satisfied in their own minds they were anxious to treat her with all possible deference and consideration, and accordingly had desired me to say to her that if she thought another séance with her would or might modify or reverse their conclusion, they held themselves ready to meet her again this evening and renew the investigations; at the same time I felt it my duty to add that in that case the examination would necessarily be of the most searching description.

Mrs. Kane replied that the manifestations at both séances had been of an unsatisfactory nature, so unsatisfactory that she really could not blame the Commission for arriving at their conclusion. In her present state of health she doubted whether a third meeting would prove any better than the two already held. It might be even more unsatisfactory, and instead of removing the present belief of the Commission it might add confirmation to it. In view of these considerations, she decided not to hold another séance.

Afterward, during the forenoon (you know she has been and still is my guest), she recurred to the subject, and added that if hereafter her health improved it would give her pleasure to make a free-will offering to the Commission of a number of séances for further investigations.

nothing but fraud and self-delusion. . . . I have had as a guest under my roof poor little Margaret Fox Kane, and detected the rappings as made in her poor little ankles, and when I told her so, was met only by a sad, faint smile. There was a tragedy for you! I could never have shaken off the gloom and misery of it all, had there not been a humourous side to it. But of anything like truth in it — not a shred!"

I forgot to tell you, when we last met, that yesterday morning, the 6th of November, I brought away from Mrs. Patterson our sealed slate. It contains no writing, so Mrs. Patterson says. During the many months it has been in this medium's possession I have made to her most urgent appeals, both in person and by letter, to fulfil her promise of causing the writing to appear in it. Her invariable excuse has been her lack of time.

I Remain Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS
Acting Chairman

To H. H. F. Jr. & W. H. F. 3rd

222 West Washington Square
16 November, 1884

OUR OWN DARLING BOYS: I always like to give you some account of my week so I'll begin with last Monday, when in the P.M. I went to New York, got a bite of dinner, and then to Slade's, the "mejum's." His family is not large certainly, consisting only of his niece, a stylish-looking girl of some twenty "summers," but very deaf, almost as deaf as I am, and his amanuensis, a Miss Hall, quite cultivated and bright. They were expecting me & received me with much cordiality, and Slade too beamed upon me with a sort of malicious twinkle in his eye, as though spotting a victim.

At eight, quite a company had assembled to witness some materialization in the back parlor, by a Miss Roberts, a nice-looking young thing,

quite too nice and quite too young to venture on the career of deceit which she at once proceeded to display as soon as the gas was extinguished. It was the same old story, of which I am growing tired. Spirits in white emerged a few inches & retired, &c, &c. At the close I was summoned into the Cabinet where the medium was seated, pretending by her talk that she was an Indian Squaw: after she had clasped both my hands so that I couldn't feel around in the pitch dark, spirits punched me in various regions of the body; from the location and feel of the punch I was convinced that it was done by the medium's foot or knee. After the exhibition was over & the company gone, Slade, the girls, & I had some crackers & ale & discussed the evening's performance; to my great surprise, the whole thing was pronounced by the young women (for Slade discreetly held his tongue) a most barefaced fraud; their terms were unmeasured in denouncing it. The party broke up at about eleven-thirty and then Slade & I sat talking and smoking until after one o'clock. — his talk was highly interesting about his early youth & his experiences abroad and about the lights and shadows of his chequered career; he is really a very pleasant man, not particularly intelligent, & by no means cultured, but he has a plaintive look, & most modest retiring manners, far removed from those of a blustering charlatan. Well, then, what do you think? Can you conceive of it? — your Father actually undressed and lay down on the very edge of the bed

wherein Slade was already lying. Presto! and the fun began. I can't say with Ferdinand in "The Tempest" that "Hell was empty and all the devils were there!" but the Devil's own tattoo was begun on the footboard of the bed & then on the headboard, with variations of sundry punches all over my body. The room was not pitch dark, some little light came from the stove, but if Slade was at the bottom of all the shindy he was certainly very adroit. In the midst of all the bangs and thwacks under which the bed was shaking, plump came a big bundle full on my stomjack. I enjoyed it much & begged the spirits to keep it up, and they did for about half an hour when Slade gradually dropped off to sleep & the racket as gradually subsided. I don't think I slept a solid unconscious wink all night, and at 7.30 crept out of bed; this aroused Slade, whereupon the noises again began. I watched my companion most closely, but could not, although it was broad daylight, detect the least motion on his part, nor any visible cause of the alarums.

I left Slade sleeping & went out with the young ladies to a neighboring restaurant, got breakfast, caught the ten o'clock train for Phila., reached there safely, stopped in Walnut St. & had a Turkish bath of two hours & so home.

Although I experienced nothing that could not have been done by clever legerdemain, yet I am very glad that I had the physical *endurance* to go through with it. To pass a night with Slade

is, I suppose, next to passing one in a haunted house.[1] . . .

A Memorandum for the Seybert Commission

I CALLED this morning (Saturday, 14th November, 1885) on Mr. W. M. Keeler, and told him that we were ready to investigate [his spiritual photographs] if we could be allowed to watch the very points where material agency ceases and spiritual begins, but these very points Mr. Keeler forbade us to examine, and that the failure rested with him. . . .

I endeavoured to impress him throughout the interview with our utter incredulity in the spiritual nature of his photographs, and yet to give him no loop to hang a charge of discourteous or illiberal treatment on. I asked him to give me, in my private capacity, a sitting at his earliest convenience, and that I should not be satisfied with less than a cherub on my head, one on each shoulder, and a full-blown angel on my breast. He laughingly assented.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

[1] Furness's last sight of Slade (as recorded in the *Preliminary Report*) is interesting:

"I last saw him in Boston, when, as I was passing along Shawmut Avenue, I caught sight of him at a window; he eagerly beckoned me to come in, and, as I settled myself in a chair, I said to him, 'Well, and how are the old Spirits coming on?' Whereupon he laughed and replied, 'O pshaw! you never believed in them, did you?'"

To H. H. F. Jr. & W. H. F. 3rd

222 West Washington Square
30 *November*, 1884

. . . You'll think that I am absorbed with Spiritualism, but "believe me I am not." It so happens that Dr. Knerr has fallen into the habit of coming here every Sunday evening for an hour's chat, and he has entered into the investigation with great zeal, and, during this last week, with great result. Now prepare yourself. Are you ready? Well, Dr. Knerr has unmasked the slate-writing of Mrs. Patterson! By a long course of apparent credulity Dr. K. has grown to be looked upon by Mrs. P. as one of her firmest believers. So last week Dr. Knerr carried with him to the séance a small hand mirror, which he so adroitly manipulated under the table that he had the satisfaction of seeing the medium open the slate, write on it, take out the little pencil, close the slate & put the bit of pencil on top. All the while his attention was supposed by her to be absorbed in deciphering the written communications from departed spirits. He watched her repetition of the feat three times & then came away without intimating to her his detection of the trick. He is now anxious to have me follow his example, & perhaps I shall. If I do I'll let you hear further. I hate to waste so much time. What abhorrent deceit is met at every turn in this Spiritualism! The very name is becoming a stench in my nostrils. At the same time I'll go on with it to the very end. . . .

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During these months, in which the Commission was occupied in investigating the claims of Slade, Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Patterson, and Mrs. Lord, Furness was striving patiently to develop his own alleged mediumistic powers. His amusing account, printed in the *Preliminary Report*, follows:

"At my very first séance, as a member of this Commission, I was told by the spirit of Elias Hicks, through Mrs. Patterson, that I was gifted by nature with great Mediumistic power. Another Medium, with whom I had a session shortly afterwards (I cannot remember his name, but he advertised himself as a great 'Australian' Medium), professed himself quite unable to exert any power in the presence of a Medium so much stronger than himself. 'Father Holland,' the control of Mrs. Williams, in New York, assured me that I merely needed development to have Spiritualistic manifestations at my own home: and Joseph Caffray was so emphatic in his assertions of my extraordinary Spiritual capacities, that I began to think that it was my duty to quicken these dormant powers and not let them 'fust in me unused,' and if successful, when I had become fully 'developed,' I could offer myself to my fellow Commissioners as a corpus vile on which every experiment could be made, and at a great saving of expense.

"Spiritualists constantly reproach investigators of Spiritualism with faint-heartedness and lack of patience; they allege that at the very first rebuff all investigating ardor cools, and that one failure is deemed sufficient to condemn a whole system.

"If the case be really thus, Spiritualists have a show of reason for this objection, and it behooves the Seybert Commission to give no ground for it.

"After much deliberation I decided to put myself in the hands of Caffray for 'development.' I preferred this Medium, first, because he was the most emphatic of all in his assertions of my almost unrivalled mediumistic powers, and in his confidence that indications of Spiritual growth would be manifest in three or four weeks, and at the end of six weeks or of two months, I might celebrate my Spiritual majority by slatefuls of messages; and, secondly, Mr. Hazard assured me again and again that Caffray was the 'greatest Medium in the country,' and did not Mr. Hazard, by way of proof, show me a stoppered vial containing a card, on which, through Caffray's Mediumship, a message had been written while the closed vial was fast held in his closed hand?

"The first step was the purchase of two slates from Caffray, for which I gave him several dollars. They were common enough to look at, but ah! they had been for months in his Materializing Cabinet and had absorbed Spiritual power to the point of saturation, and fairly exuded it. I brought them carefully from New York, and folded them in black muslin, and laid them away in a dark drawer.

"Caffray told me that with a beginner the Spirits found it somewhat easier to write with French chalk than with slate pencil. So I bought a box of a dozen pieces, such as tailors use.

"The instructions which I received from Caffray were to keep those slates carefully in the dark, and every evening at about the same hour to sit in total darkness, with my hands resting on them for about a half or three quarters of an hour; to maintain a calm, equable, passive state of mind, even to think of any indifferent subject rather than to concentrate my thoughts too intently on the slate-writing. There could be no question of the result. A Medium of my unusual and excessive power would find, at the end of three weeks, faint zig-zag scratches within the closed slates, and these scratches would gradually assume shape, until at last messages would be legible, probably at the end of six weeks, or of three months at the very farthest.

"In addition to this, I must wear, night and day, a piece of magnetized paper, about six inches square, a fresh piece every night and morning; its magnetism was exhausted in about twelve hours. When I mentioned to Mr. Hazard the proposed use of this magnetized paper, he assured me that it was a capital idea — that he had himself used it for a headache, and when he put it on the top of his head 'it turned all his hair backward.' I confess to dismay when I heard this; Caffray had told me that I must wear this paper on the top of my head under my hat! But did it not behoove the Acting Chairman of the Seybert Commission to yield himself a willing victim to the cause of Psychical Research? was to be, or not to be, a Medium so evenly balanced that the turning of a hair, or of a whole head of

hair was to repel me? Perish the thought! That paper should be worn on the top of my head, under my hat, and that hat should be worn all day long. I would eat my breakfast with my hat on, eat my dinner with my hat on, and sleep with that hat on, and that magnetized paper should remain on the top of my head, let it turn my hair to all the points of the compass, if it would!

"When I received the slates from Caffray, he had no paper that was sufficiently magnetized just then; he had some sheets that were about half done, and promised to send them to me as soon as the process was complete.

"In the meantime I began with the slates, sitting with them in total darkness from about quarter past eight to nine o'clock every evening, with my hands resting on them lightly.

"In three or four days the paper arrived. I explained to my family that hereafter they must not infer, from the wearing of my hat indoors and at meals, either that my wits had slipped, or that I had become converted to Judaism, but that my conduct was to be viewed by the light of the pure flame of research. In my secret soul I resolved that I would go at once, that very morning, to New York and plead with Caffray for some slight easing of my ordeal. The 'Spectre of the Threshold' appeared to wear a silk hat, and I was afraid I never, never should pass him.

"The magnetized paper I handled with awe. It was, in outward semblance, ordinary white blot-

ting-paper, and, from some faint indications of ink here and there, looked as though it might on occasion have served its original use; but had I not paid a dollar a sheet for it? It must be good.

"As I started for the train I put a piece on the top of my head, gave a fond, farewell look at my hair, and planted my hat firmly on my brows. I reached the train, and while looking for a seat caught sight of my friend, Miss W——. Of course I instantly bowed, and instantly there came fluttering down before her astonished and bewildered eyes a piece of blotting-paper. I snatched it hastily, and in terror lest already I had broken the charm and forfeited all chance of Mediumship, retired to the rear of the car and furtively replaced the precious pad. Decidedly I must see Caffray at once.

"Luckily, when I reached New York I found that eminent Medium at home. 'Bonneted,' I rehearsed to him my dread anticipations. He could not repress a grim laugh, and to my inexpressible relief gave me permission to wear the paper suspended round my neck next the skin.

"With these precious slates I sat every night, at the same hour, in darkness. I allowed nothing to interfere with this duty; no call of family, of friends, of society, was heeded. At the end of three weeks I searched every molecule of the slates for the indication of a zig-zag line, but the surface was unsullied, and its black monotony returned stare for stare.

"Still hopeful and trustful, I continued day by

day, and week by week. The six weeks expired. Not a zig, nor a zag. Caffray was kept busy magnetizing paper. I renewed my stock and determined to push on for two months. I moved to the country and carried my slates thither, wrapped in double folds of black muslin. The days and weeks rolled on. Two months passed. The slates were as clean as when they came into my possession. I would go on to three months. Does not a hen set for three weeks? Where a hen gives a week, shall I not give a month? Is not a Medium worth more than a chicken? 'Courage!' cried Caffray with each batch of paper. I went to the seashore and my slates went with me. Not a single evening did I break my rule.

"And so it went on. The three months became four; became five; became six!

"And there an end, with absolutely virgin slates.

"I had used enough blotting-paper, it seemed to me, to absorb a spot on the sun. I dare not calculate the number of hours I had spent in darkness.

"Let Spiritualistic reproaches of investigators for lack of zeal and patience be heaped up hereafter till 'Ossa become a wart'; I care not; my withers are unwrung.

"*Punch* gives a receipt for making 'Gooseberry Fool': 'Carefully skin your gooseberries, extract the seeds and wash the pulp in three waters for six hours each. Having done this with the gooseberries, the Fool is perfect.'"

To H. H. F. Jr. & W. H. F. 3rd

222 *West Washington Square*
14 *December*, 1884

. . . What I saw at the see-ance of the Berry sisters on the evening of the day I left you I shall reserve until we meet. It sufficeth to say that after I left the house, for the first time in my experience, I felt thoroughly outraged and indignant, & that had it not been that I was in a hurry to catch my train & had to run for a horse-car just passing, I think I should have stopped to find a stone to throw at the house in the hopes of breaking one window at least. It was the most abominable fraud I ever witnessed, abominable because it deceived the tenderest feelings of our poor human nature! . . .

To H. H. F. Jr. & W. H. F. 3rd

15 *March*, 1885

. . . I have nothing new but the unmasking of a wretched Boston cheat named Mansfield, who pretends to send answers, obtained by spiritual agency, to questions in sealed envelopes. It's a long story which I will tell you at length some day; suffice it now to say that when my sealed envelope was returned to me, I cut it open at the back, and the rents on the front caused by tearing off the seals stood revealed. I am about tired out with wading through this slough of lies and deceit, called Spiritualism. I cannot affirm that there is not firm ground of truth somewhere in it. Every now and then I hear such marvellous stories, so

well authenticated that I am staggered. I am determined not to lose patience, but to go ahead until I can go no farther. If there is any residuum, it is in clairvoyance, and a certain amount of mind reading. The mischief of it is that this clairvoyance is so constantly helped out by trickery that a shade of mistrust is cast over the whole of it. . . .

To H. H. F. Jr. & W. H. F. 3rd

222 West Washington Square
25 April, '86

Our darling boys: Another week has gone, wherein almost each day I have resolved that I would start for Boston. Since great bodies not only move slowly, but start with difficulty, I have come to the conclusion that I am a great body. As soon as I grow less, you may entertain better hopes of seeing me. I have now proclaimed my resolve to start next Tuesday eve'g at halfpast six but next Tuesday at halfpast five something may turn up and halfpast six may see me here quietly at dinner. Last Friday, I went to New York my handbag packed for a two days' sojourn, but I grew so fearfully bored before the day was over that I came back in the afternoon. I saw a Mrs. Thayer, very celebrated in Spiritualist circles as a "flower-medium." As spirits can materialize flowers only once a week, and as that didn't happen to be their day, I had to content myself with an exhibition of "independent slatewriting." I received a message from Charles Foster, a noted medium lately de-

ceased, who assured me that "Marie" was present. Mrs. Thayer did not know who I was, and when I proposed that she should come to Philadelphia, & give a séance to the Seybert Commission, she refused point-blank and pronounced that respectable Commission a "set of noodles and scallywags!" "Not one of 'em," she said, "should ever sit with her; she wouldn't let one of 'em come into her room!" She was very curious to know why I laughed so heartily; I told her that Mrs. Grey (who lives in the same house and knows me) would tell her. After the sitting was over, Mrs. Grey was at once appealed to, and Mrs. Thayer's confusion at learning that I was "merely the Chairman of that Commission" was extreme. . . .

The words in which Furness closes the *Preliminary Report* are a fitting ending to this chapter:

"Although I have been thus thwarted at every turn in my investigations of Spiritualism, and found fraud where I looked for honesty, and emptiness where I had hoped for fulness, I cannot think it right to pass a verdict, universal in its application, where far less than the universe of Spiritualism has been observed. My field of examination has been limited. There is an outlying region claimed by Spiritualists which I have not touched, and into which I would gladly enter, were there any prospect that I should meet with more success. I am too deeply imbued with the belief that we are such stuff as dreams are made on, to be

unwilling to accept a few more shadows in my sleep. Unfortunately, in my experience, Dante's motto must be inscribed over an investigation of Spiritualism, and all hope must be abandoned by those who enter it."

CHAPTER VI

1884–1892

In the spring of 1884, after a winter spent amid the distracting activities of the Seybert Commission, Furness again turned with heavy heart to the *Variorum*. His labour upon the first four volumes, culminating in *King Lear* in 1880, he had characterized as "the heavenliest play." Through all that busy decade he had beside him one who was ever ready to encourage or to counsel, to whom he could turn at all times for advice or for aid, who was indeed the very inspiration of his work. We can conceive, then, how reluctantly he started editing *Othello;* each day devoted to the solitary task increased the poignant sense of loneliness to which the Dedication of this, and of each subsequent volume during a quarter of a century, bears silent witness.

Othello was published in 1886, followed by *The Merchant of Venice* (1888), *As You Like It* (1890), *The Tempest* (1892), and the letters in this chapter cover the eight years occupied in editing these four plays. It should be here noted that with *Othello* the plan of the *Variorum* was modified: whereas in the four earlier volumes Furness printed as "text" a version of each play which he himself compiled from the readings adopted by

a majority of the ablest editors, with *Othello* he abandoned this modernized version, using instead an exact reproduction of the First Folio, and recording in the notes the various emendations found in other critical editions. "Who am I that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakespeare's own words? Even if a remedy be proposed which is by all acknowledged to be efficacious, it is not enough for the student that he should know the remedy; he must see the ailment. Let the ailment, therefore, appear in the text, and let the remedies be exhibited in the notes; by this means we may make a text for ourselves, and thus made, it will become a part of ourselves, and speak to us with more power than were it made by the wisest educator of them all — it may be 'an ill-favoured thing, sir,' but — it will be 'our own.'" [1]

During these eight years Furness's life flowed quietly on; little occurred to divert the course of his work through the winters spent at his house on Washington Square, or through the long peaceful summers at "Lindenshade." With his close friends and associates he still kept in touch through his correspondence, and these serve as a sufficient record of outward events, with here and there a note appended to explain some unmentioned incident.

[1] Preface to *Othello*, page vi.

To Francis J. Child

Wallingford, 10 *July*, 1884

ALDERLIEFEST MASTER MINE: I have just finished cutting the leaves (delightful task) of Part Second.[1]

My sincerest congratulations to you!

This fresh instalment confirms me in the belief, which I think I have already expressed to you, that the final cause of these Ballads is the opportunities they afford you for Introductory Remarks. After listening to you the Ballads themselves fall flat. And what research! what carefulness of minutest details! what exactitude! how scholarly throughout! and what a revelation you unfold through them of the brotherhood of mankind — "Hoops of Gold" you show them to be "to bind the" nations "in." The Juventus Mundi was evidently one big nursery.

This book and Shakespeare go with me next week to Cape May — Think of me then as revelling in it.

You once wished for me a little daughter — I have one just eleven years old — I am half inclined to enclose a photograph of her and her greyhound "Bran." She is a dear little thing, and clings to me with a sort of frantic devotion. Of her growing years I can scarcely think but with despair. What can a father do for a daughter over a chasm of forty years' difference of ages. My only solace is that time and the hour run through

[1] Of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by Professor Child.

LINDENSHADE

the roughest day. "There is no name with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated of which the echo does not become faint at last." Thank God, that we are all coming to that. Write a line to me when the spirit prompts — your shortest syllable is precious to me.

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Francis J. Child

Wallingford, 14 September, 1884

DEAREST MASTER MINE: When I get your letters I seem to myself to be the most arrant knave. I send you dross and you return me gold. I send you humdrum twaddle and you return me sparkling fun — Hereafter I cannot consent to an arrangement so onesided. Either you must not answer my letters at all, or they must accumulate until quantity will outweigh quality and sheer bulk will deserve a simple "thank ye."

It smote me to the heart that you should be so fagged out, so workworn — the labour we delight in will not always physic pain — and must even forgo the dinner with your Irish Marys. (How I laughed over your "queebie, quaabie" — I don't think I ever saw it written before.) I thought of you so often during these last hot days — I hope the sun didn't smite you by day, as it did us. Doubtless you were in Stockbridge, a place very dear to me — Years ago when the skies were blue above us, we drove over from Lenox one heavenly

October day, and though we didn't know a soul in the little basking town, Kate and I wandered around and fell in love with every house we saw.

Next week I shall take my boys to Cambridge. I failed to draw rooms for them in the College Buildings and have secured some at a Mrs. Mooney's (also suggestive of "queebie!"). I shall be busy furnishing them, etc., etc., and may scarcely have time to see you — which to you can be no loss. I have grown so deaf as to be intolerable. But I shall send my sister Mrs. Wister to you, with perhaps Polly and her Governess, Miss Logan. My sister is a most charming woman and has an endless admiration for you. The background is my position for the rest of my days. I am not always a good actor and I might break down with you.

Please don't answer this — I shall reproach myself for writing it if you do.

Toujours à toi

H. H. F.

To H. H. Furness, Jr., and W. H. Furness, 3rd

222 West Washington Square

4th Jan. 1885

OUR DARLING BOYS: I don't know how I can wait until next Tuesday before hearing from you. . . .

Edmund Gosse, Professor of English Literature in Trin. Coll. Cambridge, dined here last even'g. I asked Agnes Irwin to meet him. We had a quiet dinner whereat Agnes & Miss Logan & Gosse did

all the talking. My share was not unnaturally small. However, afterwards in the library I had a very pleasant gossip with Gosse & experienced much difficulty in refraining from interlarding my discourse with, now & then, a "By Gosh." He told me a good thing — that Tennyson had once confided to him that he had intended to make his life-work the collection of 100 of the very best, brightest, wittiest sayings, retorts, conundrums, etc., etc., but that so far he had got only three! and two of them, Gosse added, were improper to tell to ladies! Of course we clamoured for what Agnes styled the expurgated edition of one joke and Gosse gave it as Tennyson gave it to him — viz: when William IV was once riding to Brighton he met — (I cannot recall the name Gosse gave) — & hailed him with "I say — they tell me you're the greatest blackguard in Brighton!" "I beg your Majesty," was the reply, "not to go there and take away my character." Which I do really think is one of the neatest things ever said.

To H. H. F. Jr. and W. H. F. 3rd

222 *West Washington Square*

15 *Feb'y*, 1885

. . . We have had stirrings in the theatrical and necromantic world. Irving and his troupe, and Kellar and his slate-writing. I saw the former in the Mer. of Ven. and was greatly pleased. I went late and saw the last three acts only. Of course, as I couldn't hear a syllable, it was merely a dumb

show, but I especially admired Shylock's bearing in the Trial scene; up to the critical moment there was such a calm sense of power in Shylock's bearing; not only did he have Antonio in his power, but he felt the whole power of the Venetian Law at his back; he did not need to rant, or to show the least vehemence; his calmness was far more terrible and bloodthirsty than any emotion. And Portia was too lovely, her by-play is fascinating — and Alexander (Bassanio) is just as handsome as they make 'em. With the latter and his pretty little wife we grew very well acquainted; they are Cheston's friends and on his account I called on them. They have left this noon for Boston, & stopped here on their way to the cars just to bid us good-bye. If they had stayed here another week, I think they would have grown as much at home here as you children. They begged me again and again to tell you two boys to come & see them next week at the Tremont House. I told them you would come on Saturday, which is your only day for visiting Boston, & they in turn said that if they went out to Cambridge they would try & look you up.

On Miss Terry I called at the Aldine. She kept me waiting an abominably long time, and I had just resolved to shake the dust from my feet, when she came tripping gaily into the room strumming a banjo. You should have seen her look of horror and embarrassment at the sight of me! She stammered out, "Why — I thought — it — was — Horrie — your — son!" She had intended to

show you that she too could strum on the banjo. I had a very pleasant chat with her; if you see her, give her my very kindest regards, but don't allude to her keeping me so long waiting. . . .

My visit to Boston is, I am afraid, postponed until the last week in April. On the 23rd the Shakespeare Soc. here is very anxious that I should be present at their annual dinner. I have omitted it four or five years, and they have been so devoted in their kindness to me that I think I must be present now. In that case I can't leave here until Friday the 24th.

Donnelly's theory about Bacon's authorship is too foolish to be seriously answered. I don't think he started it for any other purpose than notoriety. I believe he doesn't attempt to show that Bacon corrected the proof-sheets of the First Folio, and no human foresight could have told how the printed line would run, and have so regulated the MSS. To Donnelly's theory the pagination & the number of lines in a page are essential. . . .

To S. Weir Mitchell

Wallingford, 31 *August*, 1885

Dear Mitchell: Won't you do me a favour? and eke one at the same time to science and literature?

I want to gather the opinions of three or four eminent physicians as to the correctness of Shakespeare's representation of Desdemona's death. You know that the manner of it has been considered wildly improbable if not impossible. I believe in

my secret soul that Shakespeare had heard or read of a case exactly similar — and I have gone through the great textbook of his day, "Batman Uppon Bartholome," pretty thoroughly, but without success. The present idea has occurred to me. Your opinion with that of three or four others cannot but prove, not only very interesting, but highly valuable. They shall appear in a group by themselves, on this subject, in the "Othello" which is now rapidly approaching completion.

Herewith are the pages containing the last scene, and you can slip them into your pocket for cogitation in some idle moment in the cars. I have marked all the passages which to my ignorant eyes seem to bear on the following questions:

Do you think it likely that Oth. stabs Desd. at the words "So, so"?

If he stabbed her, could her smock be pale?

If she were smothered, could she be pale?

In either case, could she speak after apparent death?

If she could speak, why could she not quite revive?

What then was really the cause of her death?

Am I asking too much? If I am, thrust this into your waste-basket and write to me that you never received my impertinent note.[1] "And I will still be the same as this moment I am," viz:

Faithfully and sincerely yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

[1] In his edition of *Othello*, H. H. F., after reviewing the historical commentary on this passage, says:

"Thus far Editors and Actors, with a ground-tone from the public

To Edwin Booth

Wallingford, 3 Sept. '85

DEAR BOOTH: 'Tis likely that I shall finish my second version of "Othello" this week. After which there will be a third and the Compilation of the Appendix. And there an end.

Enclosed are two or three questions for your idle moments.[1]

I shall probably have some more before next Saturday. I have gone through only the first three Acts with your notes. The question anent the first

at large to the effect that there does seem to be something not altogether true to physiology in the subsequent revival of Desdemona; yet, such is the Anglosaxon faith in Shakespeare, that, in any variance between him and Nature, Shakespeare is considered quite able to hold his own. It was the phrase, 'Pale as thy smock,' which first caught my attention. . . . To my layman's small knowledge there seemed here a violation of physiological law so downright, in representing a smothered person as pale, that I knew Shakespeare, who could note the 'crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip,' never could have committed it. The reality before our very eyes cannot be as vivid as the coinage of his brain was to Shakespeare. . . .

"For Shakespeare's credit I felt no concern, but I did feel mortified for Nature on whose behalf it seemed that if ever our best medical wisdom were to be unmuzzled, this was the hour. To this trial, in which Nature is the defendant (not Shakespeare, perish the thought!) I hoped to summon such an array of experts that their verdict would be accepted as final wherever the masters of medicine are known and honoured, or any faith exists in diagnosis. . . ."

The interesting, although somewhat dissentient, replies which he received from the seven prominent medical authorities whom he called in to consultation upon this passage may be found on pages 304–307 of the *Variorum* edition. This incident is characteristic of the exhaustive scrutiny and painstaking research which H. H. F. brought to bear on every knotty point.

[1] Edwin Booth, for the Variorum *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice*, supplied notes explaining both the traditional and his personal way of rendering the lines and executing the "business" on the stage.

line of Act V is born out of due course. Grant White's note occurs in his 2nd edition, and it's worth your looking at. Not for its value, but as a curiosity.

Don't desert Shylock.

Yours ever

H. H. F.

You say: "Do not stoop to the old stage trick of displaying Des. kerchief as if by accident while Othello's back is turned." Now turn to Gould's book and you will find that your father did something so similar that if I quote both you and Gould, you will immediately seem to condemn your father. Why not be more explicit and say, "My Father was wont to assure himself of the certainty of plot by pressing his hand on the spot where Des. kerchief was concealed (or by furtively looking at it, or whatever was his exact business), which is good if well done, but do not descend to the old stage trick of displaying this kerchief with a triumphant leer," &c. You can fix it up beautiful.

To Edwin Booth

Wallingford, 6 Sept. '85

Dearest Booth: I finished all the commentary on Othello yesterday. There is now nothing but the preparation of the Appendix, of which all the German part is done.

Herewith are one or two notes for your consideration.

In the last scene of all, when Othello says, "The

noise was high," you properly say that this refers to the fighting in the street, but add, "—— says it refers to Emilia's knocking." Is the name I have indicated by a dash, Irving? It looks like it, but just at that point your handwriting is not copper-plate & I can't quite make it out — at least not with the assurance that printing it, demands.

Then, too, I have taken the liberty of changing what you call an "Ottoman" into a "divan." As the Cyprus war was a war against the "Ottoman," I thought it might be interpreted that Emilia throws herself upon the "corp" of a Turk.

Then, too, your account of the last fight between Cassio and Roderigo is not quite clear. You say that Iago knocks up their swords and wounds Cassio in the leg trusting to Roderigo to kill him & then get hanged for it. No, no, it wouldn't suit Iago's plans to have Roderigo survive him for a trial. At all hazards Rod. must die that night. If it won't bother you too much write out that fight again. Fechter makes Iago wound Cassio with a back-handed blow just as he cuts into his own house. The wounding of Cassio in the leg might have been because Iago overheard him say, "But that my *Coat* is better than thou know'st, &c." But in Cinthio's odd story Cassio's leg is almost clean cut off — and this might have floated into Shakespeare's memory.

The 20*th* and Edwina [1] will soon be here. Give my love to the dear child when you see her. Polly

[1] Booth's daughter.

has gone to the Warm Springs in Virginia with Miss Logan, & Walter is in the Rockies after Elk.

Don't neglect Shylock, or spit upon his Jewish gabardine. The minute I am through with Othello I shall begin on him.

The benison of Heaven on you!

Ever thine

H. H. F.

To S. Weir Mitchell

Wallingford, 30 September, 1885

My dear Mitchell: I think that just at this moment dear old Walt [Whitman] is in no need. In the course of a week or two I shall be able to tell you more definitely, and then, be sure, you shall not be debarred the privilege of coming to his aid, if required. Individually I feel a debt of personal gratitude to Walt for the strength which comes to me from the sight of his grand imperturbable paucity amidst the frightful hurricanes of this awe-full world.

I will thoughtfully consider what you say about the death of the "gentle lady married to the Moor." I have the opinions of Brinton, DaCosta, Hunt, and yourself. I doubt whether to the estimation of the public any weight can be added beyond these four names. *The* point is to decide whether Othello stabs. Temporary reaction will go far to explain the few words Desdemona utters after the stifling. But the stabbing is a practical point, which must guide the actor, and the question cannot be dis-

cussed apart from the text. Therefore I doubt if we can make out a case stated. However, I'll think on't. In the meantime, as always

Yours faithfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 18 *Oct.* 1885

DEAR WRIGHT: I fell to wondering the other day why I hadn't heard from you about the Composite photographs of Shakespeare,[1] made by my boy, and turned to the list of those to whom I had sent that same to see the date of its dispatch, and the name, which of all others I intended to head the list, was not there at all. Can it really be that none came to you? Surely, surely I sent you a copy.

Well, well, I send you one by this same mail, and if you have one already you can give this away.

This experiment of my boy is simply curious; it isn't to be seriously discussed. The dear fellow did it solely to arouse some interest in me. I saw through his loving game and yielded to it, and was really interested before the close. To me the first composite, made of all the selected portraits, has a more lifelike look than any single one of the lot. And, moreover, there is a touch of humour in the face that justifies the comedies.

[1] [A carefully made composite photograph of all the well-known portraits of Shakespeare, namely: The Chandos, the Droeshout, the Jansen, the Stratford, the Felton, the Stratford Bust, Marshall's copy of the Droeshout, the Ashbourne, and the Death Mask. The work was done by my brother Walter Rogers Furness and the interesting result published in a small volume in June, 1885 — W. H. F. 3rd.]

Furnivall thinks (more suo) nought's had all's spent because my boy didn't combine the Stratford Bust and the Droeshout! Why, bless his five wits, the faces don't look in the same direction! As well demand the combination of a full face and a profile.

After days and weeks of alternating work and inaction, and all of misery, I have finished "Othello" and sent it to the printers, and the First Scene is stereotyped. I have taken the First Folio as text and give as accurate a reprint as vigilance can make, and in the Commentary I have followed no rule but the whim of the passing moment, and am now conscious that I am horribly obtrusive, and impertinent, and flippant, and, what I have not been hitherto, censorious and ill-natured. But I am referring too much to myself — I know you'll forgive me, and only remember, dear Wright, that I am very faithfully and affectionately

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

222 West Washington Sq., 1885

MY DEAR WRIGHT: The copy of "Twelfth Night" came safely to hand. Gratias Maximas tibi ago.

I don't think I have ever half told you how much, how thoroughly I admire your Clarendon Series. After closing one of your books I always wonder what there is left to be done or said.

As to the Death-Mask, the chiefest claim in its

favour lies in the mere fact of that claim. Just as "In Arabia there is one tree," so in England there was but one man who died in 1616 — all the rest counted for no more than flies. Argal, if this Death-Mask bears the mortuary star and 1616, it's William Shakespeare's. Q.E.D. If that doesn't convert you, you are in a parlous state.

My boy included that mask, as he did other portraits, not because their claims were good, but because they were loud. Neither he nor I place any faith in any but the Stratford Bust and the Droeshout — and not much in them. I don't [think] the latter resembles anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. However, the experiment was worth trying, and the combination of all the portraits does look, to me, like something human and as though the original might have written a Comedy.

You speak of my getting to "work" — pray don't dignify my hours with that honourable term. The days must be lived through and I try to spend them in a way least harmful to myself and others. I have flickerings of interest which live for a minute. The adoption of the First Folio as my text has proved the most abiding. The printers are in the middle of the Second Act, and two or three months should see the whole completed, if I don't commit it in disgust to the flames before then.

Give my love to Gosse when you think of it.

Yours as of yore

H. H. Furness

To H. H. F. Jr. and W. H. F. 3rd

222 West Washington Sq.
14 Feb. '86

Darling boys of ours: Somewhere in Sydney Smith's Lectures on Moral Philosophy, there is a most amusing speculation on the immense advantages which the long-lived Biblical patriarchs possessed over us modern short-lived creatures of a day. In those old days a man could think over a book for a hundred years, take a hundred years to see it through the press, and live to see its success for a hundred and fifty years afterwards. Now, although such a span is very, very far from what I should desire either for writing a book or anything else, I should like enough time to write a good long letter to you. Every week the same old story is retold. I have to scratch for my life, not that I should sit up too late, but that I shouldn't get to bed at all. However, this time it will be of less importance to you at least. Walter will follow these written words with his living voice so soon that you won't mind. . . .

We had Frank Stockton at dinner yesterday & we were all delighted with his simple, genial ways. You've read his "Lady and the Tiger," haven't you? Of course we asked him, begged him, to tell us which came out of the door, the Lady or the Tiger. He said, upon his soul, he didn't know, he wished he did — but he thought it was the tiger. I told him it wasn't — that there was a lady behind each door — and he said he was so glad to know it.

The day before we had Nettie Hooper to dinner — she is to play Second Lady in Booth's company next year — which is a great improvement I think on her present position. . . .

Yr. old

FATHER

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 18 *July*, 1886

DEAR WRIGHT: I'm glad that "Othello" reached you safely, and the relations between you and me are not, in diplomatic phrase, strained on account of my bumptiousness and flippancy. Down in my inmost heart I think my best note is my parody of Dr. Johnson's style in "What thought had I of her stol'n hours *or* lust," somewhere towards the close of the third Act.[1] I had utterly forgotten that I had written it, and when I read it in proof, I laughed outright. It *is* good, though I say it that shouldn't.

As for Judean or Indian — I still stand to my guns.[2] Any allusion at such a time, it seems to me, should be one more manifest to every auditor

[1] The note referred to reads, in part: "Dr. Johnson . . . , while using Theobald's text to print from, sneered at him in his Preface, and raised a laugh against him by saying: 'I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyric in which he celebrated himself for this achievement.' Sir, he who accepts a text to print from on the one hand, and vilifies his benefactor on the other, is, on this occasion, removed alike either from the claims of consideration or the requirements of respect."

[2] "Then must you speak . . . of one whose hand
(Like the base Judean) threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe."

Othello, v. ii.

than one of some far-away chance Indian. Think over the Judas interpretation once more. Surely Othello's vehemence seeks for the wildest similes, and in his agony the one great black crime of all the ages is the only fair parallel to his own. However, my work on the tragedy is done and finished and I want never to hear of it again.

Sometime or other if you can, consistently with all delicacy, I wish you'd let me know which of the plays were collated by Mr. Clark & which by you. I found the collation uneven in excellence. If, for this second edition, you repeat the collation throughout, I imagine that you will be not a little surprised at the number of corrections you will be called upon to make. Some years ago I collated *Ant. & Cleop.* and I remember that the fourth Folio was almost wholly ignored. And I have just finished the *Mer. of Venice*, & I cannot think that for the Cambridge Edition the same hand collated it and Othello. I think, without exception, where Capell's Errata are stated in the Cam. Ed. as "corrected in MS." they will be found corrected in his printed "Notes."

You see, dear Wright, on what small matters my life now hinges. I am weary and tired of everything beyond words.

The papers tell me that you have again elected Gosse as your lecturer. Congratulate the dear boy from me, when you see him and think of it.

Meantime and always, I am

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To H. H. F. Jr.

222 West Washington Square
4 November, '86

DEAREST HORRIE: "'Twixt the gloaming and the mirk" I've time just to write you a line.

Have you had a chance to dip into Coleridge's Table Talk? It's a most suggestive book. I don't think you can open a page without lighting on something which sets you thinking. In his scoldings at the Unitarians and in his encomiums on the Trinitarians, I think you must always bear in mind that he was a convert & like all converts bitter against his former faith, perhaps from knowing how dear it once was to him & how easily in an unguarded moment he might fall back into its arms.

There's another book of "Table Talk," Rogers's, of a totally opposite character, but which I always read with pleasure. It is downright gossip pure and simple, but very entertaining. Rogers's great age makes all his reminiscences of old London interesting. Don't you remember Conduit St? It led off from Old Bond St. towards Regent St. Well, Gen. Oglethorpe told Rogers that he had shot snipe in the fields where Conduit St now runs. It's well for you to remember that perhaps the best account of Porson is to be found added at the end of Rogers's Table Talk.

The mirk has come down & I can see no longer. Always, dear old boy

Your devoted

FATHER

To H. H. F. Jr.

222 West Washington Square
17 Nov., '86

Dearest Horrie: Whether or not Jane Eyre was personally handsome, the novel is intensely interesting — so much is certain. Therefore one great element in a story is gained.

Now it's perfectly clear that the authoress, as she was human, could not have been herself insensible to the charm of personal beauty. Why, then, did she choose to make her heroine ugly? To answer this you've got to bear in mind the time & the disposition of the time, when the story was written.

Since the days of Armida and Dulcinea del Toboso heroines had been surpassingly fair; their hair was raven-black, their eyes lustrous, their necks swan-like, & their forms like a gazelle. Beauty was all in all; with that a girl was a heroine, let her be as namby-pamby as you please. The case was equally true with regard to heroes, with the modification that if not handsome they must be manly & stalwart of form, of virile bulk and thews & sinews.

Into this world of sawdust dolls with simpering faces Charlotte Brontë dashed a brilliant headstrong girl, plain as a pikestaff, but with every intellectual quality that can fascinate a man — and after making her marry a crippled, scarred, burnt, blind man set the world screaming itself hoarse with applause. It is an epoch-making book, my

boy. The world of novels has never seen such a revulsion: and its effects have lasted to this hour. Let any writer attempt to give us another Laura Matilda of the ante Jane Eyre type & vous markez mes mots there'd be a tee-hee. No, no, dear boy, read Jane Eyre historically, note the artistic design of the authoress, & then you'll see clear enough why she made her heroine ugly. Had Jane Eyre been pretty you'd never have read the story — it wouldn't have survived a month.

Dearest love to Will —

Your old most loving

FATHER

To H. H. F. Jr. and W. H. F. 3rd

222 West Washington Square

23 January, 1887

DEAR, DEAR BOYS OF OURS: It's sorry indeed I am to learn of your disappointment over my failure to reach Boston. But it was so bitter cold, colder than I have ever felt it in my life, and the night journey through Massachusetts seemed so formidable that I just shirked it, and, as in all hours of temptation, found the arguments for yielding too cogent. And so, I just snoodled down to the Phila. train with Clarke Davis & resolved I'd try Boston on some warmer day.

"The Taming of a Shrew" is more gorgeous than I have believed it possible for the stage to produce. Daly was all cordiality and Mrs. Daly, with whom in her private box we sat, was all smiles &

courtesy. Of course, a deaf man's criticisms are worthless & I therefore freely remark that I think John Drew scarcely perhaps rises to the level of Shakespearean Petruchio, in that he seemed at times a little too rough with Katherine. Any rough man can subdue any rough woman by sheer brutality, but Petruchio, I think, subdues Katherine by being rough to everybody but her. His terrible rages are all for her sake — every explosion is proof of his idolatry of her — Nothing is good enough for her, no clothes however splendid, no food however choice. And in his rages he holds the mirror up to her of her own. Such I think is the key to the character & John Drew fell a little short of it. My! but the smacks which Katherine dealt upon his face were sharp & resounding & made his cheeks glow red through the rouge. And how the theatre applauded and shouted at them! . . .

Good-night, darlings, Heaven guard you both!

Your doting old

FATHER

To H. H. F. Jr.

Wallingford, 14 *Nov.* 1887

DEAREST HORRIE: Your yesterday's letter has reached me with unusual dispatch — and I'll hurry off a line to you before I go to bed.

For the subject of your Forensic [1] I can give you very little help. You ask me if I think it is an in-

[1] The subject chosen was: "Is Collaboration beneficial in Dramatic Composition."

teresting one. I am sorry to say that I must confess I do not.

It will require a vast deal of reading and when all is accomplished — what does it amount to?

Beaumont is to me an unutterably stupid dramatist. And to read through his endless plays is a penance of the worst kind. You'd never read him in your after life — at least I hope not. All that is worth reading either of him or of Fletcher is given in Lamb's Dramatic Poets — and a generous allowance too.

You can separate his work from Fletcher's only by the closest analysis of style and metre — and even then your grounds are shifting and uncertain — and someone else can say "'tisn't" after you've said "'tis." You have got to assume (which I think is a folly) that a man always writes exactly the same — and that no one has ever imitated him — not even his fellow labourer who works in the composition of the same drama with him. To me such questions, with their long laborious solutions of tables and lists, are waste time. Very little thought is required, it's mainly a ponderous mechanical labour. You've got to lay down certain rules, & they're simple enough for a child to devise, and then go through the plays and tabulate. Ugh! You must count up how many feminine endings there are in each play, and how many lines run on — and when your long heavy work is done, you've done no good to God or man — and anyone with a different crotchet in his head will upset and deny

your every conclusion. No man on earth has done more of that kind of work than Fleay, and there's no second man on earth that accepts his conclusions — and when he comes to apply them to Shakespeare's plays, he scarcely accepts them himself in different editions of his own work.

Tomorrow when I go to town I'll look up the little my library has on the subject & send the books on to you by express.

But my counsel is that if you *can* change your subject, do so. If you can't you must grin and bear it — but I should begrudge every minute I had to devote to it.

Good-night.

Your doting old

FATHER

To H. H. F. Jr

222 West Washington Square
29 Jan'y, 1888

DEAREST HORRIE: . . . What you say about Wagner interests me extremely. My chiefest advice to you is to remember that the law of your being is growth, and that in passing judgement it is always best to qualify that judgement to meet the changes of that growth.

The Wagner craze that you have now I had, & had it quite as badly too, thirty-five years ago. At that time we had only Tannhäuser — He wrote Lohengrin in '56, I think, and I know very little of his music since that date, but I can see now that

he has great faults, chiefest in the matter of time, the capabilities whereof in Opera, he seemed to neglect — and he lacks versatility. But there's no question about it — he can stir the blood.

My first revulsion for Wagner came when I learned his personal characteristics. No proper criterion, I'll allow, in judging of his music. But after all, a man writes his character in his music. If, as Buffon said, "Le style est l'homme," very much more, "La musique est l'homme." Wagner's life was gnarled and twisted; he dealt in problems too deep for him or for any one man; his intellectual arrogance was illimitable, and if any questioned his supremacy he fought, and bit, and swore. He received endless kindness from the Emperor of Austria and in return he joined the mob in 1848, and with his own hand set fire to the Conservatoire of Music in Vienna knowing that the conflagration would burn up priceless, *priceless* treasures of music by all the old masters, which it did. It will take a good deal of harmony in Wagner to obliterate the discord of that black deed. But what I want you to feel, dear boy, is that no one master, no one school will hold *all* the truth; lucky if each of them can catch a wee bit of the hem of her garment. "Many, for many virtues excellent; None but for some and yet each different" — And we must remember that the moods of men vary, even on the upward path. The earth in her annual motion has a diurnal motion also. There is a time for all things. Vous markez mes mots, sometime or other, in some

mood or other, your demigod will be Bellini. Because an oak with its summer bravery and its winter poverty speaks its lesson to you, are you not to sympathize with Autolycus's pugging tooth when daffodils begin to peer? To me, the greatest Opera written by mortal hand is Fidelio — its theme is the loftiest vouchsafed to man — but then I take delight, great delight, in "The Brewer of Preston" and a hundred others. "Talents differ. All is well and wisely put. If I can't carry forests on my back, Neither can you crack a nut," says the Squirrel to the Mountain in Emerson. And sometimes we want to crack nuts — and jokes. Videlicet Thackeray — with his "Ho, pretty page," and, "There were three sailors in Bristol City."

Wherefore, dear boy, let everything minister to your growth that you can assimilate, and try your very hardest to assimilate the best, & highest, and purest things.

Good-bye till I see your dear smile.

Your doting old

FATHER

To W. H. F. 3rd

222 West Washington Square
19 February

DEAREST WILLIE: Your letters in your compact handwriting are really budgets — You always tell me a heap of news, and, as regularly, I feel as though I sent nothing, in that line, to you in return. 'Tis always hard to know what is really news worth

sending. One thing, however, I have found out, and that is, that no incident whatever, if written out, is trifling in the reading — It seems dignified, and elevated into history, by the mere transcription. Nathless the country whose annals are dull may be very pleasant to live in, but it's a doosid hard country to write letters from. . . .

With what you say about Irving I fully agree. I think he's doing harm to the stage — Mais, que voulez-vous? Crowds follow him and money piles itself around him, and he has a right to think himself justified. All this stage effect and stage machining belong to pantomime — where speech is forbidden — but where the actors speak, the less we have of mere stage effect the better. Had Shakespeare known that Dover Cliff was to be painted on the scene, he never would have written that immortal description that almost makes us dizzy to read. The scene painter and the poet are in opposite scales; if one goes up the other goes down. . . .

The printers will be on the Fifth Act of *Mer. of Ven.* tomorrow — and they drive me hard and fast — which is not perhaps what I like but what I need. . . .

To George Putnam

222 West Washington Square, 1888

Dearest George: You cannot exaggerate the pleasure which your letter gave me; in it I saw the very same dear old boy of nigh forty years syne.

My friends are always so much dearer to me than I can possibly be to them, that any proof of their regard strikes home.

You speak of seeing notices only of that Spiritual Report. I'll tell Lippincott to send you the Report itself: if you already have a copy, you can pass this one on. The Spiritualists criticize this Report for its lack of scientific method, but, bless you, there is no need of bringing such methods to bear on nothing at all — you don't need to employ scalpel and scales on froth — a puff of laughter is all that's needed, and it is at my laughter that Spiritualists gnash their teeth. My! what letters I've had.

And I so hoped that Spiritualism was true! I entered in the investigation almost a convert, and at this hour I would give almost all I possess to be one. But not a sound or a vibration or a thrill comes from beyond the grave; there is no crevice in that wall. To my infinite regret I have become convinced that all the manifestations of Spiritualism, however mysterious they may be, find their cause in the unknown capacities of the mind, and that they are all *diesseits* and not *jenseits*. And now I've lost all interest in the subject; I can't attempt to grapple with the problems of the human mind — I've got so very little of it myself, that it isn't enough to argue from!

Does it make you feel old to have a boy engaged? Why, George dear, I was a grandfather six months ago. (But it is not grandchildren that make you

aged.) My boy and his very pretty wife lead the most idyllic of lives. I turned over to him the care of my small farm of eighty acres, and on it he and his wife live, devoted to horses, dogs, poultry, and flowers; of the last they are passionately fond and work all day side by side, potting plants, making cuttings and sowing seeds in their greenhouses. My two Seniors are dear lovely good boys as ever were born, but they don't study particularly hard, and I don't know that they will even take a degree. One is on the Advocate and the other on the Lampoon, and they are both in the Hasty Pudding, and they are both as honest and as truthful as the day, and have never had the first faint tinge of a quarrel with each other, which, I think, tells volumes for both.

My little girl is in her fourteenth year, almost as tall as I am — a downright tomboy in Summer — she plays and sings with the piano and her banjo & she's a great magician. I have had her regularly taught & by beginning thus early her sleight of hand is remarkable.

My Father is as well as can be. His age deters him from doing nothing that he wants to do. Last week was the sixty-third anniversary of his settlement here. He comes to see me nearly every day & smokes his cigar while we gossip. At times he grows restless and anxious to join my Mother, but he represses it and subsides into a tranquil patience. As I tell him he can well afford to be patient — the years ahead look very different to one of 86 and one of 54.

There, dear George, I've gabbled like a tinker & I've given you a screed as unsatisfactory as "the unedifying Ninth of Nehemiah."

Give my love to your wife, and thank God on your knees every night that you have her by your side.

Yours always and all ways
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 24 May, 1888

DEAR NORTON: Ever so many thanks for this highly interesting facsimile of "The Skylark."

It has made me excessively vain. Years ago I suggested the change "*im*bodied," as necessary to the idea of ethereal immortality which mortality had assumed. An "embodied" joy is instantly cabined, cribbed, confined.

Then, too, how interesting to note the erasure of "blithe delight." As an adjective for "delight" I think "blithe" is really better than "shrill," but evidently to Shelley's sensitive ear the repetition of the two long *i*'s was cacophonous: "blithe delight," and so he preferred "shrill."

Then, again, could anything be more delicate than his first expression "Music *which is love*," but he had to have a *which* or a *that* follow hard after, so the first "which" was sacrificed — and I am not quite sure that I am content that it was. I'd have been willing to accept "With music which is love, that overflows her bowers." No, no — I

see; "that" would have referred to "love" whereas it must refer to "music."

But 'tis almost fairy time and I must to bed. Good-night.

Yours ever

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk

Wallingford, 9 July, 1888

DEAR MRS. KIRK: Although you tell me not to answer your note, how can you imagine that I shall remain silent to such a kind and tender message? The written word is all that can ever now reach me; for who would think of bawling affection through an ear-trumpet?

No, my increased deafness is due to no temporary or local cause. It is simply to be expected. . . . By this time I have learned to disregard it for myself; I now have to learn to regard it for my friends. They must not be made to bear the affliction or the infliction.

However rugged the road, we do somehow manage to grow accustomed to the roughest joltings. What was once my sorest misery has now grown to be a comfort to me. My silence has ceased to be observed, and I can now unnoticed retire into my own thoughts. "Into that inner world I go from this, and let the veil fall."

Thank heaven! it is far different with you. Your life is full and rich. Mine is ended, and I go on only from the impetus I received in past years, hoping,

trusting, praying that it may soon cease. "God lets his servants go to bed and sleep when they have done their work," says old Fuller, and so I suppose there is still work for me to do & I must go toiling on . . .

Do pray drop me a line from the mountain heights to let me know how you all fare, and believe me

Very gratefully yours
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, October 7th, 1888

DEAR WRIGHT: Your charity is quite large and I am quite willing to trust to it to shield me from the suspicion of meddling officiousness in what I am about to say. You tell me, and I hail it with joy, that you are editing Edward Fitzgerald's letters. Have you ever applied to Mrs. F. A. Kemble for her letters from him? They were playmates in youth and close friends in later years, and correspondents, I believe, always. I remember that on one of my last visits to Mrs. Kemble, when she was in Philadelphia, she read to me a long letter from Mr. Fitzgerald and showed me his photograph. At a venture, I send you Mrs. Kemble's address, No. 26 Hereford Square, South Kensington, London, S. W.

Don't curl your lip too much at my forwardness — but never mind, do it if you choose; I can't see it and I won't imagine it. I dare say you're an

old friend of Mrs. Kemble and long ago had every letter Fitzgerald ever wrote to her.

Can you explain or understand why Fitzgerald had such a fervent admiration for Crabbe — If the style is the man, could there be men more widely different than these two? The same pleasure can be taken in Crabbe's poetry (rhythm rather) that can be found in Tenier's pictures, not an atom more. The interior with its pots and pans is marvellously exact, but when all's done you look but on a stool. I remember many years ago at Fitzgerald's request I tried hard to make Lippincott publish some selections from Crabbe which Fitzgerald had edited or rather prepared for the press. But the hard-headed publisher said there was no money in them.

Long before it was known here who translated Omar Khayyám, I was fascinated by these quatrains, and sent for fifteen or twenty copies from Quaritch, and distributed them among my friends. They were of the 2nd edition. Not a single change did Fitzgerald make in the 3rd edition which could be called, I think, an improvement. What he struck out at first heat was always the best. But good-night & good-bye.

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. J. Rolfe

222 West Washington Square
November 10th, 1888

DEAR ROLFE: Your two books, "Lays of Ancient Rome" & "Tales from English History," have

given me real pleasure. They are delightful. Your Introduction to the "Lays" is masterly, the work of a genuine scholar — 'twould be hard to find anywhere else so much information compressed into so compact a compass. Every paragraph is full freighted — and the whole is a needful introduction, in the fullest sense of the word, to the Poems. . . .

Your other book, too, is charming — Of course you suffered frightfully from embarrassment of wealth, and your selection is most happy. I was particularly glad to see Drayton's "Agincourt" — of which, I think, Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" is really the only other noteworthy or genuine imitation in this metre, although you mention Scott's and Heber's pieces. We don't estimate Drayton half highly enough: he was a genuine poet. . . .

Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is falsetto; there's not an atom of martial strain in his ludship and he thinks there is, so when he tries he grinds out those mock heroics. "All the world wondered!" What bosh! And you're wrong in your notes too, my lad. No one doubts that Nolan falsified his orders. He'd have been courtmartialled had he survived the fight. Bless you, it wasn't a mile and a half that the six hundred had to ride, it was a short half-mile. I have been over every inch of the way, and talked with the survivors on the spot. Sir William Codrington showed me the position of every battery — and

though he didn't say it was Nolan's fault, other officers did. Nolan was struck in the breast by a shell & they think that he tried to undo his work and tell them to go back, but it was impossible for him to utter a word; he could only wave his hands to the rest to retreat and died gasping. Cardigan, bad as he was, was noble enough never openly to blame Nolan. Dear me! how garrulous I grow. Forgive & don't forget

Thine

H. H. F.

To Creston Clarke [1]

222 West Washington Square
7 July, 1889

Dear Mr. Clarke: You must pardon an old man, and a very busy old man, if he has neglected to answer very promptly a letter which has interested him very much.

If I am not mistaken the very thing which has occurred to you in regard to the dramatic superiority of the First Quarto of Hamlet occurred to the Devrient brothers and they altered their acting copy accordingly. If I remember rightly they followed Q_1 quite exactly; they certainly proclaimed its greatly superior qualities for the stage. (I am writing away from my books and my memory will not retain everything.) I remember that I gave some extracts from the preface of their edition in the second volume of my "Hamlet" — where, too, you'll find a Reprint of the First Quarto. I think

[1] A nephew of Edwin Booth.

the stage arrangement of the First Quarto was brought out in London a few years ago under the auspices of the "New Shakspere Society," and the popular verdict justified it. I can look the matter up when I go to town, if you would like it. As to the arrangement of Acts & Scenes about which you ask me, my opinion is not worth a straw — such a question you, as an actor, can decide far, far better — and as for authority, I don't think you need any — I should do just what my dramatic instinct told me was best, & let your popular success decide. If you lose your hold on your audience you've failed. If it is rivetted you've succeeded, and no one would nod more approvingly than Shakespeare himself.

I don't believe you've studied that Second volume [of the Variorum *Hamlet*] as much as the First, and yet I think you'll find it the more valuable of the two. Do read Werder's criticism — Not that I wholly agree with him, but it is very novel and very brilliant. (Your Uncle Edwin had a most laughable interview with Werder in Berlin — ask him to describe it.)

It is quite delightful to find that Hamlet, instead of being muddy mettled, is the very soul of energy and full of dash. You'll find the Devrient extract by looking for the name in the Index.

It is very pleasant to see how much in earnest you are; it augurs finely for your success — which is not to be measured by the applause of one or two seasons, however vociferous. But you've got to

make a mark and leave a deep impress on the stage by your personality, & this you can do only by the deepest thought and study. When Shakespeare put years of thought into Hamlet is it likely that we, poor little pygmy atomies, can get it out in an hour?

Don't hesitate to call on me for aid & call on me personally when you are in Philadelphia. You have a large claim on me for your father's sake, for your Uncle's sake, & for your own sake as an earnest student.

Believe me, my dear Creston Clarke
Yours faithfully
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To F. A. Leo

Wallingford, 24 November, 1889

My DEAR LEO: You have a right to think me a most unconscionable wretch for having so long delayed to thank you for this dainty little volume of "Poems." The truth is I did not wish to thank you in a formal way until I had read them; and my chances to read them have been slim. I could snatch only odd minutes now and then. But whenever and wherever I opened the book, dear Leo, I always found something charming and graceful and attractive. You have reason to be proud of the Poems, and your fellow countrymen have reason to be proud of you. I shall always prize the volume for its own sake, and for yours. My heartiest thanks be yours for it.

I am in the midst of seeing "As You Like It"

through the press. You Germans have been singularly silent over this delightful Comedy. My German extracts are very meagre in amount, and not of the highest tone in quality. The tragedies have attracted you far more than the comedies. As far as I, personally, am concerned, I much prefer the latter. Life itself is enough of a tragedy. We need not go to the world of imagination for it — it lies all around us in our daily life.

Write to me, dear Leo, when the spirit moves you, and remember that I am

Faithfully yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Caroline A. Furness

Wallingford, 13 *July*, 1890

A DULL, dark Sunday, with lowering skies, occasional heavy downpours from clouds not much higher than the top of Horrie's observatory, with poor bedraggled robins and catbirds, hunting hungry through the wet grass for a stray bit, the house damp and misty with the bannisters sliddery and the paper on the walls in large blisters, flies persistent, with gluey feet, dulness profound everywhere but in the parlor, where a bright fire is blazing to cheer your grandfather who incontinently left it at noon to go over to your Aunt Nannie's to have his Sunday service with her and to stay to lunch — there, dear little girl, you have a picture of the day and the hour wherein your memory and imagination can fill up many a detail

— especially Dick's tail which wags fast and furiously when he comes every now and then for a bit of sympathy, as though he knew I was writing to you & was anxious to send you a message. . . .

Carrie Thomas left your Aunt Nannie a day or two ago. She dined and spent the evening here once. Not having all you 'uns to help entertain her, the task of enlivening her fell wholly upon me — Your Aunt Nannie and your Grandfather foregathered in the parlor and Lilly knitted silently and steadily. Indeed I got on better than I could have dared to hope, and to such an extent did we warm to one another in comparing notes on the subject of deafness that, by my halidome! 'twas droll to hear her confess that she much disliked to talk to deaf people; nay, she even went so far as to acknowledge that much as she loved me through kinship and regard she still did very much reluct at talking to me. Whereupon with a merry, merry laugh I told her that she interpreted my feelings exactly, and that I, in return, hated to talk to her — This don't sound like a pleasant way of entertaining your guests — but she and I kind o' seemed to enjoy it. . . .

Think now and then of your loving old

FATHER

To C. A. F.

Wallingford, 27 July, 1890

WHENEVER I go to town, dearest little girl, which I have to do the first three days of every week, I

come back in the train which reaches here just before tea at seven o'clock, and I always find your grandfather with his placid, benignant face, awaiting me. One day last week I saw a sight which, if you could have watched it unseen, would have made you blush again, with pleasure. As I descended the steps from the station your grandfather came eagerly towards me, his face beaming with delight, and holding out a fluttering page which he kept fairly kissing with the devotion of a lover. Ah, you little minx, are you already beginning to blush in anticipation? It was your letter to him thanking him for his birthday present! His joy was exuberant. He could not find adjectives tender enough, or loving enough, or admiring enough to speak of you. Indeed and indeed, in thus making him happy, you have gratified me sovereignly. Dearly as I love to get your letters, I do not begrudge a single sheet you write to him. . . . It is curious to note, and pleasant withal, how readily he falls into set ways. His morning drive to Media, with John, he will on no account forego. (At that city of shops he will insist on buying bon-bons of questionable purity, which it requires all our Machiavellian diplomacy to keep from the innocent mouths of little Kate and Fairman.[1]) Then, too, after our late dinner or tea, he depends on sitting at the end of the first terrace and watching for Mars, which is due in the sky, over the magnolia

[1] Helen Kate Furness and Fairman Rogers Furness, H. H. F.'s grandchildren, daughter and son of Walter Rogers Furness.

tree. And it is a soothing custom, for two white-haired old men, the younger in years much the older in spirit.

. . . And so you like Paris. I don't wonder at it. The gay and careless side, which is all the travellers see, is very fascinating. Your Mother loved dearly to sit o' evenings on the Boulevards and sip demi-tasse, and watch the stream of life flow by. Heine (to read whose writings it is alone worth learning German) was enamoured of Paris, German though he was, and says in one of his delightful essays that, as it is well known how our ghosts always haunt the spot where we have buried any treasure, he intended before he died to bury a small bag of francs somewhere along the Boulevards so that even as a disembodied spirit he might enjoy that carnival, in sæcula sæculorum. It is, however, always worth while to remember that as far as the pendulum swings in one direction, it swings exactly as far in the other. Where there is extreme gaiety there is always, and not far off either, extreme misery. What is good about Paris, and I did not find it out till I went there, is that in no city in the world are there more charitable institutions, nowhere are the poor so watched and tended. I remember how deeply I was impressed by seeing a hospital "Pour les Incurables," a charity we have in this city only on a very small scale and within only two or three years, while it was on a large scale in Paris thirty years ago. Then, too, on my very first walk in that

city, I passed by the magnificent buildings of the Tuileries and the Louvre, just then a-building, and saw a little frame house with "Pour les blessés" over the door where a surgeon was in attendance all day to care for workmen who might meet with accidents. I had always had an antipathy to Paris; the stories I had heard of it always disgusted me, & I entered it with stern antagonism. The sight of that beautiful provision for wounded workmen gave me very serious pause, and when I found that beneath all the gay frivolity there was a most serious, earnest humanity I was reconciled & could forgive (and enjoy) the one for the sake of the other.

This is a worthless letter — most barren of news. But repentance comes too late. I'm going to write to Willy. Read and accept that letter as a continuation of this from

Your most loving and devoted

FATHER

To William Pepper

Wallingford, 13th Nov. 1890

MY DEAR PROVOST: You ask me about the cost of a good working library of English and American Literature. 'Tis a very hard question to answer — the definition of what constitutes a "good working" library is as various as men's minds and would extend from a single copy of an Encyclopedia up to the British Museum. However, looking at the needs, the absolute needs of a University

such as ours, I should say a selection such as the following would be as moderate as could be devised. Be it here understood that I do not here include any fictitiously valuable books, such as the Mazarin Bible or the First Folio of Shakespeare, nor any purely technical books which belong to the special libraries of our technical schools. I have tried to enumerate only those classes of books, which would be indispensable to the students in writing their college Themes or in laying the fundamental groundwork of a sound English education.

First and foremost must come all books of Reference, such as Dictionaries (Philological, Biographical, Bibliographical, Technical, etc.), Encyclopedias, Grammars (Early and Late, such as German Mätzners and Koch's — these are not German grammars, but English grammars by Germans). The Early English Text Society's publication, The Hunterian Club (of Glasgow), The Spenser Society, The Camden, Hakluyt, Roxburghe, Philobiblon Societies, etc. Arber's Reprints, Stationers' Registers, Grosart's Huth Library, Anglia, Englische Studien, etc., etc., especially the various translations of the Bible. (The basis of our most learned late Prof. Dr. Knauth's fame was laid on his intimate knowledge of these translations.) I do not think that for the purchase of these the sum of eight thousand dollars would be more than adequate. (I have lately been entrusted with the expenditure of one thousand dollars in this department for the Philadelphia Library and I

therefore know how very little way that sum goes — ten times this sum will have to be expended before that Library will stand where I think it should stand in this English Department.) I am therefore moderate in estimating for our University the sum I mentioned above.

Next come the books which makes the Dictionaries and Grammars necessary. For the sake of estimating the cost, they can be divided into Prose and Poetry.

In Prose must be included all writers from Sir Thomas Malory with his Morte d'Arthur down to Thomas Carlyle. I needn't specify; we all know what a host there is. Under this head should be included, perhaps, full sets of the standard magazines such as Edinburgh, Blackwood, Gentleman's, Quarterly, etc. The cost of this department would amount to about five thousand dollars. This would represent, say, about three thousand volumes (not authors, but volumes; Dickens, for instance, runs up to about fifty volumes).

For Poetry I should say, that assuredly about the same amount would be required, if not more. We must remember that we are here dealing with not only the Elizabethan, but with the Queen Anne, and the Victorian periods. Although for the Elizabethan we must rely chiefly upon Reprints, yet these Reprints have grown costly. Here too belong the Chaucer Society's publications, and the Ballad Society.

I do not forget that in all these Departments we

have already somewhat in our present Library. It is for this reason, therefore, that I am rather understating than overstating our needs.

In American Literature, I'm afraid my knowledge is very shallow. Looking at the eagerness with which early Americana are now sought after (and it does seem fitting that such a department should be well represented in an American College), I should imagine that the ground could be well and adequately covered by another five thousand dollars. . . .[1]

I cannot imagine how a greater impetus can be given to our University than by such a gift of books. The life and soul of a University lie in its Library. The larger the Library the grander, and more enduring and more far-reaching the influence of the University. The fact that we have now the finest, most complete collection of Latin literature in the Western hemisphere ought to stimulate us to keep pace in a literature that is far more useful to us and comes closer to our hearts and daily lives than the Latin. But the prospect is too dazzling; I shall sink into bathos if I keep on any longer, and so, my dear Pepper, I can only sign myself

Your friend and servant

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Edwin Booth

222 West Washington Square
6 Dec., 1890

MY DEAR NED: I'm afraid you must forego, this time, the happy eminence of an original emender of

the divine Williams. That "eale" was supposed to be *ill* was conjectured by Capell a hundred and thirty years ago, and as such has been mumbled and chewed, sometimes swallowed and sometimes spat out, by various commentators ever since.

That "eale" was specifically *e'il* (just as you have it) was proposed by one Swynfen Jervis thirty years ago, and has since received the same treatment as its forbear *ill*.

My own opinion is that you and S. J. are exactly right, and for the rest of the sentence I adopt Corson's interpretation which follows the original text without the alteration of a single letter:

> The dram of evil
> Doth all the noble substance with a doubt.

I.e., a wee atom of evil will permeate whatever is noble with a suspicion — "substance" is a verb: — the evil substances, penetrates with its own essence whatever is noble, &c. Do you take the idea? In the original it reads "substance *of* a doubt," but "with" and "of" are interchangeable; as you know well enough, Shakespeare often & often uses "of" where we should use "with." If you understand this, 'tis clear that I've explained it more intelligibly than Corson — for his explanation broke my head before I mastered it.

Awful glad you're all right again — now don't go and load its little stummie with naughty indigestible food and you'll stay so.

Blessings on your bonnie face.

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

222 West Washington Square
31 December, 1890

My dear Wright: What a thing it is to be methodical! — a quality I have struggled to attain all my life, and now towards the close of that life I begin to mistrust and even anathematize it. "Past reason hunted, and past reason hated."

As soon as I have answered a letter, I *always* mark on it the date of my answer.

I have just found a letter of yours, of last May, whereon there is no record that I ever replied to it, and it contained some queries anent the readings in my F_1 and F_2 which should have had an immediate answer.

O-hon-a-ree! did I never answer you? I haven't the faintest recollection of so doing and I am afraid I must throw myself at your feet and pray for mercy.

If I did not, say but the word, and the needed collation shall travel back to you as fast as winds give benefit and convoy is assistant.

At this season, dear Wright, take from my lips the wish of happy years — and so me totum tuo amori fideique commando —

Faithfully Horace Howard Furness

To W. Aldis Wright

222 West Washington Square, 6th Feb'y, 1891

My dear Wright: As we have never met face to face my simulacrum in your mind can suffer no loss

of dignity if I beg you to picture me as swinging round my hat to the utmost compass of my outstretched arm, over the arrival this morning of Volume the First.[1]

Albeit attached as I am to the First Edition, I must acknowledge that I like the outward show of this Second better — I like the snow-white paper and the clear type.

'Tis a true thing, too, to reprint the Preface of the First Edition, with the notes thereof, as far as practicable, ipsissimis verbis.

I do most heartily congratulate you for your sake, and thank you for my own.

Last summer I collated "The Tempest" and the trifling oversights which I noted in the First edition have been, I see, nearly all corrected in the present. But, Lord! (à la Pepys) who cares whether the authority be Rowe ii, or Pope, Steevens, or Singer — The variations in the Folios, however, are interesting. In III, i, 80, you record in both editions "*seekd* F_3 F_4." In my folio it is unmistakably *seekt*. This, I think, is the only discrepancy which I noted.

Again thanking you, dear Wright, for remembering me, I remain

Yours faithfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

I do like your plain unlettered name on the title-page. 'Tis vastly more distinguished than if you had the whole alphabet after it.

[1] Of the Second Edition of the *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 24 June, 1891

My dear Wright: I thank you over and over again for these verses of Fitzgerald's — They are so simple, so direct, so charming, and so full of feeling. Who can read the second without emotion? 'Twas very good of you to remember me.

I'm woe to think that you should be suffering from this wretched epidemic. I had it in the Spring, but not so severely that I could not set my teeth and live my daily life in spite of it. But the mental prostration is the hardest to withstand. I longed to become a China Mandarin and squat all day long, wagging my hands and sticking my tongue out.

Don't think of answering this — it bears merely my thanks and my sympathy.

And e'en my thanks for the fine Vol. II — which is the last to reach these shores. How vast an improvement in type over the first. Believe me, dear Wright

Cordially yours

Horace Howard Furness

To C. A. F.

Wallingford, 7th July, '91

Dearest little one: This is only a wail over your absence. I know you're having a lovely time, and I wouldn't have you back again one minute before the allotted hour, but my! how empty the house seems! My footsteps echo through the

vacant corridors (no houses in sentimental writing have "entries"; they're always "corridors") and my voice reverberates in the silent rooms. We propose to banish the dining table and have the table spread on the top of an umbrella. But, indeed, we do miss you! Willie is so depressed at your absence that I have been obliged furtively to conceal his razors. Walter & Helen try to distract themselves in the excitement of filling up their lily pond. But I can see that their joy is hollow. Even the coon is restless and broke his chain last night, evidently bent on searching for you. Walter was just going into his bath when Helen — herself in night apparel, brought him word. Whereupon, donning dressing-gowns and slippers, the husband and wife flew over Delaware County in search of the truant, whom they at last found and rechained. But the neighborhood is rife this morning with ghost stories and children, far and near, have gone quaking to bed this night.

Ah, well, this is only a little greeting to you — for fear that you will clean forget

Your loving old

FATHER

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 2 August, 1891

DEAR OLD BOY: . . . What a pleasant fraternity Sh. Edd. are in private and what tigers of Anjia they are in print. Howard Staunton sent me the other day a handsome medallion likeness of him-

self, and yet I suppose he'd rend me if he caught me tripping editorially. Dyce asserts that a Conjecture of Dr. Ingleby's "vies in absurdity with any of the misinterpretations that ignorance & conceit have ever put forth and etc., etc." All of which Dr. Ingleby wrote to me that he considered as "perfectly allowable *spice*." Father Abraham what a world!

But bye, bye — I hope you'll have a delightful summer.

Yours ever

H. H. F.

To F. A. Leo

Wallingford, October 31, 1891

My dear Leo: I should be proud indeed to have any word of mine in your Sh. Yearbooks, but that pride cannot be mine for many a long day yet, if ever. I really have no minute free from the work to which my life is now devoted. I shall never finish all the plays, but I should like to complete as many as I can "while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work." "The Tempest" is finished and is now going through the press, and the very day that it is published I shall probably begin another. The spirit driveth me, and 'tis my only nepenthe. As for Shakespearean study, and, in fact, for all study, it is not the goal reached that is the great gain, but it is the reaching it. Just as the fox is worth nothing when it is caught, but the catching it is the great thing. So

of your textual criticism on Shakespeare; you may not be successful, but you have gained much in the process. You Germans scarcely realize how dear Shakespeare is to the English heart, and for a foreigner to step in and attempt to settle any little difficulty which we may have with him is exactly like a stranger's interfering between husband and wife, and you know it is proverbial that in this latter case the stranger turns all the wrath upon himself. But, dear Leo, you may amend Shakespeare from The Tempest to Pericles if you will only remember that I am

Yours affectionately
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To C. A. F.

Wallingford, 10 *July*, 1892

DEAREST, dearest little daughter of ours, this week has been "red-lettered, eminently fair." Twice, on Monday and on Thursday, the summer sunshine was made brighter by letters from you, both from Dresden, and dated 22nd and 26th of June. In the former you were wrath all around the horizon — with Brown, Shipley, and with us here at home. Foolish little girl, you believed your old father had neglected to write to you! Don't you remember that I distinctly warned you not to fall into this error? There is always a hitch about getting the first letters — the silence of all voices from home seems unaccountable. I told you then & I repeat it now, that as regularly as the Sunday comes, I shall, if I am alive, write to you. . . .

Your letter of the 22nd, wherein you declared that you "hated" Berlin, took me by surprise; your first letter from that gorgeous capital was full of enthusiasm over it. I, myself, never liked Berlin; there was an air of cold grandeur which displeased me, but then I attributed it to its Protestantism, and missed the warmer, more emotional atmosphere of the Catholic cities of South Germany.

Good for old Leo! I'm glad he responded cordially. I had a letter from him full of enthusiasm over you. He says he "fell immediately in love. What a sweet, kind, intelligent face, what a hearty, good, and spiritful smile, how true-hearted in her shaking the hand."

Then he adds: "But my intoxication did not blind me so far that I should not have enjoyed the acquaintance of the third Dr. Furness, who seems rather young for a Dr. It seems to be a special disposition of the Furness family to be high-minded." He regretted that you could not see Mrs. Leo, who, he says, since the death of his daughter, "does not thrive in society."

He's evidently a good, warmhearted soul and was, I think, really gratified by your visit. . . .

It's an ideal summer Sunday afternoon. Little Kate and Fairman dined with us, and chattered away without let or hindrance. They have just passed my window on their way home with their nurse. Your Grandfather is smoking on the porch with the faithful and happy Lily by his side. The

warm broad sunshine bathes the whole landscape, and from the warm earth the flowers are blooming in profusion. The hollyhocks, somewhat maltreated by the storms, are on the wane and by next Sunday there will be only a row of Ichabods. The sweet peas are beyond compare, such colours, such fragrance, such abundance. Despite the enormous bunches gathered daily enough have gone to seed to supply the planting which awaits your loving hands in October. The Poppies are the present glory, an endless variety, and your Grandfather's first visit every day is to this bed, and over it he hangs with untiring delight. The two ends of the crescent are intensely blue with heaven's own tinct. The bathtub keeps up its gold and the portulaccas are just beginning to blossom here and there. The bignonia on the cedar post is beyond the reach of my spud at arm's length. The four-o'clocks are grown into bushes and covered with flowers.

Dear, take the outpourings of the heart of your doting old, old

FATHER

To C. A. F.

Wallingford, 24 July, 1892

DEAREST little daughter of ours, I think I shan't be entirely at peace about you until I hear that you are in the cooler air of Switzerland. I hope you've not lingered too long in those bake-ovens, Vienna and Munich. . . . I wonder if you will remember, when you are in Munich, how familiar all its streets

were to the youthful feet of your old father — It has been, however, enormously enlarged since those ancient days. The statue of Bavaria is now, I believe, almost within the city limits or at least in the suburbs. It was in a desolate meadow in my time & I remember that we played a game of leap frog around its base. And the dear old Frauenkirche with its twin towers, under whose shadow was the restaurant where I always dined. . . . I think I shall enjoy more than all others your account of Munich. I was a full-fledged member of two of its student clubs. . . .

The next important item is the extreme content of your Uncle Frank over his appointment as architect of the Broad Street Station. 'Tis an enormous "job," estimated to cost about a million dollars and will closely occupy him for two years at least. The way in which he received the appointment, by a unanimous vote on the first ballot, was eminently soul-satisfying. He learned the good news last Monday at four o'clock. He came at once to Idlewild and he and Fanny drove instantly to tell us. We were at tea and I was summoned to the bow window where I found Fanny almost bursting with smiles and joyousness and your Uncle Frank wildly waving a handkerchief fastened to the whip.

Agnes Repplier paid us a two days' visit on Wednesday and Thursday. She was in excellent spirits and of uncommon gentleness. We chattered both evenings and I read endlessly to them.

My! but I have to pay for such evenings. My old ear-trumpet do hurt afterwards a considerable bit.

She told a droll story of one of her friends, who protested against wearing her scapula all the time. "But don't you know," said her interlocutor, "that if you do, the Virgin Mary will take you out of Purgatory on the Saturday following your death?" "Ah well," she replied, "I guess I'd just as leave wait till Monday." Now as fate would have it, Agnes left her scapula here; Theresa brought it to me after she had left. Of course I sent it to her at once, and equally of course I wrote her that I was sorry she'd have to "wait till Monday" — the day she'll get it.

Just think when you receive this — your trip will be half over — what Platonic cycles have passed since you began it.

Your devoted old

FATHER

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 6 August, 1892

MY DEAR WRIGHT: All hail to Volume Seventh! (and if the heat is as oppressive with you as it is here, you'll appreciate the timeous coolness of the greeting.)

Happy, thrice, happy you, who can look forward to the day and hour when your shackles are to fall. What will you do? Go to church in a gaillard and come back in a Coranto? Won't your very walk be a jig? Shall you record for us the very

minute of the day your last proof was despatched and state that you took a turn in the garden to quiet your beating brains, as does our Allibone in reference to the conclusion of his dictionary? What a pied ninny that man was, and how he does irritate me with his obtrusive platitudes. I suppose you are too good and equable in temperament to mind such trifles, but me they sting like pismires.

Well, if you won't adopt Allibone's plan, you ought to have some sort of celebration. Won't Macmillan give a great dinner? At any rate, your slumbers will be sweet that first night — all the sweeter probably without the dinner. Seasons of refreshment are good after toil, who deniges of it, Betsy Prig? That little darkie boy touched the verities who knocked his toes against a stone, "'cos they felt so good when they'd done aching!"

You ask me who Stockdale is, with his "white-skirted meads," in Lear. You've probably found out by this time that it is Stockdale's edition, so called, printed somewhere along in 1784 or '87 (my Shakespeare books are all in town). I *think* that it is this edition that Ayscough used for his concordance. Lord! (Pepys) how my memory begins to fail me!

I have just finished the entire collation, forty editions, &c, of "Mids. Night's Dream"— for which relief much thanks. I could bring out a play every year if I gave my whole time to it, but isn't it better to spend the daylight in summer among my flowers and shrubberies where my father and I go

pottering around — two old men, he the younger of the two.

Tibi me totum commendo atque trado, dear Wright.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, 15th August, 1892

DEAR MISS AGNES: By this same mail I send you a Birmingham paper containing a short notice of a cat, which I think is not beneath your reading.

Albeit I address this to Philadelphia I suppose you're philandering around with your Bostons and your Cohassets and from your snug seat by the flesh pots of New England, with their Yankee heave shoulders and Yankee wave breasts (whatever in the world these may mean I don't know — I merely want you to understand that I read my Bible) you cast never a thought at humble Wallingford and the likes of us. Well, go your ways. Come and see us when you get back, and in the meantime believe me, dear Miss Agnes

Yours faithfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

CHAPTER VII

1893–1898

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 4 July, 1893

My dear Wright: Half a dozen times lately I have been on the point of writing to you, first, just on general principles, that I might be in touch with you if only for the few minutes of my writing, and secondly, to make you my ghostly confessor in a question of ethics, when last Saturday a book reached me from Macmillan.

If "Daddy" Wordsworth confessed that his "heart leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky," surely I may be permitted to say that my heart bounded when I found that the volume was your Ninth and the last of the, not magnum but, maximus opus. Indeed, dear Wright, I do most heartily congratulate you and envy the far and cool height you have attained. You have accomplished the task you set before you long years ago, and the work is done forever, in sæcula sæculorum.

And your kind mention of me gratifies me more deeply than I can express. Who cares for Sir Hubert Stanley! — a word of praise from you outweighs a whole regiment of Sir Huberts. Ever since you wrote me that dear, tender, sympathetic letter ten years ago when the blackness first covered me of that shadow which has never for one

instant lifted, I have been bound to you with hooks of steel. You will never know, you can never know, how deeply I was touched by those words of yours. *Ten* years! ten *years!* But that way madness lies —

Now lay thy finger thus and let thy soul be instructed, go at once to a photographer and have your likeness taken as you look on the completion of your Shakespeare, and of course send me a copy. Another purpose was to thank you for your outspoken words about the Quarto facsimiles. What you say is "all truth and daylight," as Clivey Pivey said. No more room — but what room would be large enough to tell you how very, very much I am

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 11 *September*, 1893

MY DEAR WRIGHT: As you are not going to the great Chicago Fair (neither am I), I send you for your enlightenment a good substitute in the "Cosmopolitan" Magazine which goes by this post. It is said to give an excellent idea of the big thing, which greatly flatters my national pride in which I am quite content to take on trust and look at through the eyes of others. What is the use of trapesing and cavorting (let me use Americanisms or die) all over the world in your youth, if you cannot turn down certain pages and say, "There! that settles that thing forever for me — 'Tis the

best the Earth can show and hereafter I'll not budge a step to see a reproduction." Much comfort and lazy ease have I squeezed out of that consolation.

After your long, hard work I trust you are resting royally. How I envy you the feeling, which I shall never share, of an accomplished task. That same rest I have, in a less degree, periodically at the close of each volume, and so delicious is the feeling that it is worth all the previous anxiety.

But "the night is dark, the hour is late, and rain comes pelting down" (I wish it did, for we have a turribel drought here, but would you have me spoil a quotation?) and I must to my truckle bed.

As winds give benefit and convoy is assistant let me hear from you.

Thine while this machine is to him
Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

(Pardon the foregoing "Thine" and "Yours" — but I wouldn't erase for I would have you receive from me scarce a blot in my papers.)

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 9 November, 1893

DEAR NORTON: I write in haste to thank you most warmly for this copy of "Lowell's Letters" which reached me today. You are very kind to remember the likes of me. But no kindness or gentleness of heart in you surprises me.

The duty of the hour was of no avail when the books came — I dropped everything and was soon lost in the charm of the letters, and in my admiration of the excellent way in which you had marshalled them. Dearly as I should have loved to see more of your wise and benignant self, yet your reticence and persistent retreat into the background is the perfection of editorial duty, and so skilfully have you brought the letters onward that as I review in my mind what I have read 'tis hard to believe that I have read a continuous narrative told by another. Moreover, in no other way than that which you have followed could we have known how rounded (totus, terres atque rotundus) was Lowell's character and how to a rare and striking degree the child was father to the man. And how these Letters do revive the old, distressful anti-slavery days! When I used to read "The Pennsylvania Freeman" and the "Standard," how little I appreciated Lowell's grand work and how that in it was inwrought so noble a character. Are there any similar angels working nowadays unbeknownst? If you unearth any do let me know.

What revelations of character these letters are — that one which speaks of his yearning for love, of his readiness to love everyone he sees and yet has no response — then too that wise, wise letter to his nephew, my dear friend and classmate Charley Lowell, — that inestimable injunction to observe Nature.

Again, dear Norton, you have put me under

deep obligations, and it gratifies me so much to find you still remember

Yours affectionately
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To William J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 10 *May,* 1894

MY DEAR OLD BOY: Your note of the 4th inst. found me laid by the heels all along of the pace at which I have been living for this many a long day. This simply by way of apology for not answering your note on the spot, especially since the answer is so easy — it is the same as that given by a law student who on coming away from his examination for admission to the Bar, said ruefully, "I answered only one question correctly. When they asked me what was an estate in fee simple, I told 'em I didn't know."

And so I must answer you, but when I can get to town, and break this enforced rest, I'll look up the point.

"Julius Caesar" will probably be my next play — if ever I get the Mid. N. Dream finished, which at my present rate will be never — a month's steady work would do it — but that month I can't get. Decidedly I must resign from the University and the Phila. Library and move out here, if I am ever to go on with my Shakespeare work — and I must go no more philandering about giving Readings. 'Tis no sin, Hal, to labour in one's vocation but Shakespearean Reading is not my vocation.

Now don't you go and say with a cruel sneer that this is the pride that apes humility. For you know it isn't. I have never given a Reading that I didn't want to beat myself afterwards for reading wrongly some phrase or other. The chiefest pleasure Lowell gave me was that I got to know you and Mrs. Rolfe better. But I must stop gabbling about myself — always a tiresome theme. So good-night, my boy —

Yours ever

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 26 August, 1894

Hech! but I'm tired of writing letters! and you'd believe it if you could see the pile by my side. So, you dear Wright, I'm going to rest myself and gabble to you for a few minutes.

I suppose you are at Beccles; I love to think of you in that pretty little house, where everything looks so pure and fresh with the flowers blooming in front. Surely, every breath there must bring you health. I'd send you a photograph of this place of mine, if it were possible to have one taken where a view of the house could be included. It is so completely surrounded by trees that no possible view can take in the house. Three gigantic lindens stand directly in front, then two terraces with flower beds lead down to the lawn. I take endless delight in flowers whose language is always distinct to my deaf ears; and my only recreation in winter is in

my green house, where I potter among the flowers, making cuttings, trying experiments, hybridising, and having a *real* good time. I wish I could get your bewitching little daisy to grow on my lawn — I've sown quantities of seeds and have even had dozens and dozens of plants dibbled into the sod, but in vain — they'll bloom one year and then disappear forever.

Heigho, how long it is since I heard from you, mon cher. I do most fervently hope that wretched numbness has yielded to treatment. You've never told me whether or not the membership of the Philosophical Society gratified you. I hope it did. I was at my wits' end to do something to please you, so I proposed your name, and had my dear friend, the Treasurer of the Society, second it and see it safely through the Committee, which is equivalent to election. I intended to couple Lord Acton's name with yours, but lord! he do act queerly — so he can bide a wee.

Time and paper up, dear boy; I hope I've diverted you for one minute.

Always, dear Wright, yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 28th August, 1894

Oh, joy! dear Wright, I wrote to you on Sunday evening, and yesterday came your letter. In my delight I could scarcely refrain from some feats of ground and lofty tumbling. Honour bright, I was

becoming very much worried about you. I was somewhat relieved a while ago by the news in a letter from Daddy Skeat, that you were not confined to your room. (Bless my soul! what have I done! I'm more than half inclined to tear up this sheet. Isn't Skeat a great friend of yours? and I have called him "Daddy"! but I like Daddies — I adore Daddies — They're just too utterly lovely for anything. There! you don't mind now, do you?)

What a master typewriter you are! I'm tempted to try the thing myself — and yet I don't like to have a letter from one I love too legible. You read it too quickly — I like to puzzle over words and draw out the "linked sweetness." The letter lasts longer and you hold your friend's hand longer in your own. I've always detested my own handwriting — it is so vilely legible. 'Tis now nigh two o'clock A.M. and I must to my truckle bed, but I couldn't go without telling you the soothing comfort your letter is to me. Oh, don't you think that 'twas Sidney Smith who put Bungay into Thackeray's head? You remember how the former gave an inexpressibly comic air to his remarks by always repeating (in his Essay on Methodists, I think) "Rev. Mr. Shufflebottom of Bungay."

Good-night, dear Wright

Yours ever H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, October 4, 1894

My dear Wright: So ever present are you in my work (when I can get at it) that I am amazed

Wallingford.
Delaware County
Pennsylvania.

Oh joy! dear Wright, I write
to you on Sunday evening, and
yesterday came your letter. In
my delight I could scarcely
refrain from some feats of ground
and lofty tumbling. Dear
Wright, I was beginning very
much worried about you.
I was somewhat relieved a
while ago by the news in a
letter

anything. There! you don't mind now, do you?)

What a master type writer you are! I'm tempted to try the thing myself — and yet I don't like to have a letter from one I love, too legible. You read it too quickly — I like to puzzle over words and draw out the 'linked sweetness.' The letter lasts longer & you hold your friends hand longer in your own.

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who put Bunyay into Thackeray's head. You remember
how the former gave an inexpressibly comic air to his remarks
by always repeating (in his Essay on Methodists I think) "Rev Mr.
Stuffabottom of Bunyay." Good night. dear Wright
Yours ever H H. F.
28 Aug.

when I look at the date of your last letter. It seems as though I were in daily communication with you and yet that tell tale date is — but no, I'll not remind you of it. Haply you, too, are self deceived & think the date more recent than it really is.

It is not altogether a cheerful letter; you were saddened by the death of a dear friend at Moffat; you had been working hard, too hard; you had learned the hard lesson of the beauty of the law's delay in a stuffy Assize Court; and worst of all had dislocated your shoulder. (Whew! but that hurts!) You needed petting and cossetting up, and, ingrate that I am, I stirred never a finger in your behalf. Ah, well, time and the hour runs through the roughest day — a quotation which is forever in my thoughts and almost daily on my lips.

There is a subdued bustle all around me now — my daughter is to be married in a few days — and then I shall be left alone with my youngest son — with whom I am more than half inclined to live out here in the country all the year round. I shall build a fire proof library and therein spend my remnant of days till death comes "a-knocking at the door." My daughter marries a young Dr. Jayne, who has already attained some eminence in the scientific world, and is Director of a large Institute connected with our University, devoted to original research in science, the only one of its kind in this country. The young couple will go abroad at once, and if they go to Cambridge and intro-

duce themselves to you I shall be glad, very glad to have a vicarious shake of your hand.

Amidst multitudinous distractions I have finished "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and shall send it to press in a few weeks. The only change that I have made is to put in the Preface what I have hitherto put in the Appendix.

Do tell me how Hales has succeeded. He has Gosse's position, has he not? Churton Collins (you see the connection of thought?) was here last winter — a man of prodigious memory. I think you told me you had never met him — he's a man worth knowing.

Have you whistled down the wind my request that you should have your photograph taken? Do have one taken at once and send a copy right off to

Yours affectionately
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 31 October, 1894

DEAR WRIGHT: Dr. Haupt, of Baltimore, sent me 'tother day your letter to him in regard to his new translation of "Leviticus."

With your strictures, in the main, on this translation, I quite agree, and in pronouncing it "good newspaper English" you characterised it, probably, exactly as would please Dr. H., if by that term you mean that without being sedate it was throughout intelligible. As I understood him, he

wished his translation to be un-Biblical in phraseology and absolutely clear. All my share in the matter was to see to it that this end was attained. Whether or not this end be a good one, is a separate question, and grave doubts may be entertained of its propriety. But this question was not, in legal slang, "coram judice." All I had to do was to make it certain that the elaborate sacrificial formulas were so clear that no one could go astray, and to quite disregard Jacobean English. You spoke of a wrongly placed "inadvertently," I examined my proofs and found that I had corrected it. Also you mentioned "Around" instead of "about." This word I adopted with the full knowledge that it is neither in the Bible nor in Shakespeare — but the word is an excellent word for all that, it expresses more than "about." I think I know well enough that the three witches "go about, about" the caldron. Nathless "around" is extremely old and eminently respectable. As to "hitching-posts," a thoroughly American word, (I don't suppose you have the article in England) — that word occurred in the "Notes" and over them I had no jurisdiction.

What Haupt is going to do, I do not know. I believe he has entrusted "Leviticus" to Prof. Driver, who will, I am afraid, make a mess of it. I believe he is to combine Jacobean and Victorian, which mislikes me much. It grates me to read "he that goes" instead of "he that goeth" or "he who goes." However, I've grown so old that I don't

care much about it nor about anything else except that you'll believe, dear Wright, that I am

Yours as ever

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 25 April, 1895

MY DEAR WRIGHT: Here we are again, — with our little bill,[1] which I trust you'll like, and as you read I hope your features will relax into a smile. The perversions are atrocious but comic.

It is probably the oldest Shakespeare Society in existence. (I do not approve of the spelling of the name, but we adopted it thirty years ago under the influence of Knight, and now keep it up as a matter of pride — and by no means as an indication of affiliation with the New Shakspere Soc.)

Although I have been the Dean for twenty years, I attend no meetings but these annual dinners.

At last "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is finished and a copy inscribed to you is tossing on the Atlantic. If you'll turn to where Puck says, "I'll lead them about a Round," you'll see why I was inclined to back up Prof. Haupt in his "around," and what is worse I used you as a shield, and from that vantage I felt I could defy the world.

Ay Mi! that name reminds me of what I have been gone and done. Can you ever love me, can you ever speak to me after I confess that that same

[1] The bill of fare for the Annual Dinner of The Shakspere Society of Philadelphia.

Prof. Haupt has persuaded me to supervise the English of his "Critical Bible"? My main comfort is that I shall make a stouter fight for Jacobean English than anyone else that he could get on this side of the ocean. But what can I do when Dr. Driver will insist, instead of "creeping things," on "*swarming things*." Time has bereft me of much hair, else handfuls would come out. All I can do is gently and firmly "stare vestigiis" to the best of my ability. And yet all the blame will light o' my shoulders, and there will be no tears but of my shedding. Ayez pitié de moi and let me know that I may still, dear Wright, sign myself

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

Do send me your photograph if you have one.

To Duncan B. Macdonald [1]

Wallingford, 18 *July*, 1895

DEAR PROFESSOR MACDONALD: Indeed, I haven't the trans. of "Kings" off my hands — and I don't know what to do with it. Haupt has set his heart on sending it to press, with the Psalms, next winter, and Haupt must just remove his heart and set it somewhere else; — that is, if he looks to me to revise it. The Psalms will take every minute of my spare time till September, and in Oct. I return to my own proper work.

[1] Professor of Semitic Languages at Hartford Theological Seminary; he was an associate editor of Dr. Paul Haupt's *Polychrome Bible*, for which publication H. H. F. contributed the translation of the Psalms and supervised the English used in translation.

This reminds me to ask you whether or not the trans. of these portions of the Bible receive any remuneration from Haupt or his publishers.

I am embarrassed in regard to the "Psalms" and, if you'll allow me, I'll make you my ghostly confessor: — I cannot use the trans. which Haupt has sent me. In general 'tis literal enough (albeit I do not like such translations as "tabernacle" for *Zelte*), but it is humdrum to the last degree (I trust you will consider this *strictly confidential*) and I have had to discard it entirely. Now I am perfectly willing that my name shall in no wise appear on the trans. but let the whole thing go as his trans.; this, on the score of honesty he may decline, and if he has been paid in shekels of the tested gold may feel uncomfortably and if he be in narrow circumstances be thusly much embarrassed. Were it not that the work really interests me and that this is a season of enforced idleness, away from my library, I'd land-damn Haupt for leading me into the mess. (I don't know what "land-damn" is, nor does anybody else, but it sounds just right for my feelings.)

As to Prof. Prince's translation of Cornill, I remember that in it I lost confidence when Haupt sent the original — I sent a short list of inaccuracies to Haupt and I can't recall them — one only I remember where Götzen was translated "gods." It seems to me that in *translating a translation*, one cannot be too careful or too literal — the smallest divergence from what is already a divergence may send you very, very far afield from the original Hebrew.

But I'll not inflict my tediousness on you any longer but beg to say that I am, dear sir

Yours very truly

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Duncan B. Macdonald

Wallingford, 28 July, 1895

MY DEAR PROF. MACDONALD: Truly your sympathy is very soothing and grateful to my feelings and I heartily impeticos thy kind gratility — but let me at once disabuse your mind. No such flight of genius did my intelligence ever reach as to coin the lovely word *land-damn.* It is the divine Williams's, in The Winter's Tale.

You say you have been revising certain notes on the Psalms. Prithee what notes be there? Are there other notes on the Psalms than those by Wellhausen? which translated by a Rev. Taylor in England, I nightly clasp to my bosom?

Indeed Haupt's Bible is an indigesta moles to me, curiously wrought and very fearfully and wonderfully to be made, and I regard it as Thackeray's Pliceman X regarded the Duke of Wellington: "with hor."

I have discarded the English trans. of Wellhausen utterly. Mark you, he translates *strauch* — briar; *besinnung* — heart; *schwinden* — faint; *Mauer*— fence; *freunde* — beloved ones, and etc., and etc. In German Grammar he is perfect, but his English vocabulary is small, and not of Elizabethan best.

It is his knowledge of Hebrew which hurts him and it is my ignorance of it which ought to help me, as a translator of the German. It is one of my prime qualifications that I am absolute-ignorant of the Hebrew original.

My conviction grows daily deeper that the success of the whole book (i.e., the English share) will depend on the Psalms — Haupt must not hurry, now at the last minute — better a little dalay than a great deal of heartbreak. I shall finish in almost three weeks — and then there must be endless polishing and furbishing — And there must be as much as possible of a stately rhythm.

But ohe! jam satis — for you.

I remain yours faithfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 25 August, 1895

MY DEAR WRIGHT: I have of late been anxious about you. I thought that I detected in your last letter a faint tinge of weariness of the flesh which was unwonted, and which, I trust, was very temporary; still it has left me anxious. So just drop me the merest line of reassurance. I know it's a bore, but: — "e'en at the cost of thine, give me repose."

As for me, I've begun "The Winter's Tale"; it forms, at least in title, a pleasing antithesis to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." As I can not possibly live to complete all the plays, it seems to

me best to aim at finishing all the Comedies, and I certainly hope I shall not live to complete even those. If you are not weary, dear Wright, I am. A heart shattered like mine never heals. I do so deeply regret that you did not see her when we were in England — but the shadows were even dark then around me and I could not leave her side nor take her whither I would. Ah, well, though time does drag, still it passes. Thank God for that! How fine and full of meaning that phrase is in the Bible: "it came to pass." Nothing comes but to pass. But I must not think in that direction — "That way madness lies."

Good-bye, do let me hear from you.

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Duncan B. Macdonald

Wallingford, 8 Sept. 1895

MY DEAR PROFESSOR MACDONALD: Many thanks for the explanation for the two sets of Notes. I'll now slightly modify a version of one of Wellhausen's Psalms which circumstances forced me to make — where David exclaims that we are curiously wrought, fearfully and wonderfully made — I had to substitute, instead of "we are," *Haupt's Bible.* It sounded strange in the Psalmist's mouth, but it was so true that you'll forgive it.

Well, I've done, for this year, all my Bibelwerk. (By the way, are you not thankful that you can accept your faith from a Bible and not from a Bee-

bel?) I closed my books last night, and this is my first day of freedom, and all the time I am writing I am shouting 'Ban! 'Ban! Ca-Caliban!

I have finished Ezekiel, Samuel, Daniel, Hosea, and The Psalms — and Deuteronomy. The Psalms have greatly interested me. Some of course would not lend themselves to any sort of a rhythmical treatment — but in a large majority there were lines here and there which would fall into cadence — enough to give the impression that the original was rhythmical poetry — which I take it is all-sufficient. If they were too rhythmical, the fidelity of the translation would be questioned. I have a mind to copy off for you part of the 77th which quite charmed me last eve'g when I was looking them over. It is exceedingly faithful to Wellhausen's German, not a word is added. Pray compare it with the Authorised Version, and let me know what you think of it — whether the public will stand such a version. But Haupt may prefer Dr. Taylor's translation wherein there is no semblance of cadence — and I shall yield instantly. I have had enough pleasure in the work and I haven't a thought beyond. I turned not a little of Isaiah into Rhythm and I am curious to know whether or not Cheyne will accept.

But enough of myself. I meant merely to thank you for clearing up for me the mystery of the twofold *notes*, and to assure you that I am

Yours cordially

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

And I wanted to tell you how I laughed over your letter and its "English of Commerce." Haupt (from whom I have had three or four letters) sails on the 12th of this month.

PSALM LXXVII

1. With my voice I cried unto God —
   with my voice unto God —
   I hoped he would hear me!
2. In the hour of my need I turned to the Lord,
   my hand was stretched out, in the night, without ceasing, —
   but my soul would allow itself no consolation.
3. I cried unto my God, and I wailed,
   I prayed, but my soul was enveloped in night.
4. My eyelids thou heldest fast closed,
   I was filled with unrest, and never a word could I speak.
5. I pictured old times to myself, —
   the years that have long ago sped.
6. I remembered my harp, and I prayed from my heart, in the night,
   but my soul [fell into anguish]
7. Will then the Lord reject me forever?
   and never again show himself pleased?
8. Has then his goodness ended forever?
   and his faithfulness, — is it clean gone for all time to come?
9. Has he forgotten again to be gracious?
   has he withdrawn his pity, in wrath?
10. And I said: — "lo! this is my anguish,
    the right hand of God is no longer the same!"

To S. Weir Mitchell

Wallingford, 23 September, 1895

DEAREST MITCHELL: Don't ask me why actors do this, that, or 'tother. They are the most conservative folk alive. The thing that hath been is that

which it shall be. And unless an unequivocal success greets an innovation, it is sneered into nothingness.

E. S. Willard *did* act the Fencing Scene [in *Hamlet*] with rapier and dagger, preparing himself therefor with many and laborious lessons under the best teacher in London — so that his performance was an artistic sight worth seeing, — and the critics howled him down.

And the critics and the actors have a perfectly good reason; they are entirely right in the use of foils, and the whole question is merely an instance added to the many others wherewith the play of Hamlet is befogged — all along of Shakespeare's writing over an old play. Of the skeleton which he clothed with lovely flesh and bluest veins, he left some of the old ribs sticking out. When Osric brings the challenge to Hamlet, he distinctly says that the weapons of Laertes are the rapier and dagger. At the match itself, the talk is all of foils, and the rapier and dagger are never mentioned. This discrepancy, dating from the old play, Shakespeare allowed to remain — What cared he? and what care we when subject is fidelibus oculis? As to the change of weapons, you'll find several varieties duly recorded in the second volume of the "ad valorem" Shakespeare. (Horace Scudder wrote to me that at the Boston Pub. Lib. a man asked for "an ad valorem Ophelia" and the highly intelligent attendant gave him my *Hamlet*, which proved correct.)

I have intended fifty times to send you my congratulations on your foreign honour[1] — most richly deserved. The air should hurtle with them.

The ink wherein I send my love to you and to the Empress of your heart is "Stafford's Writing Fluid" — no drop today has been put to better use.

Yours ever

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

The Reverend William Henry Furness died on January 30, 1896, at the age of ninety-four. Letters of sympathy came from all parts of the world; none more tender in its fellow feeling than that from Norton. Furness's answer to this letter was:

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 5 February, 1896

DEAREST NORTON: Take my deep thanks for your sympathy. You do all that man can do for man at such times. No mortal lips can utter a word of consolation — there is no consolation. Nor do we need any. "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail or knock the breast." 'Tis not when "the ripe fruit falls richly to the ground" that we mourn, but when "the spring flowers are taken," then we have a right to be rebellious, and faith in the goodness of a God becomes stubble.

Nothing could have been more peaceful or more gentle than the way in which my father's

[1] The degree of LL.D. had recently been conferred on Dr. Mitchell by Edinburgh University.

sturdy grasp on life was loosened. He never fell asleep so softly.

And how my memory is stored with looks, and tones, and scenes, and words — these were my father, and these I keep while I live.

Thus it is, I doubt not, with you, and so it will be with, dear Norton,

Yours affectionately and gratefully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 19 March, 1896

MY DEAR WRIGHT: 'Tis with shame and confusion of face that I begin this note. Grant White once wrote that he hailed my letters with pleasure in that I "never asked a favour." Alack! alack, you'll never re-echo his remark after the receipt of this.

I once told you, I believe, that in an evil hour I consented to supervise the English of the new translation of the Bible which Dr. Haupt is to issue.

Well, it has fallen to my unhappy lot to translate from the German Wellhausen's translations of the Psalms.

Before I began my Editorial supervision, certain changes had been adopted and voluminous translations made accordingly, such as discarding the 3rd pers. sing. in *eth*, the substitution of "*he who*" for "*he that*" &c., so that I had to follow precedents.

For the rest, all I could do was to follow slavishly

the German and to see to it that no word or phrase be used which is not good English. To ensure this I have admitted no word which is not found in the A.V., the R.V., or in Shakespeare. Throughout the Psalms, this rule has been violated but twelve times, e.g., in "tendril," "range" (of mountains) &c.

And I have tried to give such an intimation of cadence (but *never* at the expense of the meaning) as would suggest that the original was chanted or sung.

Now for my shame; by this same Post I send you the proof-sheets of the first Book of Psalms. Will you, for my sake, look them over and jot in the margin any suggestions which may occur to you?

Bear in mind that for the meaning Wellhausen is responsible; my share is solely the form of expression.

The Notes are translated by a countryman of yours, a Rev. Dr. Taylor. In translating, I used the German, and a glance at this translation makes me fear some serious editorial work.

Don't let this bore you too much. In one of your letters you speak of having more leisure than of yore — this emboldens me. And yet Cavour, you remember, said that only the busiest men had plenty of time.

However, bore or no bore, time or no time, I remain, dear Wright,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 29 March, 1896

Dearest Norton, — when you put your head on the pillow this night you can sleep the sleep of the just and the generous. The proofs have reached me, and while all your suggestions are valuable, some are inestimable. Of all things you have done the very thing which I most wanted, but when I see the minute care with which you read every line, I am filled with remorse over the demand on your time which I made. Do forgive and I will not forget.

It greatly pleases me that you think the work was "well worth doing." It happened on a time when I was building a new Library here, and there was no rest anywhere for a Shakespearean foot — so I fell to this, which required but half a dozen books and a table. I sent a set of these proofs to my dear blessed Master, Child, but, I think, he was a little disgusted with them — the new might be good, but I imagine he thought the old were better. And it does seem like sacrilege to alter a syllable of the 23d Psalm.

You see, I was handicapped by the two necessities: a slavish adherence to the German, and of giving line for line with the Hebrew. This latter bars me from transposing words from one line to another, as you suggested in one or two places, where it would be a great improvement.

I'm glad you rebel against "inoculate." I shall join you. I am afraid, however, that 'tis the very

word needed. I shall nevertheless change it, if for no other reason than to stamp even feebly on the attempt of recent years to prove from this very passage the antiquity of that disgraceful disease to which we have so many allusions in Shakespeare.

You use a happy phrase in styling the Psalms "provincial and barbaric"; it might be added that there is a wearisome iteration withal.

I want you to see Cheyne's *Isaiah*. It will appear at the same time as the Psalms. It is very grand.

Again, heartiest of thanks, dear Norton, from

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 3rd May, 1896

DEAREST WRIGHT: How can I adequately thank you for the time, the pains, and the labour you have bestowed on me! And when I bethink me that the time was taken from your vacation I feel like the scum of the earth. Not a suggestion have you made that is not most valuable to me; I have pondered long over your faintest "tick." That the word "grand" is not heard as often here as with you is probably the reason why you do not take me with you in your antipathy to it. Still 'tis hackneyed enough here to be repulsive, and I am more than glad of the excuse for substituting "glorious" of the Prayer Book version.

For "inoculated" (which I regretted an hour

after the proofs had left me) I have substituted "implanted" or "has its course in his veins."

But every one of your hints is golden.

Your letter came while I was a thousand miles away in Florida, on a fishing trip — the very first vacation I had taken winter or summer, night or day, for thirteen years; my children insisted upon it. I really did have, unexpectedly, a *grand* time. The game was tarpons, a fish six feet long, weighing upwards of two hundred pounds. To catch these with a rod and reel is something of a feat — and I didn't catch any. I caught, however, lots of other fish, among them ten or fifteen sharks — horrible creatures, that turn their eyes and look at you full of malignity, when the gaff hauls them up to the side of the boat. Ah, but the beauty of the scene, the soft, caressing air, the mangrove islands with palms and tropical foliage, the cormorants and pelicans flying hither and thither, and high up in heaven the vultures sailing without a movement of the wings — it was too lovely. As I lay back in my boat, smoking my pipe, and overcome by the Southern languor, I thought over all my friends and I wondered how you would treat my intruding proofs. I wasn't prepared for the thoughtful care you bestowed on them and my gratitude is correspondingly heightened.

Is there a man on earth who knows as well as you the frightful nature of the task I have undertaken? Perhaps I may die before it is finished. There's comfort yet. And 'tis a labour of love!

However, come what may, I am infinitely grateful to you, and rejoicingly sign myself

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 8 November, 1896

MY DEAR BOY: I am glad to know that any one hereabout is reading that fascinating book, "The Paston Letters" with which when I read it, as I do frequently, there is always associated a guilty feeling that I have no right to be prying so curiously into the private affairs of fellow mortals.

Any advanced studies carried on by young women of the higher classes "in Shakespeare's time" were pursued, I imagine, under tutors such as Roger Ascham or Lady Jane Grey's Master Elmer. At an earlier age, and in the lower classes, both boys and girls went together to the grammar schools. At least, so I infer — And to this school must the friendship of Helena and Hermia be referred. There is a statute of Henry the Eighth (I think) in which reference is made to schools for boys and girls, and you'll find it where I remember to have seen it in Furnivall's "Forewords" (d—n that word!) to his "Babees Book" published by the Early Eng. Text Soc. At any rate there is where I should go to look up the subject. You might look in Ascham's "Scholemaster," reprinted by Arber. Though I doubt if you'll find anything there. I know the book pretty thoroughly and I

cannot recall anything to the point. Very sorry I can't give you any better help.

As to reprinting what I said to you about your "Shakespeare the Boy" — do it and thrice welcome if it will do you any good. I am always sincere in what I say and am perfectly willing anybody should hear it who cares to listen. What I wrote was intended only for your private reading and I think 'twould do no harm so to say. The eulogium is thereby removed from the realm of cut-and-dried stock praise, which carries no more meaning or weight to me than the wind whistling through the keyhole.

I am not at work on "Julius Cæsar," but "The Winter's Tale," and advance very slowly. This wretched new translation of The Bible has consumed an enormous amount of my time; I say "wretched" only because it keeps me from Shakespeare — it is in itself extremely interesting. However, my heaviest work, The Psalms, is over. This week I read the revise for the last time. Then comes "Judges." Then the three parts: *Isaiah* (by Dr. Cheyne of Oxford), *The Psalms* (by Wellhausen and by me translated from the German), and *Judges* (by Prof. Moore of Andover), will be published — possibly in January. So you see I am pretty well run to earth, i.e., the grave. Nevertheless, I am always, with kind remembrances to Mrs. Rolfe,

Yours

H. H. F.

To his Sister[1]

Wallingford, 22 November, '96

. . . I HAD a letter yesterday from Aldis Wright, full of regret that he had missed you, and of hope that you would let him know when you returned again to England. He is a dear fellow; he thanked me so tenderly for the photogravure of our father which I sent him. He said he should keep it with a photograph I sent him in '83. "They belong to my life and will remain a part of it to the end."

I'm sorry you missed Lady Martin;[2] from her too I had an affectionate letter (written before she knew of your presence in London) wherein she told me of the Victorian Order lately conferred on her husband. It is an order created by the Queen & given by her only to her personal friends — She had found out Sir Theodore's birthday and sent it as a present on that day with a letter of thanks for what he had done for her — kind, and graceful, was it not?

On Wednesday I went to New York, accompanied by Shylock and Portia. The Reading there for discomfort and annoyance eclipsed that at Bryn Mawr which has hitherto held a bad preëminence. At Dr. Thomas's, you remember, I sat between two parlors and had to exhort once more unto the

[1] Mrs. Wister was at this time travelling abroad with her granddaughter.

[2] Helena Faucit, the noted Shakespearean actress, and author of *Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*. She was the wife of Sir Theodore Martin, known chiefly for his *Life of the Prince Consort*. They were both old and valued friends of H. H. F.'s.

breach the door jamb within a foot or two of my nose and had to pray to it as the God of Battles.

At Columbia College, the room, the largest in the Buildings, was crammed to suffocation, and stifling hot. The aisles were filled with women who stood the whole two long hours, and they swarmed all about my feet on the platform. I do hate to have any one near me when I read. Then the table was a large library table, behind which I felt like a pygmy, and the piano stool was so ramshackle that I expected every instant it would fall to pieces & leave me impaled on the screw. Add to all this, the audience were stocks and stones. For an hour and a half I beat against flints. Not until the last half-hour did they become human beings. Ugh, I don't like to think of it at all. Yet 'tis healthy every now and then to have a downright, good snub. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 13 Dec. '96

WELL, Willie [1] is fairly home, and his long, long absence is now but as a watch in the night. He is the same merryhearted, affectionate, caressing fellow that he went away. Of course he dined here at home, the day he arrived, but yesterday was the first he has dined here with me since then. *And* we did talk. It makes me shudder from head to heel to think of the hair-breadth escapes from death which he has gone through. Those Dyaks among

[1] William Henry Furness, 3rd, from his first trip to Borneo.

whom he lived are perfervid in their zeal for collecting heads. And for one whole night, it was the staunchness of one man alone which kept the savages from adding Willie's head to their collection. He was quite aware of his danger, and, although he knew that resistance against four hundred armed, infuriated savages would be utterly hopeless, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, and kept his revolver ready — His return is really an event. Only two other Americans have ever penetrated Borneo at all, and none as far as Willie has gone. He evidently feels that his present life-work is to write and compile a thorough account of the island. Next Friday he is to read a paper before the Philosophical Society, and as soon as his collections arrive he is to hold a public Reception at the University and describe the various implements of Bornean life, domestic and public. . . . But what do you think he has planned, not only planned but promised? To return to Borneo next August! I acquiesce, if so it must be. His life is before him. Mine is ended. He must live from step to step, and this thorough book on Borneo is, in his eyes, the next obligatory step. Pepper has been full of enthusiasm over his return and wishes to thrust him into the forefront of public attention. . . .

But here is Carrie & Horace come to dinner, and here, too, is the end of my paper — so I must bid a hasty farewell. . . .

Yours always

H. H. F.

SALEM COLLEGE LIBRARY

To his Sister

Wallingford, 17 Jan., '97

. . . On Monday I went to town as is my wont; on Thursday eve'g I went again. With these two exceptions, I haven't stirred from the house, further than to the Orchids. . . .

I was up to my eyes in proof-sheets. Two days from ten to 4.30 I worked over them with Horace Jayne hammering out thin anatomical definitions as applied to "the cat" [1] — Two days over "Judges" — Both were very pleasant and kept the mind on the alert. "Judges" I do greatly admire when told in simple, everyday language. The stories are extremely attractive and for magic pathos and barbaric horror 'twould be hard to match "The Outrage of Gibeah," in the 19th Chap. Speaking of tragedy, I'm afraid that there's a comi-tragedy preparing in the financial event of this same "New Bible." . . .

You know the sudden outburst of insane jealousy in Leontes, in *A Winter's Tale*, has been considered monstrous, and, though allowable in fiction, really untrue to nature. Anxious to find authentic parallel cases in real life I wrote to Weir Mitchell for any within his knowledge or experience. I rehearsed the exact plot of A Wint. Tale, prefacing the account with the remark that he and I both knew well the parties. I never imagined that he would not detect at once my object, which

[1] For *The Anatomy of the Cat*, by Horace Jayne; published, 1898, by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

was simply to divest the drama of all distracting elements & present the facts as though in a medical report. He replied: — "The sad case of which you write is by no means unique (!). I have known several, and one especially is perfectly clear in all its details to my mind now. (This is because I said that he & I knew the parties.) This condition sometimes comes to women as well as men and it brings with it an element of sad regret which may or may not be emphasized by death." I did not reply. How could I? Vox faucibus hæsit. I then duplicated my note and sent it to Horatio Wood, the eminent authority on Diseases of the Mind. He answered at great length with the details of a case of simple though extreme jealousy & then asked if I would "confidentially give him the names of my friends." Well, well, well. And I'm in a fix. I shall be accused of laying a trap for my friends. But could not a tiny bit of mother wit come to the aid of Weir and of Wood, leading them to suspect a Shakespearean problem under my very thin disguise. . . .

Thursday night I returned at midnight with Haupt, who had been to the Oriental Club and then we fell to work on *Judges*. I was drug out by the Reading, refreshed by the Penn Club, and tired out when I reached home. — Nathless, I worked away with Haupt and got to bed at twenty-five minutes of four A.M. A pretty good day's work for an old man of 64. But I must stop, and 'tis hard. 'Tis indescribable the pleasure in thus

gabbling to you, dear. Give my dear love to little Annis.

Your most loving old brother

H. H. F.

To his Sister

Wallingford, 24 Jan. '97

DEAREST SISTER O' MINE: . . . A student's life has its manifest charms, but it builds many a barrier to what is charming in life. No book can I read unconnected with the Bible or Shakespeare but a most guilty feeling creeps over me, and I feel like a deserter from my post. It must be confessed that those two books cover an almost boundless expanse, but there are fair flowers growing over the border & I'd like to disport among them at times. At one stage of my work over any of Shakespeare's plays I have a little legitimate excuse for wandering and half playing truant. It is when I am searching the lives of actors and actresses for stray hints of interpretation. Such a stage in The Winter's Tale I have reached now, and, last evening, I had no feeling of guilt when I durchblättert (the only German word I ever felt the need of) Macready's Life and Mrs. Kemble's "Records." I found nothing whatsoever to my purpose, but was deeply interested in the contrasted characters of the two writers. Macready evidently, in writing his voluminous Journal, thought that posterity would take him at his own valuation, strangely unmindful that others equally vivacious might undo all his

work. Could he have surmised, think you, that all his abject prayers to God, so carefully written out in his Journal, would have availed nothing, however they may have affected the Throne of Grace, in averting the verdict of his fellow men that he was an utterly selfish cowardly bully? I must ask Lady Martin about him. Only once does she refer to his contemptibly selfish treatment of fellow actors. To Mrs. Kemble, when she acted with him, he was a perfect terror. He broke her little finger, and before it was healed hurt it again, in acting, so that Mrs. Kemble nearly fainted, and his only apology was that she should have worn it in splints. I remember how tender and sympathetic were Edwin Booth's apologies when once in Macbeth his crown struck Mad. Ristori's lip. I was present, and the instant the scene was over, Booth rushed to Mad. Ristori and took her hand with the most contrite regrets for the accident — her manner was most sweet and gracious (it was rather a hard knock), and filled me with more admiration for her than ever her acting on the stage. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 7 March, '97

. . . WELL, dear, the Boston trip is over and an immense burthing off me mind. Tuesday was the evening for Cambridge. I left the Parker House at precisely 7.15 in a coupé which the driver assured me would reach Sanders Theatre in half an

hour. I sat quietly thinking of my opening remarks, &c., as is my wont and never thought of the flight of time — at last I aroused myself to the fact that the horse had been very balky & that we were going very slowly through Cambridgeport — I looked at my watch & to my infinite horror found that it was five minutes before eight! I was paralysed. The rest of the journey I spent with my head out of the window swearing & screaming to the driver to beat up his horse. 'Twas a nightmare! At last we reached Sanders Theatre four minutes after eight — my first experience in unpunctuality — of course I had to rush to the stage in anything but a placid mood. The Theatre was crowded and the calm came over me as it always does when I face an audience. I alluded to the death of Professor Child and asked the audience to sit still in hushed repose for a minute or two out of respect for his memory. The Reading was quite as successful, I think, as that of *Henry V* of the previous year. The song of Autolycus, "When daffodils begin to peer," &c I sang to the tune of "On thy soft bosom, gentle lake," and the applause was so prolonged that I think they wanted it repeated, but I thought it better to disregard the appeal. Indeed, "*The Winter's Tale*" is excellent for a public Reading; the first half is most tragic and the last half is most exquisite comedy. Agnes [Irwin] and Mrs. Agassiz sat in the same seats as last year, but oh, Nannie Nannie, how I missed you! The shadow of your absence hung over every hour of my Boston trip.

My room was on the same floor, at the Parker House, which we occupied last year, and the same broadfaced, redhaired chambermaid had charge of it, and recognized me instantly and came forward with extended hand and asked after you. The elevator boy, the dame du comptoir, the head waiter — all asked after you by name. I basked in your reflected glory, although it added to my gloom.

On Wednesday, I went to Milton, but with a heavy heart, — 'Twas *A Mid. Nights Dream*, and how could I sing Zion's song in a strange land — where you were not by my side? I could not shake off my loneliness, and I didn't read it well. . . .

On Friday, me and Cleopatra went to Agnes, where we gathered the same little choice circle of last year. Norton, and Jim Thayer (who has been to every one of my readings this year) & Charles Eliot, his first outing after the grip. Mrs. Eliot said she remonstrated with him for venturing forth, but he would come. Indeed he was most cordial. Norton said I brought the tears to all their eyes, and verily gloom did for a few minutes seem to hang over them, impossible to lift, at the close. I left almost immediately. Agnes could find time only to say, "Horace, it was *splendid!*"

To his Sister

Wallingford, Easter Sunday
18 *April*, '97

. . . With the exception of Monday & Saturday the entire week has been spent here at my table. Some

days I did not put my nose out of doors, though all Springtime, gay with its tulips and crown imperials, was calling and beckoning to me. On the 25 of March I resolved that "A Winter's Tale" should be completed in three months. To do this a certain number of pages must be done every day. It is an impossible task and I knew it when I made the resolution. But, don't you see, if you aim high you'll be more likely to reach a good height, than if you aim low. Where so much of my work is drudgery I have to resort to all kinds of fictitious excitements. And so I find great excitement in sudden obstacles, such as the sudden development of a puzzling phrase where I had expected unobstructed progress. Now last evening I was two mortal hours over, — "Do you think I am so muddy, so unsettled, *To appoint myself* in this vexation?" where I had to dissent from every editor who has noticed the passage. All say it means *to dress*, *to equip myself*, on the principles that a *well appointed man* is a *well equipped* man; or it is used as in the phrases: "wrapt in fears," "attired in beauty," &c. But I maintain that it means *fix*, *settle*, *establish*, as Milton uses it in Samson Agonistes where Samson says to poor old Manoah: — "Appoint not heav'nly disposition, father; Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me But justly," &c.

Such, my dear, are my humble innocent pastimes. And eager as I am to press forward I take pleasure in such hindrances, which the principle of devoting all my soul to the minutest point, will not

suffer me to slight. This is poor stuff to write to you, but of such poor stuff are my days composed, at least those spent here at my table. . . .

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 12 *May*, 1897

DEAR WRIGHT: . . . I hope you've had a pleasant winter, and that the heavens have bent serene and cloudless over you. They have not over me. There have been sorrow and death in my family circle, and my sister has been away in search of health. But I'd like to have every one else have a happy time, whatever befalls me. The mere flight of time is my chiefest blessing, and of that I cannot be deprived.

I have been working pretty diligently at "A Winter's Tale," and three or four months more will see it in the printer's hand. There are three or four points, about which I want to ask you, in the Cambridge Collation — but I'll do it some other time — I don't feel like looking them up now. As I grow older, the drudgery of it all oppresses me, the printing especially, the damnable iteration after all the first ardour has subsided. Don't be surprised if you sometime hear that I have abandoned it all, and gone off to Borneo, or Sumatra, to cruise endlessly in summer seas. My children are all settled in life and I have nothing but self-imposed duties to keep me here. Ah, well, I fancy 'tis the soft Spring weather that makes me restless, and long for "Das Wandern! das Wandern!" Let a good

sulphurous thunder-storm come up, and the mood will pass.

My work on the Psalms is over. I have been faithful to every line, and have not neglected a single syllable. Having thus devoted to them the full measure of my limited ability, my sense of duty is complete and I dismiss them with "frigid tranquility." If I am anathematised for my work on them, I'll open my ears to the charm of A Winter's Tale and hear no other sound. *Isaiah*, *The Psalms*, and *Judges* are all electrotyped, but for business reasons will not be issued before October. *Leviticus*, *Ezekiel* and *Deuteronomy* will speedily follow. The two former are even now finished and past the printer's hand.

Having been born in a Quaker city, I have imbibed so much of its theological atmosphere as to have much faith in the promptings of the spirit. Argal, don't answer this unless the spirit moves you. I much prefer silence to a "*must* write" letter. My regard for you, dear Wright, goes much deeper than the surface of a sheet of paper. And so, totum me tibi trado et commendo.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 25 May, '97

KALOO, Kalay, O frabjous day! Three letters in one week. My regular Monday one came duly, then a parenthesis, containing Agnes Irwin's letter, then on the evening of the 21st, the weekly, forty-eight

hours sooner than ordinary. Delightful thought! that you are so much nearer. . . .

I think I wrote to you, but at the risk of repetition I must say that I was never more impressed than at that [Cambridge] Reading with the power of imagination, and of the utter uselessness of stage scenery or even of costume. For look you, there in front of me sat Charles Eliot, James Thayer, Charles Norton and Mrs. Agassiz, all of them with eyes dilated with interest and eyes suffused with emotion at the sight of an old white-haired homely-featured man who pressed his hands to his shirt front over an imaginary bosom, saying: "Peace! peace! dost thou not see my baby at my breast that sucks the nurse asleep." Not a thought of the wild and ridiculous incongruity — and Charles Norton said to me afterwards — "my dear Furness, you make us cry."

Agnes's letter to me was chiefly taken up with a description of that same little arithmetician who was absorbed in the Reading. Well, I don't care particularly for the interest of little boys. I remember too well the remark of the fond mother who brought her little son to our Father's one evening long ago. Don't you recall it? When our Mother expressed surprise that he should keep so bravely awake, his mother replied, oh, yes! he always keeps awake at the circus and such things! I think my Reading days are over. I have no wish ever to read in public again, except with you. That, I'll do every night in the week. Absorbed in the desultory

study of Shakespeare and saddled with the Bible, I think I have enough on my shoulders for my remnant of days. I say "desultory study" because I find that the great charm in editing Shakespeare is the infinite number of by-paths into which I am allured. I have to trot over the whole field of literature ancient and modern. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 30 May, '97

. . . AGAIN there have been laughter and merry talk all around the table and Walter, Willie, & Carrie have been children again. They are now passing through a season of great fun and excitement, and gabbling the whole time over a novel which we are all writing together. They said that if I would only write the first Chapter each would follow in turn. Accordingly the other evening, I scratched one off. Walter wrote the second, Willie wrote the third, and Horace Jayne is to-day writing the fourth, which we are to have this evening after tea. Carrie writes hers tomorrow, & Horrie, on Monday, writes his. We are each of us to do two chapters and then draw lots who shall finish it. And I have laughed fit to split over it. My plot (of course unknown to the rest) has been most horribly distorted & how I can ever carry it out I do not see. Reduced to its simplest forms it is: — a girl is brought up in a family from her earliest infancy, as one of the children, — that she is not, none knows but the father & mother — she has

some half brothers (unknown as such to her) one of whom (the villain of the story) falls in love with her & is about to carry her off by force when she is rescued by her brother (as she supposes) who loves her devotedly — but always as a brother — the secret of her birth is discovered & the change from a brother into a lawful lover completes the story. I think the plot is original and, though commonplace, capable of elaboration. But what does Walter do but convert the three step brothers, the youngest of whom he christened Gaborieau and made hump backed, into the "Pests of the County" — and Willie has introduced a hypochondriac and laid the scene partly in Peru, where one of the chief characters elopes into the bush with a half-breed; of course we each of us keep our plots as dead secrets from each other. Horace Jayne, who is at his chapter, asked me at lunch if I had any objection to his making the old grandfather have a fit on the dining-room table! The novel is called "Grace Auchester" and I had intended the grandparents to be dear old people — but Walter christened them "Pantile" and turned them into horrible old snuff-taking creations, and his hero is Gaborieau Pantile. But I'll have news to tell you about it next Sunday. . . .

Horrie and Lou spent the night here, and they were engulfed in the excitement; both are to write chapters; the book then comes back to me — with my plot utterly spoiled. Horace Jayne took up the Auchester girls, married off one of them and

brought Grace up to her seventeenth year. Walter had taken it on him to say that she was to receive her enormous fortune of 2,000,000 pounds on her eighteenth birthday, and it was to be paid over in gold (evidently his plot was to make the Pantile boys steal it). Carrie reforms the Pantile boys, sends the eldest to India & makes Morris fall in love with Grace, and greatly softens Gaborieau. Horrie's Chapter is finished and he is to come out tomorrow evening to read it. The only one I really dread is Willy. In my opening chapter Robert Adair says to Charles Auchester: "After the birth of our last little boy, my wife left me" — meaning of course that she died; — Willie chose to interpret it that she eloped, which he had a right to do, and it is now uncertain whether or not Charles Auchester's second marriage was legal — His first wife may be still alive, & Grace be illegitimate. That will dish me and the rest too. And I can't help myself. Before we started we adopted a rule that we should not kill beyond hope of recovery any characters but our own. We can do with our own what we please, and so also we can treat our co-labourers' characters, in every way short of extermination. It is really an amusing puzzle. The first chapter for each one of us is comparatively easy; it is the second one that will tax us, when our people come back to us transformed beyond recognition. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 6 June, '97

. . . THE preparation for Willy's departure is steadily advancing, 'tis only about six weeks off and he is gathering his outfit. His gun came home last night, and a few days ago a pile of copper cans for preserving specimens. The other evening we examined a mass of beads and gew gaws, hundreds & hundreds in number, for barter with the natives. His steam engine for his launch is building in New York; it will be taken piecemeal to Singapore and there have the boat built for it. And yet with it all I part from him with less reluctance this time than I did with him before. 'Tis so clearly the life for him which best develops his character, it enormously enlarges his field of reading, it takes on almost every branch of science — and he works away in reading and taking notes after a style that I never knew him before to engage in. When he does not go to town, he settles down to his reading & writing immediately after breakfast — a delightful sight.

To his Sister

Wallingford, July '97

. . . ON Tuesday, Walter, Horrie & Lou came out to tea and stayed over night. Their main object was to bid Willie good-bye; their next was to listen to the ending of "Grace Auchester" which they had deputed me to write — a sore task. Each had in turn written two chapters — and I was then to

take up the mangled plot and finish it. Not a vestige of my original plot remained. Two of Grace's half brothers had met frightful deaths in the attempt to steal Grace's fortune — and I had to clear their reputations. As the sister of burglars, Grace could not and would not link her name with that of her lover, Archie Auchester. Grace's father's first wife was still alive — therefore Grace's birth had to be cleared from the stain of illegitimacy. — I had to whitewash several characters and mop around the brush generally. 'Twas hard work, but the children were pleased and greeted one or two turns with laughter and I am content. They have begged me to have it printed; so I'll have seven copies struck off — one for each — and when it's finished I'll send my copy to you. I dare be sworn no such a jumble was ever read before. The children are eager to begin another one on an entirely different plan — and they probably will. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 25 July, '97

. . . Well, dear, this has been a monotonous week, unparalleled, I think, in my life. The unbroken weeks which I have stayed out here during the last thirty years might be counted on the fingers of one hand. This one just past will probably light on the little finger. Not only have I stayed here, but from Monday P.M. till Friday P.M. I spoke to no one but the servants, which, as the world goes, was probably adequate for all intellectual needs. The

weather has been almost a continuous storm, with occasional downpours of rain almost unprecedented, and of that wind that threatened to strike flat the thick rotundity of the world, and withal oppressively warm — a rare season for work, and one which I improved, you may be sure, to such an extent, indeed, that I am now in the Fifth Act of A Winter's Tale and almost begin to sniff printer's ink — albeit there's an appalling amount of work still ahead. Ten times I have gone to press before the MS. for the Appendix was finished, and ten times I have had the double work of preparing it and reading proof at the same time. This shall not be so now. Every page of MS. shall be complete before the printer takes up the task. I imagined that this play would make one of the smallest volumes — so little attention has it received, comparatively, from Editors — but from present indications it will be quite as large as the Mer. of Ven. How I dislike the press work — the ardour of pursuit is over, and the tension of mind over commas is infinitely wearisome. But it feels so good when it has done aching — and it passes the time. I sometimes doubt if it be good for a man to be so independent of his critics as I am. I know that at times I offend the rules of the most rigid good taste by the use of the first personal pronoun — but then 'tis the way I prefer to write, and my readers must take the sour with the sweet. I say "my readers" — which is really a good joke — though the books have a market they do not appear to have "read-

ers" — I am constantly asked questions which reveal this soothing fact — and it *is* soothing. I write with freedom knowing that no human eyes will ever read. In the little book of Aphorisms which you translated so admirably, what a good one that is which says that we are not as often in the minds of our friends as we think we are. And yet I'm quite sure that I think of my friends much oftener than they think of me — which arises from the misfortune of bearing an uncommon name. Now you can't take up a newspaper without seeing the word "Smith," be it black or white or lock — and you at once think of all your friends, the "Smiths." Whereas 'tis only at the approach of winter, when advertising dealers advise you to lay in your stock of winter coal, that my friends are reminded of my patronymic. Knowing me as thoroughly as you do, you are the last person to imagine that my solitude is irksome. There is the panacea, labour, prescribed for us in the Decalogue, which is, if not a cure, certainly a sovereign balm for pain. And my cause for infinite gratitude is that my life has been so directed that I can labour — although not profitably to others, yet distractingly for myself. . . .

Aldis Wright, who has finished the work of his life, writes to me that he has now the luxury of taking up a book on any subject without a guilty feeling. That luxury, it seems, is never to be mine. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 15 August, '97

DEAREST of dear sisters, your blessed, bright, delightful weekly budget blest my eyes yesterday morning, an improvement of twelve hours over its customary predecessors; even one hour is a gracious boon — and just think of twelve — all day long I was with you in the streets of Nuremburg, "quaint old town of toil and traffic" as Longfellow sings — I was there with Willie [W. H. F. Jr.], mercy on us! forty-two years ago! And I suppose our haunts have not changed a cobblestone or a timber since then. Here let me say at once, now that you are in Bavaria, that if you and me is to continue friends you must like the Bavarians — first, like all Roman Catholics, they are far more genial than ascetic Protestants (I warrant you the ground work unthought of perhaps by you, of your preference of Italians over the Swiss Germans was due to their joyous religion). Well, the Bavarians and everything arians are dear, dirty, lying, delightful folk, full of sentiment and with a divine gift of melody. Do like 'em for my sake — Sometimes I dream that a tiny bit of the wild freshness of morning would revisit me, could I but again hear the yodel of a Mäd'l on a Bavarian lake. But my deaf old ears will re-sing those songs now only in memory. Heigho, this is a gloomy day and I could find it in my heart to inflict all my tediousness on your worship. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 22nd Aug. '97

Oh, my dear one, with what a delightful letter you blest me yesterday afternoon. It came just before I went down to my solitary dinner. I took it with me, and my dinner ceased to be solitary; you chatted enchantingly to me the whole time — the actual reading was continually interrupted, but the flow of talk did not stop. You were by my side in the old place all the time. . . .

In order to identify your letter, let me tell you 'tis that from Nuremburg wherein you enclosed Tom Janvier's (pronounced Janveers) verses about the unwashed médiæval hands — as clever as undoubtedly true. You remember that the extreme softness (tradition does not say whiteness) of King James the First's hands was attributed to the fact that he never washed them, but merely *occasionally* rubbed them with the corner of a napkin. Did you never meet Tom? You would be charmed with him. I suppose by this time that glossy, wavy black hair is snow-white, but when I saw him first — he was as handsome as they make 'em. I could think of no one but Steerforth in David Copperfield — of course barring the wickedness — I stared the boy out of countenance. He afterward went to New York and I lost sight of him. I do hope you'll meet. How pleasant that Cha's Dana has proved such an accession. I deeply regret to learn that he is devoted to Heraldry, and German Heraldry at that. It has been said, you know, that the Book of

Revelations either finds a man crazy or leaves him so — I add the study of Lichens and Heraldry. There is no hope for poor Dana, if he has it bad. Pray, oh pray, beware of infection. . . .

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 25 August, 1897

My dear Wright: . . . I've finished "The Winter's Tale" and in all likelihood before this reaches you the MS. will be in the hands of the Printer. *And* I've finished the Psalms — which are to be published the 1st of October. What a fearsome task! I had a great respect for you before, but after I had finished this work and reflected on what you had gone through in the late Revision, and on what infinitely harder lines, my respect was, and is, increased ten fold. I wonder that you survived — you must have a caststeel constitution.

Haupt is abroad this summer and I was minded to send a box of cigars to you by him. He expressed his entire willingness to take them, but the customs he should have to pay and the bother they might give him, deterred me. Had he been going direct to England I should have ventured, but he went first to Germany. If a dreadful bore should ever ask me for a note of introduction to you, I'll make him take the box — and then I know you won't mind.

Now take heed to what I say. If you are recumbens sub tegmine fagi, don't you trouble about this note. Borrow a jest from Hierocles and write

to say you never received it, and I'll be just the same

Yours affectionately
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 29 August, '97

. . . I THINK I told you of an unaccountable loathing of work which has come over me; and that it must be exorcised by a firm determination. It was even so. The very next day, I took out my MS. and in spite of almost physical nausea, addressed myself to the hated task of revision. And lo, you now, — see the reward. I first endured, then pitied, then embraced. And what cheered me on — shall I venture to tell you? at least you can't see my blushes, — were the droll remarks which I had interspersed on the spur of the moment and utterly forgotten, the minute after they were written. Of course fun is as laughable to no one as it is to the maker, but I must confess that over some of my notes I haw-hawed long and loud. My sense of the fitness of things resents such flippant handling of serious subjects, but then it is my style, and after having undertaken such an intolerable amount of labour for the public, I think it might pardon me a little frolic now and then. To be sure much of my "fun" is the fun of a solitary man, of one who does not submit it to the rough handling of the world — very much like the very heavy "fun" in "Sartor Resartus," such as the tiresome effort to convey

the idea that the whole is a translation by inserting every now and then a German phrase. Such heaviness is an infallible sign of a solitary life — a degeneration which I can clearly see in myself. Otherwise I can't say that I am aware of the lapse which Dr. Johnson says is a sequent effect; "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "a life of solitude is dangerous to reason, without being favourable to virtue; he who refuses the gaiety of society is likely to fall a sacrifice to appetite." As to the "appetite" I can't say whether or not, I should fall under condemnation there. My appetite, please God, is uncommon good. . . .

As to the virtue of that it does not become me to speak, albeit I shall confess that my life is so idyllic and pastoral that I contemplate changing my name to Corydon and with a chaplet of roses in my hair and a carcanet of daisies round my neck, piping on an oaten straw on the front lawn — well, well, this solitude will soon be broken. In about three or four weeks Carrie, her lord and babe, will be here again and the house again astir. But you musn't think that this solitude is as depressing to me as it would be if I were not deaf. The house is no more noisy when it is filled with young bustling life than it is to me at all times. I never can perceive any change. So that if ever a man was adapted to a solitary life, it is I. Furthermore, I take infinite comfort in the thought that my life interferes with the lives of none of our children. I have told our children so earnestly that they believe

me that if I find my life becoming a subject of anxiety or thought, or care on their part, I shall immediately disappear, and the next news of me will be from Upernavik in Greenland's icy mountains. Each child's life must be a centre to itself, uninfluenced by mine. I shall never try to gather my children round me — as long as they are, or can be, happy away from me. If misery befalls them, then my arms are wide open, and this house is their refuge — their home. I know by this way, my memory, hereafter, for the very few years it will survive, will blossom, the fairer, in the dust. Lord! Lord! Nannie, dearest Nannie, what shadows we are, and how speedily we vanish into the inane. How this is driven home to you in such a place as Nuremburg, or in any other old town whose streets and houses have witnessed any vicissitudes of life whereof not the faintest trace remains. 'Tis time to stop my prosing — it merely means that I have no news and that I love to gabble to you & let my pen run on whithersoever it will, confident that whatever I say will be taken at its stupid worth, and not be misunderstood — one of the high privileges of complete love. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 3 Oct. '97

Hech! milady, but I'm tired this blessed Sunday. 'Tis the month when I have to grow tired so that I cannot think. — So it's all right. My proof-sheets which I still loathe keep me undeniably busy.

Three galleys a day are about enough to keep me for eight hours at my table without lifting my eyes. At the present rate, this will last till about the 8th of December. Then comes the Appendix when I can draw a long breath, and then in three or four weeks thereafter be free forever from the hateful thing, and must request you not to even mention the name Winter in my hearing. In enumerating the Seasons, kindly say Spring, Summer, Autumn and Thingumbob. Understand, this aversion extends only to my book; for the play itself I have the deepest love. It moves me far more than "The Tempest" — Mrs. Kemble's favourite. Thus far "As You Like It" has my warmest admiration, and I think next comes "Cymbeline" and then follows "The Winter's Tale." It is the female characters in each which influences my choice and range themselves, Rosalind, Imogen, Hermione. Of Portia I think only in the Casket scenes, never at the trial, where my sympathies are wholly with Shylock. It is intolerable to see a man intellectually the superior of the whole circle jeered and tweaked by such men as Bassanio and the sumph Antonio. In that minute Portia shares my dislike. But there is no such minute in the lives of those I've mentioned. They are all flawless. One night last week, I was utterly drug-out — 'Twas one o'clock and I knew that I must change the current of my thoughts or I should not sleep till dawn, but have endless visions of commas and semi-colons until morning put a stop to it all. So I took up

Browning as I have taken him up so often before; firm in the determination to admire him and to yield myself to his spell. I read for an hour, and closed the book never to open it again. There is in my veins only one small drop of Browning blood which responds to the Toccata of Gallupi, and there an end. I never wish to spend another minute of my remnant of days in his company. His world is doubtless a genuine world, but 'tis one I never wish to enter. I do not like the lower passions at fever heat, any more than when they are subdued under a theatrical composure, or are analysed with a pseudo-philosophy throughout all their vulgar filaments. All this written in a harsh, discordant, metallic clash without a line of pure, sweet, musical poetry. I should like to examine the bumps of a man who can say that he rises from Browning with aspirations for a loftier ideal in life. No, no, Browning is the Doré of poets. We look, we acknowledge the hideous truth, we feel the power, but we shudder and turn away, and try to forget the horrid revelation. I take a grim satisfaction in the knowledge that I am done with Browning for ever. As long as I can look at the gentlemen and ladies of Van Dyck I'm not going to waste my time over the repulsive distortions of Doré.

Friday evening came Haupt, having reached Balto. from Germany forty-eight hours before. I was prepared for his visit and so scrabbled through my proofs in order to give the night to him, and we made a night of it. He is always entertaining,

and was then eager to tell all his summer experiences. He left Saturday morning, went to New York and returned again Saturday eve'g after his interview with Dodd & Mead who have the new translation in charge. This A.M. before I was up he was off for Baltimore where tomorrow he sets the presses at work to print off the new Bible, with the utmost dispatch. 'Tis most likely that about the middle of November I shall be able to mail you a copy. It has been decided to call it "The Polychrome Bible"— to me an abhorrent title, reminding one of the "chromos" which are given at the grocer's with a pound of tea. The "Poly-" I don't so much mind, albeit it has always in English a comic sound. "The Polyglott" has somewhat familiarised us with it — but I do much dislike the "chrome." Still it doesn't make any difference — one gets used to anything — and "This too shall pass away" is a potent charm to me in these my advancing years. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 10 *October*, 1897

LAST evening, dear, when Charles brought the mail, my joy was great that there were no proofs, and hence a promise of a peaceful Sabbath. This morning after breakfast when I was just beginning to expand over the prospect of untrammeled hours, I glanced at the little mail box and there to my horror stood a fatal roll which I recognized only too swiftly. As sometimes happens the eve'g mail

had gone on to Media only to be returned this morning. And here the hideous thing lies by my side now, "darkening my prospects, saddening my brow," and there it shall lie until my gossip with you is over (I have just discovered that I have begun this on a half-sheet, but you won't mind). What wormwood these proofs infuse into my life. They assail me morning, noon, and night, and I am so sick of them. But no matter, they can't last forever, and when they're over I shall feel like saying with the Duke of Buckingham, "Next Thursday, by the blessing of God, I shall be drunk." I have two full months more of them, and then, "Hey day! Freedom! 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban!" One thing I hope I do, most assuredly, and that is, miss catching Tarpons in the waters of Florida. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 24 Oct. '97

. . . You speak, dear, of having read Mrs. Jameson. Isn't it delightful, but a far finer book is Lady Martin's "Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters." Mrs. Jameson looks at the characters as a highly intelligent sympathetic nature would look at them. Lady Martin is the character itself, and interprets to you its every emotion. You do not look at Portia, or Rosalind, or Hermione, but through Lady Martin, Portia, Rosalind, and Hermione speak to you themselves and tell you all that passes in their souls. In my opinion Lady M.'s book is the finest that has ever been written on

Shakespeare, and outweighs tons of Commentaries. As to "Troilus & Cressida," the first four Acts are almost purely Shakespeare's, in the fifth Act there are passages which are extremely doubtful. Understand I have never made a special study of this play — only in general terms I always maintain that it is uncritical to pick out all the fine passages and give them to Shakespeare and to say that all the poor ones were written by someone else. No poet or writer is for ever in the highest height. There are passages of vile rant and trash which I do not for a minute doubt were written by the divine Williams' own hand — and he knew they were rant as well as any one, but he didn't care, neither do I. You speak of *Macbeth* and few "Ed's" therein. Down to *Lear*, I was still wincing under old Josh. Lippincott's sneer that my proposed edition would be mighty good for the Editor but mighty poor for the publishers, implying that I was self-seeking in wishing him to undertake the publication. I can tell you, 'twas hard work in editing the plays to hold my tongue in many and many a place. But in *Lear* or rather when Lear was finished, Kate said she wanted me to break loose altogether and speak my mind freely. So to her I owe my emancipation. Of course, where the plays have been thoroughly edited my chance for comment is comparatively rare, but here in "*The Winter's Tale*," which has been but slightly edited, there are more of my notes than of any one else's. I'm afraid it is going to prove the most

voluminous of any, which rather appeals to me — but then 'tis my amusement, and Divinity students have so few pleasures. Last week I passed the half-way line, so that if all goes smoothly, without interruption, I ought to reach the Appendix by the middle of November — after that 'tis the easiest work & I ought to write "The End" in the middle of December, and you ought to have a copy by the end of January. Still there are always unexpected delays — my only impatience is that your dear eyes may read it. . . .

To Miss M. E. Jackson

Wallingford, 31 *October*, 1897

Dear Miss Jackson: Never make any apologies for writing to me on any Shakespearean subject. I'm frightfully busy, so that my answers must be of the briefest, yet I'll try to make them really answers.

In using the word "mad" I have a right to maintain that it shall mean uncompromisingly crazy — not eccentric, nor odd, but a downright unsettled intellect. Such a case of Madness Shakespeare has given us in Ophelia. Does Hamlet ever act or speak like Ophelia?

A case of pretended madness Shakespeare has given us in Edgar's "Mad Tom" in Lear. Does Hamlet ever act or speak like "Mad Tom"?

Hamlet may be beside himself with grief for a time, but many a man is likewise so, whom no one would think of calling "mad." Of course Hamlet's

apology to Laertes is a mere quibble — not worth considering. He never acted towards Laertes as he says he did, and his actions at Ophelia's grave was mere rant as he himself calls it — but not one trace of madness in it, nor pretended madness.

"Are you answered?" as Shylock says. Think of Ophelia and Mad Tom, and you'll not accuse Hamlet of either madness or pretended madness. "The Winter's Tale" is going through the press and I have twelve pages of proof which must to the printer's tomorrow, and I must correct them tonight before I lay me down to sleep.

I remain, dear Miss Jackson
Yours very truly
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 7 November, '97

. . . You cannot know with what delight I listen, through your ears, to all the Dresden music. Brahms I know nothing of — all I ever heard of his was what I heard Mary Codman play four or five years ago, when he seemed to me a man of intense emotion, and the lord and master of instrumentation. But with nothing on the surface, and everything dependent on the mood — under his sway the heavens can be smiling or they can be marble, just as you feel at the time. I think Beethoven forces you more into his mood — but what an ass unpolicied I am to talk to you thus. Rejoice with me that the Fifth Act of the Winter's Tale is at

hand in the proofs which really gives me a glimmering on the horizon — it will be half finished by the time you read this — then comes the Appendix, which gives me no trouble — Ho, for Finis! when you may imagine me like the Wandering Jew in Doré's last picture of him. I was never so discontented, nay disgusted, with any of my volumes as I am with this — and yet I shall begin another the day after it is finished, and I am vacillating between *Twelfth Night* & *Much Ado* with probabilities in favour of the latter. What think you? Isn't Beatrice irresistible? I saw Weir Mitchell at the Library dinner. He was insatiable for praise of Hugh Wynne, and I was insatiable for news of you — so we licked the platter clean. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 14 *Nov.* '97

. . . Tomorrow I send the copy to the printers of the Appendix, which means that the text is all finished — the Five Acts completed — and greatly to my dissatisfaction is the work thereof. There are three or four notes of mine which are good enough, but the rest of 'em are poor trash. I shall be thankful when I have it off my hands, and never want to hear of it again. No play has ever been such burden to me as this. Not one throb of interest has it stirred in me while going through the press. I sigh when I open the proofs, I groan while I read them, and I smile when I finish them. They seem so empty and barren — a mere waste of time

to labour over them. But for what else is my time good for? I must do something with these long weary days. You see how inconsistent is man — Twenty-four hours after "The Winter's Tale" is finished I shall begin another play. Ohe, jam satis! . . .

. . . Clearly you and I ought to read [Macbeth] together — the only objection would be that we should have no audience. Under the terror of your Lady Macbeth, one half the audience would be needed to carry out the fainting other half. Think it over, dear, and make up your mind to try it with me some blessed hour of the future; I'll read every night in the week, if you'll read with me. Just think what a lovely career for two white haired old people. To enjoy themselves to the utmost limit left to gray hairs and at the same time do good to countless charities. There is a keen joy in reading Shakespeare and I ain't a-going to deny it. The mischief is that you can never satisfy yourself. The tones and expression will never exactly obey your inner sense. What is so clear in your mind falls flat from the lips — a discrepancy which certainly our Father never could have felt after his reading of Paul before Agrippa or of The Prodigal Son. Heigho, I've had no word from Willie since the 3rd of November in a letter written exactly one month before. He was on the point of starting from Singapore into the wilds of that island. Then a long silence. The only news he can then send me must be carried by a foot messenger, eighty miles. 'Tis

good that these anxieties come only in the decline of life when the foot of the hill is not far off. . . .

I speak of this my "Arctic winter," but 'twill be no such thing. I doubt that I shall dine three consecutive days alone. The country so near to the city, as this place is, cannot be isolated. Indeed, on some accounts, 'tis not isolated enough. Carl Schurz moved to the country for quiet seclusion. He tried it for five years. When his friends called on him, instead of staying only a half-hour or so, as they would have done in the city, they were obliged, owing to the trains, to remain one or two hours, and claimed his undivided attention — Whereupon to obtain real seclusion he moved back to town. 'Tis very much the same case here. . . . Did ever circumstances tak' the words o' the Lord more completely out o' the preacher's mouth? As I wrote that last word, I looked up and Frank stood by my table. He stayed for more than an hour — When I opened the front door to let him out, there stood Atherton Blight to pass the day with me. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 21 November, '97

. . . On Tuesday Dr. Dan Brinton dined with me — a pleasant relief while still in the shadow of no letter from you. He's a man I greatly admire for the breadth of his horizon. To be sure, he sometimes extends it in uncouth, spasmodic direction, as when he lately attempted a drama in blank (very blank) verse. The plot was extremely good,

taken from an episode in the early brutal colonization of Mexico by the Spaniards, but then my friend is not a good poet and has no idea of the difficulty of blank verse — almost the very, very hardest of metres, as Tennyson said. Brinton has been urged to edit Walt Whitman's works, and wanted to consult me thereanent. I clearly stated to him what I thought to be the inevitable horns of the dilemma; if unexpurgated, the works would sell & the editor blamed; if expurgated, the works would not sell & the editor be praised. No man with self-respect, or with children, could edit those so-called poems unexpurgated. Whatever excuse Walt might plead for writing them, would not be extended to his editor. I am convinced that had the first English Edition of "Leaves of Grass" been unexpurgated, it would never have there gained the popularity which it undoubtedly had and still has. I pleaded this fact to Walt once, and spoke to him plainly enough about his shocking impropriety — But he was as deaf as an adder to my conjurations. He said, "No, Horace, Emerson walked with me under the elms on Boston Common for two hours talking as you do; but to take out those passages would break the *ensemble* of my nature." Damn the *ensemble* was what I wanted to say, but didn't. The truth is that Walt was a *poseur* all his life. He pretended to be poor as a rat when he had thousands of dollars in the Bank. He pretended to be uncultured and illiterate when in reality he was an extremely well-read

man. He pretended to write his poems just as they sprang from his lips, when in reality he laboured over them with unwearied industry, as is proved by some of his MS. which I have, wherein there are erasures after erasures, and spaces left vacant for the subsequent insertions of the appropriate adjective. No, the very best thing about Walt was his godlike face and mien, and this will die with the generation which was blest with the sight. I once went up to him when I saw him on Chestnut Street, and said that I must personally thank him for being so handsome, adding that I hoped he didn't mind. "No, Horace," he added, "I like it," which was certainly delightfully honest. But ach weh! lass rühn die Todten (his brain is in alcohol in the Wistar Institute for future microscopic examination). . . .

Probably by the time you receive this, my labours in "The Winter's Tale" will have entirely ceased, and the last proof-sheet read. I am now in the Appendix, passed the three bugbears; The Text, The Date, and The Plot, and all is now smooth sailing. I am making out the list of books, and the Index, which cannot be done till the whole is in type and paged. What a relief! and what a mortification! There are but two notes of my own in the whole play which I contemplate with any approach to satisfaction — Every other one is vapid, silly, & pretentious. But when a volume is once finished and published, I dismiss it with frigid tranquility, having nothing to hope or fear from censure or from praise.

To his Sister

Wallingford, 19 December, '97

. . . I've had a wild and whirling week. Listen. On Monday came your delicious balm. On Wednesday P.M. I gave my weekly inspection of the Univ. Hospital and as I am the only member of the Com. of three, who attends to this duty, it falls to me to examine the accounts, and add up long columns of figures, approve with my signature sixty or seventy bills ranging in am't from twenty-five cents to six hundred dollars, count all the cash in hand (and it must come out to a penny), then go through every part of the hospital, peer into linen closets, cupboards, refrigerators, walk through the huge kitchen, sniff into ice-boxes, and look grimly at every speck of dirt. The Hospital is really fast becoming a model. The antiseptic doctrine has changed every table from wood to glass, and floors and walls of the bath-rooms &c, to snowy tiles. (The new grand "D. Hayes Agnew Pavillion" (Phœbus, what a name!) is an utter failure as far as heat, light and ventilation is concerned.) As I go every Wednesday afternoon, and as dusk comes on before I can walk through the wards, the half light of the approaching night starts a depression which all the snowy sheets and white-clad nurses cannot dispel. The Women's Surgical Ward is what gives me deepest pain. The pale, weak, patient faces looking pleadingly at me above the counterpanes haunt me for hours afterwards. But of all things in a Hospital you must crush down all emo-

tion. And there is endless cheer in the thought of the contrast between all this sweetness and vigilant care, and all the squalor and neglect in the homes whence the patients come. I always end with the Children's Ward, where in some beds there are always sure to be found some convalescent little things playing with toys and responsive to a smile. Then home to my solitary dinner.

On Thursday I went to the Book Com. of the Phila. Lib. which is even more depressing than the Hospital. It has no cheering side, which is all I'll say about it. One thing however is somewhat good. We are bursting with money to buy books, (there are several thousand dollars lying idle) but nothing will they buy but the current novels & light literature of the day. The good thing is that I got them to let me have four hundred dollars to make a complete collection of Milton; and three hundred dollars for tracts relating to the early history of the Quakers. I shouldn't have asked for this, had it not been that I was so successful with the thousand dollars they gave me for Bibles and Prayer Books. On Friday, I worked hard all the morning, and at three o'clock I thought I'd take a little stroll and examine the greenhouse. While I was there, Margery came bearing in her hand a card: Agnes Repplier! I bounded like a shammy back to the house to welcome the dear child. . . .

"The Winter's Tale" has reached the very tip, and there's very little wagging left in it. There is but one more galley of the *Index* to read & then

all's done, and good riddance. You say most truly that Hero's little fuss in *Much Ado* doesn't affect the general gaiety. Don't you know the reason why? 'Tis because we know all along, having been let into the secret, that she is living — This makes it a genuine comedy. "The Winter's Tale" on the other hand is strictly a tragi-comedy. Until Paulina draws the curtain we do not know that Hermione is alive — and excellent illustration of a tragi-comedy which I have been so often asked to define. I think it's the best in Shakespeare — better than *Cymbeline*. And now, dear one, Christmas will be over when you read this and 'twill be the last letter you get from me this year — a year in which you have become dearer and dearer to me than when it began. Therein following the example of all its predecessors. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 26 Dec. '97

'Tis good that out of doors Christmas exists only in cities. The instant I was seated here Christmas had become a memory. I bustled about fixing things. I am determined to enter a new year — if at all — in a fixeder state than ever before. Conflagrations of idols in the shape of old rubbish &c., cherished for years, is the order of the day and of the night. I am weeding out books and shall send two or three hundred to auction. How can I possibly feel the love of books into which I don't look once in twenty years? — and expressly those into

which I trust I shall never look again. I will emancipate myself from magpiety (a good word, this instant coined). It has been my besetting sin from childhood. Why, I have now old pieces of blank paper which I saved before I went to College — they are at least a half a century in my possession. The deuce of it is that this rubbish at last derives a fictitious value for the mere respectability of age. I am not sure that I ought not to reckon among my Christmas presents an edition de luxe (an edition of *looks* as Lowell called 'em) of "Hugh Wynne," from our dear Weir. I detest such editions from the bottom of my soul — but as coming from Weir, and one of only sixty copies, it gratified me extremely. Of course he'll reserve No. 1 for you, who, as he said to me, always write half his stories. I replied that you wrote *all* my work, which you do. Now that Father is gone are you not my living inspiration? And let me tell you, you won't be much inspired when you get "The Winter's Tale," — that wretched failure to which I was scourged as never galley slave to his oar. When I read the Preface (the last proof of it, I received yesterday morning) and some of the notes, I shriek: "Oh, Ma'am, my stom, my stom." But whock your eye — it's dead and done for, as far as my interest in it is concerned. I shall never cut the leaves of my copy of it, as I have not yet cut the leaves of "A Mid. N. Dream." And furthermore I shall begin another play ("Much Ado") before the week is out. Again yesterday morning I received a bound

copy of "The Psalms"; as soon as they are for sale (they have to be held up a while for the sake of the English copyright) of course you shall have one — but don't lug either it, or your copy of "The Winter's Tale," about with you when you leave Dresden; give 'em away. Indeed I'm not ashamed of some of the "Psalms" —

To his Sister

Wallingford, 2 Jan. '98

. . . THURSDAY P.M. Willard, the actor, came out to see me under Horrie's guidance, and we had a very pleasant time — I told him he was made to act Benedict; he bounded at my words & said he had already been looking into the part. I told him to come to me again in a year, and I'd go over the whole play with him. By that time, possibly, if I'm alive and nothing happens (as Mother used to say), I should have finished it. Yes, I've half a mind to exert a tour de force and issue another play in a year. I can do it, if age doesn't claw me too tightly in its clutch. Now that I have touched 1898, 'tis likely that I shall live to be a hundred, and in the meantime I'd like to finish the comedies. These and the five great tragedies would make a kind of complete thing. Don't laugh — the very afternoon of the day I sent back my last proofs of *The Wint. Tale* I began *Much Ado*. To be sure, this beginning amounts to no more than numbering lines — but that I have done. Would it were true that "dimidium facti, qui cœpit habet."

END OF VOLUME I

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